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PENNY READINGS  
FOR  
THE IRISH PEOPLE.

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[COMPILED BY THE EDITOR OF THE "NATION."]

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VOL. II.

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DUBLIN:  
T. D'SULLIVAN, 90 MIDDLE ABBEY-STREET.  
1879.

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*David Varian Mackay*  
*1 College Row, Cambridge*

## IRISH PENNY READINGS.

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### A National Anthem.

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BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

God save our Native Land !  
May His strong sustaining hand  
Be for aye her sure protection and her stay ;  
May He bid her strength increase,  
Give her comfort, joy, and peace,  
And banish feud and faction far away !  
God Save Ireland, pray we loudly,  
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall !  
From every harm and woe  
That may lay a nation low,  
May God Save Ireland, say we all !

From evil-hearted foes,  
And from traitors worse than those,  
From schemings of the slavish and the vile,  
From the blighting civil strife  
That makes dark a nation's life,  
Oh, may God protect our own beloved isle !  
God Save Ireland, pray we loudly,  
May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall !  
From every harm and woe  
That may lay a nation low,  
May God Save Ireland, say we all !

May a grace from God above  
 Fill her people's hearts with love,  
 May foolish hates and fears from thence be hurled,  
 And her sons for ever stand  
 Gallant guardians of a land  
 The brightest and the bravest in the world !  
 God Save Ireland, pray we loudly,  
 May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall !  
 From every harm and woe  
 That may lay a nation low,  
 May God Save Ireland, say we all !

May the years, as on they roll,  
 Never touch her heart or soul  
 With a stain to dim her old and honoured name,  
 But may Ireland dear be still  
 As a light upon a hill,  
 In the pure and holy splendour of her fame !  
 God Save Ireland, pray we loudly,  
 May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall !  
 From every harm and woe  
 That may law a nation low,  
 May God Save Ireland, say we all !

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### Swift on Wood's Halfpence.

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We give below the first of the famous "Drapier's Letters," those wonderful compositions by which the immortal Swift rekindled the national spirit of Ireland after it had long lain dormant and apparently dead. Most Irish readers, we dare say, are conversant with the general facts regarding those Letters, and we need here do no more than briefly allude to them. There had been for some time a lack of copper coinage in Ireland, and a supply being requisite, the king granted a patent to one William Wood to coin £108,000, in halfpence, for use in that kingdom. The granting of this patent was an act of favouritism, it was in some sense unconstitutional, and it was a clear violation of the rights of the Irish Parliament and Privy Council. Swift desired to rouse the whole people against this outrage on what remained of national authority in Ireland, and the mode he adopted was to issue anonymously those letters, in which he declared the coin to be base, and argued that its reception would ruin the kingdom. Having succeeded in working the popular mind into a ferment on this subject, he, in his Fourth Letter, skilfully

turned the public mind to higher thoughts and a larger question—the question of Irish legislative independence—which was involved in the transaction. The printer of this Letter was prosecuted by the Government, and a large reward was offered, but vainly, for the discovery of the author. Swift's design proved eminently successful. The Government were compelled to withdraw the obnoxious patent, and the national spirit awakened in his letter triumphed, under Grattan, in 1782, and, though subsequently overclouded for a time, has never been, and never can be, extinguished in Ireland :—

*To the Tradesmen, Shopkeepers, Farmers, and Country-People  
• in General, of the Kingdom of Ireland.*

BRETHREN, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN, AND FELLOW-SUBJECTS—  
What I intend now to say to you is, next to your duty to God and the care of your salvation, of the greatest concern to yourselves and your children ; your bread and clothing, and every common necessary of life, entirely depend upon it. Therefore I do most earnestly exhort you as men, as Christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or get it read to you by others ; which that you may do at the less expense, I have ordered the printer to sell it at the lowest rate.

It is a great fault among you, that when a person writes with no other intention than to do good, you will not be at the pains to read his advices. One copy of this paper may serve a dozen of you, which will be less than a farthing a-piece. It is your folly that you have no common or general interest in your view, not even the wisest among you ; neither do you know or inquire or care who are your friends, or who are your enemies.

About four years ago a little book was written to advise all people to wear the manufactures of this our own dear country. It had no other design, said nothing against the king or Parliament, or any person whatsoever, yet the poor printer was prosecuted two years with the utmost violence ; and even some weavers themselves, for whose sake it was written, being upon the jury, found him guilty. This would be enough to discourage any man from endeavouring to do good, when you will either neglect him, or fly in his face for his pains ; and when he must expect only danger to himself, and to be fined and imprisoned, perhaps to his ruin.

However, I cannot but warn you once more of the mani-

fest destruction before your eyes, if you do not behave yourselves as you ought.

I will therefore first tell you the plain story of the fact ; and then I will lay before you how you ought to act in common prudence, and according to the laws of your country.

The fact is thus : it having been many years since copper halfpence were last coined in this kingdom, they have been for some time very scarce, and many counterfeits passed about under the name of raps. Several applications were made to England that we might have liberty to coin new ones, as in former times we did ; but they did not succeed. At last one Mr. Wood, a mean, ordinary man, a hardware dealer, procured a patent, under his Majesty's broad seal, to coin £108,000 in copper for this kingdom ; which patent, however, did not oblige anyone here to take them, unless they pleased. Now you must know that the halfpence and farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth ; and if you should beat them to pieces, and sell them to the brazier, you would not lose much above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. Wood made his halfpence of such base metal, and so much smaller ones, that the brazier would hardly give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his ; so that this sum of £108,000, in good gold and silver, must be given for trash that will not be worth above eight or nine thousand pounds real value. But this is not the worst ; for Mr. Wood, when he pleaseth, may by stealth send over another £108,000, and buy all our goods for eleven parts in twelve under the value. For example, if a hatter sells a dozen of hats for five shillings a-piece, which amounts to three pounds, and receives the payment in Mr. Wood's coin, he really receives only the value of five shillings.

Perhaps you will wonder how such an ordinary fellow as this Mr. Wood could have so much interest as to get his Majesty's broad seal for so great a sum of bad money to be sent to this poor country, and that all the nobility and gentry here could not obtain the same favour, and let us make our own halfpence as we used to do ! Now I will make that matter very plain. We are at a great distance from the king's court, and have nobody there to solicit for us, although

a great number of lords and squires, whose estates are here, and are our countrymen, spend all their lives and fortunes there. But this same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own interest ; he is an Englishman, and had great friends, and it seems knew very well where to give money, to those that would speak to others that could speak to the king, and would tell a fair story. And his Majesty, and perhaps the great lord or lords who advised him, might think it was for our country's good ; and so, as the lawyers express it, the king was deceived in his grant ; which often happens in all reigns. And, I am sure, if his Majesty knew that such a patent, if it should take effect according to the desire of Mr. Wood, would utterly ruin this kingdom, which hath given such great proofs of its loyalty, he would immediately recal it, and, perhaps, show his displeasure to somebody or other ; but a word to the wise is enough. Most of you must have heard with what anger our honourable House of Commons received an account of this Wood's patent. There were several fine speeches made upon it, and plain proofs that it was all a wicked cheat from the bottom to the top ; and several smart votes were printed, which that same Wood had the assurance to answer likewise in print, and in so confident a way, as if he were a better man than our whole Parliament put together.

This Wood, as soon as his patent was passed, or soon after, sends over a great many barrels of those halfpence to Cork and other seaport towns, and, to get them off, offered a hundred pounds in his coin for seventy or eighty in silver. But the collectors of the king's customs very honestly refused to take them, and so did almost everybody else. And since the Parliament had condemned them, and desired the king that they might be stopped, all the kingdom do abominate them.

But Wood is still working underhand to force his halfpence upon us ; and if he can, by help of his friends in England, prevail so far as to get an order that the commissioners and collectors of the king's money shall receive them, and that the army is to be paid with them, then he thinks his work shall be done. And this is the difficulty you will be under



in such a case. For the common soldier, when he goes to the market or ale-house, will offer this money, and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and hector, and threaten to beat the butcher or ale-wife, or take the goods by force, and throw them the bad halfpence. In this and the like cases, the shopkeeper or victualler, or any other tradesman, hath no more to do than to demand ten times the price of his goods, if it is to be paid in Wood's money—for example, twenty pence of that money for a quart of ale, and so in all things else—and not part with his goods till he gets the money.

For suppose you go to an ale-house with that base money, and the landlord gives you a quart for four of those halfpence, what must the victualler do? His brewer will not be paid in that coin; or if the brewer should be such a fool, the farmers will not take it from them for their bere,\* because they are bound by their leases to pay their rents in good and lawful money of England, which this is not, nor of Ireland neither; and the squire their landlord will never be so bewitched to take such trash for his land; so that it must certainly stop somewhere or other, and wherever it stops it is the same thing, and we are all undone.

The common weight of these halfpence is between four and five to an ounce; suppose five, then three shillings and four pence will weigh a pound, and consequently twenty shillings will weigh six pounds butter weight. Now, there are many hundred farmers who pay two hundred pounds a year rent; therefore when one of these farmers comes with his half year's rent, which is one hundred pounds, it will be at least six hundred pounds weight—which is three horses' load.

If a squire hath a mind to come to town to buy clothes and wine and spices for himself and family, or perhaps to pass the Winter here, he must bring with him five or six horses laden with sacks, as the farmers bring their corn; and when his lady comes in her coach to our shops it must be followed by a car loaded with Mr. Wood's money. And I hope we shall have the grace to take it for no more than it is worth.

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\* A sort of barley in Ireland.

• They say Squire Conolly hath sixteen thousand pounds a year ; now, if he sends for his rent to town, as it is likely he does, he must have two hundred and fifty horses to bring up his half-year's rent, and two or three great cellars in his house for stowage. But what the bankers will do I cannot tell. For I am assured that some great bankers keep by them forty thousand pounds in ready cash to answer all payments, which sum in Mr. Wood's money would require twelve hundred horses to carry it.

For my own part, I am already resolved what to do ; I have a pretty good shop of Irish stuffs and silks, and, instead of taking Mr. Wood's bad copper, I intend to truck with my neighbours, the butchers, and bakers, and brewers, and the rest, goods for goods ; and the little gold and silver I have I will keep by me like my heart's blood till better times, or until I am just ready to starve ; and then I will buy Mr. Wood's money as my father did the brass money in King James's time, who could buy ten pound of it with a guinea ; and I hope to get as much for a pistole, and so purchase bread from those who will be such fools as to sell it me.

These halfpence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeit, because it may be cheaply done, the stuff is so base. The Dutch, likewise, will probabdy do the same thing, and send them over to us to pay for our goods ; and Mr. Wood will never be at rest, but coin on ; so that in some years we shall have at least five times £108,000 of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above four hundred thousand pounds in all ; and while there is a silver sixpence left, these bloodsuckers will never be quiet.

When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition, I will tell you what must be the end. The gentlemen of estates will all turn off their tenants for want of payment ; because, as I told you before, the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling, which is lawful current money of England ; then they will turn their own farmers, as too many of them do already—run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary ; then they will be their own merchants, and send their wool, and butter, and hides, and linen beyond sea for ready money and wine and spices

and silks. They will keep only a few miserable cottagers. The farmers must rob or beg, or leave their country. The shopkeepers in this and every other town must break and starve; for it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handicraftsman.

But when the squire turns farmer and merchant himself, all the good money he gets from abroad he will hoard up to send for England, and keep some poor tailor or weaver, and the like, in his own house, who will be glad to get bread at any rate.

I should never have done if I were to tell you all the miseries that we shall undergo, if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this cursed coin. It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one scale, and this sorry fellow Wood into the other—that Mr. Wood should weigh down this whole kingdom, by which England gets above a million of good money every year clear into their pockets; and that is more than the English do by all the world beside.

But your great comfort is, that, as his Majesty's patent doth not oblige you to take this money, so the laws have not given the Crown a power of forcing the subjects to take what money the king pleaseth; for then, by the same reason, we might be bound to take pebble-stones or cockle-shells or stamped leather for current coin, if ever we should happen to live under an ill prince; he might likewise by the same power make a guinea pass for ten pounds, a shilling for twenty shillings, and so on; by which he would in a short time get all the silver and gold of the kingdom into his own hands, and leave us nothing but brass or leather, or what he pleaseth. Neither is anything reckoned more cruel or oppressive in the French Government than their common practice of calling in all their money after they have sunk it very low, and then coining it anew at a much higher value, which, however, is not the thousandth part so wicked as this abominable project of Mr. Wood. For the French give their subjects silver for silver and gold for gold; but this fellow will not so much as give us good brass or copper for our gold and silver, nor even a twelfth part of their worth.

Having said thus much, I will now go on to tell you the

judgments of some great lawyers in this matter, whom I feed on purpose for your sakes, and got their opinions under their hands, that I might be sure I went upon good grounds.

A famous law-book, called the "Mirror of Justice," discoursing of the charters (or laws) ordained by our ancient kings, declares the law to be as follows :—It was ordained that no king of this realm should change or impair the money, or make any other money than of gold or silver, without the assent of all the counties—that is, as my Lord Coke says, without the assent of Parliament.

This book is very ancient, and of great authority for the time in which it was wrote, and with that character is often quoted by that great lawyer, my Lord Coke. By the laws of England several metals are divided into lawful or true metal, and unlawful or false metal ; the former comprehends silver or gold, the latter all baser metals. That the former is only to pass in payments appears by an Act of Parliament made the twentieth year of Edward the First, called the statute concerning the passing of pence, which I give you here as I got it translated into English ; for some of our laws at that time were, as I am told, written in Latin : "Whoever, in buying or selling, presume to refuse an halfpenny or farthing of lawful money, bearing the stamp which it ought to have, let him be seized on as a contemner of the king's majesty, and cast into prison."

By this statute no person is to be reckoned a contemner of the king's majesty, and for that crime to be committed to prison, but he who refuseth to accept the king's coin made of lawful metal ; by which, as I observed before, silver and gold only are intended.

That this is the true construction of the Act, appears not only from the plain meaning of the words, but from my Lord Coke's observation upon it. By this Act (says he) it appears that no subject can be forced to take in buying or selling, or other payments, any money made but of lawful metal ; that is, of silver or gold.

The law of England gives the king all mines of gold and silver, but not the mines of other metals ; the reason of which prerogative or power, as it is given by my Lord Coke, is because money can be made of gold and silver, but not of other metals.

Pursuant to this opinion, halfpence and farthings were anciently made of silver, which is evident from the Act of Parliament of Henry the Fourth, chap. 4, whereby it is enacted as follows :—Item, for the great scarcity that is at present within the realm of England of halfpence and farthings of silver, it is ordained and established that the third part of all the money of silver plate which shall be brought to the bullion shall be made into halfpence and farthings. This shows that by the words halfpenny and farthing of lawful money in that statute concerning the passing of pence, is meant a small coin in halfpence and farthings of silver.

This is further manifest from the statute of the ninth year of Edward the Third, chap. 3, which enacts—That no sterling halfpenny or farthing be molten for to make vessels or any other things by the goldsmiths, nor others, upon the forfeiture of the money so molten (or melted).

By another Act in this king's reign black money was not to be current in England. And by an Act made in the eleventh year of his reign, chap. 5, galley halfpence were not to pass. What kind of coin these were I do not know ; but I presume they were made of base metal. And these Acts were no new laws, but further declarations of the old laws relating to the coin.

Thus the law stands in relation to coin. Nor is there any example to the contrary, except one in Davis's Reports, who tells us that, in the time of Tyrone's rebellion, Queen Elizabeth ordered money of mixed metal to be coined in the Tower of London, and sent over hither for payment of the army, obliging all people to receive it, and commanding that all silver money should be taken only as bullion—that is, for as much as it weighed. Davis tells us several particulars in this matter, too long here to trouble you with, and that the Privy Council of this kingdom obliged a merchant in England to receive this mixed money for goods transmitted hither.

But this proceeding is rejected by all the best lawyers as contrary to law, the Privy Council here having no such legal power. And besides it is to be considered that the queen was then under great difficulties, by a rebellion in this kingdom assisted from Spain; and whatever is done in great exigencies and dangerous times should never be an example to proceed by in seasons of peace and quietness.

• I will now, my dear friends, to save you the trouble, set before you, in short, what the law obligeth you to do, and what it doth not oblige you to.

First—You are obliged to take all money in payments which is coined by the king, and is of the English standard or weight, provided it be of gold or silver.

Secondly—You are not obliged to take any money which is not of gold or silver ; not only the halfpence or farthings of England, but of any other country. And it is merely for conveniency or ease that you are content to take them ; because the custom of coining silver halfpence and farthings hath long been left off—I suppose on account of their being subject to be lost.

Thirdly—Much less are we obliged to take those vile halfpence of that same Wood, by which you must lose almost eleven pence in every shilling.

Therefore, my friends—stand to it one and all—refuse this filthy trash. It is no treason to rebel against Mr. Wood. His Majesty, in his patent, obligeth nobody to take these halfpence. Our gracious prince hath no such ill advisers about him ; or if he had, yet you see the laws have not left it in the king's power to force us to take any coin but what is lawful, of right standard, gold or silver. Therefore you have nothing to fear.

And let me in the next place apply myself particularly to you who are the poorer sort of tradesmen. Perhaps you may think you will not be so great losers as the rich if these halfpence should pass, because you seldom see any silver, and your customers come to your shops or stalls with nothing but brass, which you like wisefind hard to be got. But, you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you, you will be utterly undone. If you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco or brandy, or any other thing you want, the shopkeeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break and leave the key under the door. Do you think I will sell you a yard of tenpenny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence? No, not under two hundred at least ; neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump. I will tell you one thing further ; that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it will ruin even our beggars.

For when I give a beggar a halfpenny it will quench his thirst, or go a good way to fill his belly ; but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I should give him three pins out of my sleeve.

In short, these halfpence are like the accursed thing which, as the Scripture tells us, the children of Israel were forbidden to touch. They will run about like the plague, and destroy everyone who lays his hands upon them. I have heard scholars talk of a man who told the king that he had invented a way to torment people by putting them into a bull of brass with a fire under it ; but the prince put the projector first into his own brazen bull to make the experiment. This very much resembles the project of Mr. Wood ; and the like of this may possibly be Mr. Wood's fate—that the brass he contrived to torment this kingdom with may prove his own torment and his destruction at last.

N.B.—The author of this paper is informed by persons who have made it their business to be exact in their observations on the true value of those halfpence, that any person may expect to get a quart of twopenny ale for thirty-six of them.

I desire that all families may keep this paper carefully by them, to refresh their memories whenever they shall have farther notice of Mr. Wood's halfpence or any other the like imposture.

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### Conal and Eva.

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BY MARY OF THE "NATION."

My Conal was poor, and he never would sue—

I said, "I have riches enough for us two" ;

My Conal was proud—from his girl he would take

No more than her heart—he has left it to break ;

For, oh ! he is toiling far over the sea,

He never would stoop to owe riches to me, .

My proud love !

The gold is all mine ; now there's no one to share,  
 But for treasure or pleasure 'tis little I care,  
 For I'm dreaming all night, and I'm thinking all day,  
 How he's poor and deserted, and far, far away,  
 With none to console him if sickness should smite,  
 With none to watch o'er him by day or by night,  
My own love !

If I thought in the land of the stranger he'd find  
 A voice that could soothe him, a tie that could bind—  
 If I thought he forgot me or wished to resign—  
 Oh ! never should reach him one murmur of mine ;  
 But I'd pray that the fair girl he chose for his own  
 Might love him and guard him as I would have done,  
My dear love !

But always he told me wherever he'd roam  
 His heart would be true to the true heart at home ;  
 That he'd love his poor Eva, though far from his side,  
 And come back, with God's blessing, to make her his bride ;  
 And sure, when I think of each look and each vow,  
 It seems like a sin to be doubting him now,  
My fond love !

I'll not wrong him or grieve him by doubting or care,  
 But watch o'er him still by my blessing and pray'r ;  
 I'll go down to the seaside, for there I can see  
 The spot where my darling last parted from me,  
 And I'll kneel on the bare stones the saints to implore  
 That Conal and Eva may meet there once more,  
My true love !

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### O'Connell Cross-Examining an Informer.

IN dealing with witnesses, O'Connell was equally a master. In general he was cautious, civil, even polite ; but in cross-examination of an informer, whom he was sure of breaking down, there was an exhibition of the comic and the terrible. It was a sort of tiger-play, in which a murderous perjurer seemed the object of deadly sport. O'Connell looked amiable ; the informer looked angry. O'Connell pulled at his wig and smiled ; the informer trembled. O'Connell became



droll ; the informer in the meantime turned around as if he were seeking for escape. With O'Connell there was meaning in every gesture—there was purpose in every motion—there was fatal calculation in every question. The people laughed, but the laughter was fitful and spasmodic. There was interest too awful for mirth dependent on the issue ; and when at last O'Connell gave the blow, which he delayed only in order to strike with certainty—the blow which smote to death the prosecuting testimony—a burst of relief came from the audience, and the cheer that disturbed the forms of the court was the instinct of joy at the saving of innocent life. I was witness of such a struggle between O'Connell and an informer, and the shout which hailed the lawyer's triumph was such as bursts from the pent-up feelings of a crowd that watches a strong swimmer, buffeting with stormy waves to rescue a fellow-creature from their depths, when he has bounded on dry land with his human brother living in his grasp.—*Henry Giles.*

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## Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Bob Acres.

FROM SHERIDAN'S COMEDY OF "THE RIVALS."

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"The Rivals" is said to be the first play written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, on the 17th of January, 1775 ; from that time to the present it has held possession of the stage, and it will continue to be a favourite so long as the mind retains its relish for genuine wit and humour. The characters of Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Anthony Absolute, and Miss Lydia Languish are splendid creations of the poet's genius, and as for Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Bob Acres, they will be heard of and quoted "till time shall be no more." We limit our extracts from this admirable play to the scenes in which the two last-mentioned characters figure in their most amusing manner :—

ACT III.—SCENE IV. ACRES'S LODGINGS.

[*Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*]

Sir L.—Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres—My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

. Sir L.—Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres—Faith I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L.—Pray what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres—Mark me, Sir Lucius :—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and receive for answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L.—Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray can you divine the cause of it?

Acres—Why, there's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L.—A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres—Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L.—Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres—Not I, upon my soul.

Sir L.—We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

Acres—What! fight him?

Sir L.—Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

Acres—But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L.—Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres—Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir L.—That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres—'Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L.—What the devil signifies *right* when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres—Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart. I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour arising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L.—Ah, my little friend, if we had Blunderbuss-hall here I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres—Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds!"—

Sir L.—Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres—I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage! Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L.—Pray compose yourself. [*Sits down.*]

Acres—Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a dam'ne!

Sir L.—Pho, pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

Acres—That's too civil by half.

Sir L.—"To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres—[*Writing and repeating*]"To prevent the confusion which might arise"—Well?

Sir L.—"From our both addressing the same lady"—

- Acres—"From our both distressing the same lady"—  
 Sir L.—"No ; addressing"—  
 Acres—Oh, addressing ! Well ?  
 Sir L.—"I shall expect the honour of your company"—  
 Acres—Zounds, I'm not asking him to dinner !  
 Sir L.—Pray be easy.  
 Acres—Well, then, "honour of your company"—  
 Sir L.—"To settle our pretensions"—
- Acres—Well ?  
 Sir L.—Let me see—ay, King's Mead-fields will do—"in King's Mead-fields."  
 Acres—So, that's down. Well, I'll fold it up presently ; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.  
 Sir L.—You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.  
 Acres—Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.  
 Sir L.—Now I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening, if you can ; then, let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.  
 Acres—Very true.  
 Sir L.—So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honour to carry your message ; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.  
 Acres—By my valour, I should like to see you fight first. Odds life, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.  
 Sir L.—I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.
- [*Exeunt Sir Lucius and Acres.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I. ACRES'S LODGINGS (*as before*).

*Acres discovered, sealing the letter, and David.*

David—Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing !

Ne'er a Sir Lucifer in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons, what will the old lady say when she hears on't?

Acres—But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour!

David—Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it; and I think, in return, my honour couldn't do less than be very careful of me.

Acres—Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

David—I say, then, it would be but civil in *honour* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman*. Look ye, master, this *honour* seems to be a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank Heaven, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! I kill him; (the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my *honour*. But put the case that he kills me! By the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acres—No, David, in that case—odds crowns and laurels!—your honour follows you to the grave.

David—Now that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres—Zounds! David, you are a coward! It doesn't become my valour to listen to you. What! shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David—Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might 'as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres—But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey? Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David—By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!

Oons ! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—d double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols ! Lord bless us ! it makes me tremble to think on't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons ! Well, I never could abide them !—from a child, I never could fancy them !—I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

Acres—Zounds ! I *won't* be afraid—odds fire and fury ! you shan't make me afraid. Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

David—Ay, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger. For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass, it don't look like another letter. It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter, and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch ! Oons ! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off (*drops it in alarm*).

Acres—(*starting*)—Out, you poltroon ! you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper.

David—Well, I say no more—it will be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall—but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it ! Ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after ! and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born ! [*Exit, whimpering.*]

Acres—It won't do, David—so get along, you coward—I am determined to fight while I'm in the mind.

[*Enter David.*]

David—Captain Absolution, sir.

Acres—Oh ! show him up.

David (*on his knees*)—Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres—What's that ? Don't provoke me, David !

David—Good-bye, master.

[*Exit David, whimpering.*]

Acres—Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

[*Enter Captain Absolute.*]

Captain A.—What's the matter, Bob ?

Acres—A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead ;—if I hadn't the valour of St. George, and the dragon to boot——

Captain A.—But what did you want with me, Bob ?

Acres—Oh !—there—(*gives him the challenge*).

Captain A.—“To Ensign Beverley.” (*aside*) So ! what's going on now ? Well, what's this ?

Acres—A challenge !

Captain A.—Indeed ! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob ?

Acres—'Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Captain A.—But what have I to do with this ?

Acres—Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Captain A.—Well, give it me, and, trust me, he gets it.

Acres—Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack ; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Captain A.—Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres—You are very kind. What it is to have a friend ! You couldn't be my second, could you, Jack ?

Captain A.—Why, no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres—Well, then, I must get my friend, Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack ?

Captain A.—Whenever he meets you, believe me.

[*Enter David.*]

David—Sir Anthony is below, inquiring for the captain.

Captain A.—I'll come instantly.

[*Exit David, saying, “Oh ! my poor master.”*]

Captain A.—Well, little hero, success attend you.

[*Going.*]

Acres—Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack ?

Captain A.—To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob ?

Acres—Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week—will you, Jack?

Captain A.—I will, I will—I'll say you are called in the country, "Fighting Bob."

Acres—Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honour.

Captain A.—No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres—Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

Captain A.—No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*]

Acres—True, true. But stay, stay, Jack; you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

Captain A.—I will, I will.

Acres—Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Captain A.—Ay, ay—"Fighting Bob."

[*Exeunt Acres and Captain Absolute.*]

ACT. V.—SCENE II. KING'S MEAD-FIELDS.

[*Enter Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.*]

Acres—By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

Sir L.—It is, for muskets or small field pieces; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now; I'll show you. [*Measures six paces along the stage.*] There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres—Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L.—Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres—No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L.—Pho, pho! Nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres—Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no



merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me !

Sir L.—Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you ?

Acres—I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius ; but I don't understand.

Sir L.—Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a *quietus* with it, I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres—A *quietus* !

Sir L.—For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres—Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—odds tremors ! Sir Lucius, don't talk so !

Sir L.—I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

Acres—No, Sir Lucius, never before—(*aside*) and never will again, if I get out of this.

Sir L.—Ah, that's a pity !—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive a gentleman's shot ?

Acres—Odds files ! I've practised that. There, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself in an attitude*)—a side-front, hey !—Odd, I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edge-ways.

Sir L.—Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—(*levelling at him*).

Acres—Zounds, Sir Lucius ! are you sure it is not cocked ?

Sir L.—Never fear.

Acres—But—but—you don't know ; it may go off of its own head !

Sir L.—Pho ! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance ; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

• Acres—A vital part !

Sir L.—But there—fix yourself so [*placing him*], let him see the broadside of your full front. [*Sir Lucius places him face to face, then turns and goes to the left. Acres has in the interim turned his back in great perturbation.*] Oh, bother ! do you call that the broadside of your front ? [*Acres turns reluctantly.*] There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

• Acres—Clean through me ! A ball or two clean through me !

Sir L.—Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres—Look ye, Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour, I will stand edgeways.

Sir L.—(*looking at his watch*)—Sure they don't mean to disappoint us !

Acres—(*aside*)—I hope they do.

Sir L.—Hah ! no, faith—I think I see them coming.

• Acres—Hey ?—what !—coming !

Sir L.—Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile ?

Acres—There are two of them, indeed ! well, let them come—hey, Sir, Lucius ?—we—we—we—we—won't run (*takes his arm*).

Sir L.—Run !

Acres—No—I say we *won't* run, by my valour !

Sir L.—What the devil's the matter with you ?

Acres—Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L.—Oh fie ! consider your honour.

Acres—Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

Sir L.—(*looking*)—Well, here they're coming.

Acres—Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me !—valour will come and go.

Sir L.—Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres—Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valour is certainly going ! it is sneaking off !—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands !

Sir L.—Your honour—your honour! Here they are.

Acres—Oh, that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

[*Enter Faulkland and Captain Absolute.*]

Sir L.—Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah! what! Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself, to do a kind office first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account?

Acres—What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend!—(*shakes his hand*).

Captain A.—Harkye, Bob, Beverley's at hand. (*Acres retreats to left.*)

Sir L.—Well, Mr. Acres, I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To Faulkland*)—So, Mr. Beverley, if you choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk.—My weapons, sir!

Acres—Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!—(*shakes hands with Faulkland—goes back*).

Sir L.—What, sir! did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk.—Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir L.—Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party, by standing out.

Captain A.—Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk.—Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres—No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look ye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir L.—Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres—Why no, Sir Lucius, I tell you 'tis one Beverley

I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here I'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

Captain A.—Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you may please.

Sir L.—Well, this is lucky—(*slaps him on the back*). Now you have an opportunity.

Acres—What! quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys!—(*shakes his hand warmly*). Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural! Don't be frightened, Jack—I won't fight you.

Sir L.—Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres—Not in the least! odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir L.—Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres—Mind, gentlemen, he calls me coward; coward was the word, by my valour.

Sir L.—Well, sir?

Acres—Very well, sir. (*gently*). Look ye, Sir Lucius, tisn't that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in joke; but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls—

Sir L.—(*sternly*)—Well, sir?

Acres—I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir L.—Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Acres—(*going up the stage*)—I'm very glad of it.

Captain A.—Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most *determined dog*—called in the country Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

Acres—Ay, at home.

## The Sack of Baltimore.

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BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonised by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, the neighbourhood is most interesting. See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D. :—

The Summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—  
The Summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough de-  
files—

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;  
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard ;  
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;  
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray ;  
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—  
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;  
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air ;  
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the  
calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.  
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that  
glide,

Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing  
tide.

Oh ! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the  
shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,  
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—

A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! "the roof is in a flame !" <sup>4</sup>  
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and  
dame,  
And meet upon the threshold stone the gleaming sabre's fall,  
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson  
shawl—  
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and  
roar—  
Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing  
sword ;  
Then sprang the mother on the brand with which her son was  
gored ;  
Then sank the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching  
wild ;  
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child !  
But see, you pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing  
heel,  
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—  
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their  
store,  
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—  
They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring !  
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's  
town—  
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affa-  
down ;  
They only found the smoking walls, with [neighbours' blood  
besprent,  
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly  
went—  
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cleire, and saw, five leagues  
before,  
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravished Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the  
steed—  
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.  
Oh ! some are for the arsenals by beauteous Dardanelles ;  
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.  
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—  
She's safe—he's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his  
Serai ;

And when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,  
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sank the town beneath that bloody  
band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,  
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing pray'r,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—

Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman  
o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

11993.

Father Francis O'Flaherty, of Aran.

BY DR. PETRIE.

In Dr. Petrie's account of his antiquarian researches in the Aran Islands some highly interesting sketches of the inhabitants and of the local celebrities of the place are included. They are written in a truly sympathetic and kindly spirit, and have the additional advantage of being strictly veracious. The following is a charming portraiture of a good Irish priest, who lived—as so many of his order live—a life of simplicity among his humble flock in a remote part of the country, unheeding, and unheeded by, the busy world, his goodness and his virtues known only to his spiritual children and to Heaven.

In these trifling memorials of the Aran Islanders, it would be unjust to omit a notice of their venerable pastor. Father Francis O'Flaherty is a native of Aranmore, and received his education in a college in Spain. After spending a few years as a curate in some part of Connaught, he was appointed parish priest of his native islands, whither he returned never again to leave them, and has now been the unassisted teacher of his flock for upwards of forty years. The unremitting toils attendant on such a situation may be conceived; but the dangers with which they are here accompanied, and the courage necessary to meet them, can only be appreciated by

a recollection of the singular and-peculiar region to which his duties belonged—namely, a cluster of islands washed by the waves of the Atlantic, presenting in most places an iron-bound coast, and separated from each other by rapid currents that never assume a tranquil appearance, and are seldom entirely free from danger. Courage is, indeed, a striking trait in the character of this venerable man, and is strongly marked on the lip and brows of his manly but toil-worn and weather-beaten countenance—a face that a physiognomist would look at for hours with pleasure, so harmonious are its parts, so steady its expression of serious but mild thought, and of manly firmness and simplicity. Of his virtues I need say but little, as they may be considered as appertaining almost of necessity to his station and professional habits. Let imagination fancy the qualities that should adorn the priest, and the ideal attributes will not be much unlike those that really belong to Father Francis O’Flaherty. But some of the peculiarities of his opinions respecting men and society deserve notice, not only as illustrative of the purity of his own mind, but as affording the surest testimony of the humble virtues of the simple people from whom his knowledge of mankind has been derived. Of these peculiarities the most remarkable is a too favourable idea of the excellence of human nature in general—an opinion that is clearly the result of an almost total ignorance of its vices. This leads to a scepticism that appears extraordinary in one of his understanding, in matters told him that are at all opposed to such opinion, and an equally remarkable credulity regarding things that are not so. In fact, he will believe almost anything not impossible, because he cannot suppose anyone would be so base as to impose upon him by an untruth; but with him it is beyond belief that vice or depravity can exist among mankind, except in rare and solitary instances. In illustration of this singular trait I was told many interesting anecdotes, one of which I will venture to repeat.

Some time since one of the islanders, being about to emigrate to America, applied to a stranger in the island for written instructions, how to act in a world of which he had no experience, and which he had heard was different from



his own. The request was complied with, and the instructions were such as the writer thought necessary to a simple and innocent mind, entering into a state of society where it would be likely to meet many ready to take advantage of its artlessness and inexperience. The simple Araner, affrighted at the dangers thus presented to his imagination, submitted the paper to Father Frank, that he might be assured whether they were real; and the priest, on reading it, indignantly tore the paper to pieces. "Believe not," said he, "what this man says—he must be a bad man that would lead you to entertain so vile an opinion of mankind. Suspect no one. There are, I fear, some bad men in the world, but I trust and believe they are few. But never suspect any man of being so without a perfectly sufficient reason."

Father Frank is poor. The unglazed windows of his humble cottage, and the threadbare appearance of his antique garments, bespeak a poverty beyond even that of most of his flock. He is, in fact, altogether destitute of the comforts that should belong to old age. This is not the fault of his parishioners, by whom he is ardently beloved. They would gladly lessen their own comforts to increase his, and have frequently tried to force on him a better provision, which he has as often refused. "What," said he on a late occasion to Mr. O'Flaherty, who was remonstrating with him on this refusal—"what does a priest want more than subsistence? and that I have. Could I take anything from these poor people to procure me comforts which they require so much more themselves? No, no, Pat—say no more about it."

The figure of the good priest is unique in appearance, from the peculiarity of his costume, which, except in the articles of hat and long trowsers, is not different from the dress common to the Araners. He wears a long coat of antique cut, and over that a similar one of larger size; both are of the same dark blue colour, and are, I should suppose, the only habiliments of the kind in the island. They are characteristic of their owner, old and almost worn out, but still uncommon and respectable.

I saw Father Frank frequently. Sometimes near his cabin, moving along slowly, supported by a stick that was once the handle of an umbrella, and attended by some of the

islanders receiving his advice ; at other times, in the morning, on a rugged pony, similarly attended, descending some rocky path to his home, after passing the night with a sick, or perhaps dying, islander. During the last two days that I passed in Aran, I met him amid scenes so striking and characteristic of this remote region, and, at the same time, so strongly contrasted with each other, that I am anxious to present my readers with a sketch of their principal features. The first of these days was the Sabbath. I rode down to Kilronan, where Father Frank resides, and where I had learned that Mass was to be celebrated, that I might see the assembled congregation. The day was calm, bright, and lovely—scarce a cloud was to be seen. The gray rocks lost their bleak and rugged character in the warm blaze of sunshine. The dark blue sea looked tranquil, and the white sail moved along the surface slowly and without rocking. On one side the Connemara mountains displayed all their picturesque variety of peaked forms, and here and there a long and graceful line of curling smoke arose from the unseen hamlets, while on another side the gloomy promontory of Blackhead and the cliffs of Mohir arrayed themselves in a dress less than usually terrific. The ceremonies of religion were over, but the assemblage which had been drawn together still remained, dispersed among the rocks in a variety of picturesque groups, bright as nature in costumes and in appearance, equally impressed with the character of quiet and enduring happiness. In one place a number of men in youthful prime were drawn together in sober converse ; in another, the old people sat silent and contemplative. Here, too, might be seen groups of young and unmarried women, with their hair tied up into graceful ringlets, and their cloaks carelessly disposed into picturesque draperies, while their attitudes, some lying in each others' laps, and some with their arms about each others' necks or waists, bespoke the presence of youthful affection and innocent simplicity.

This picture was equally striking and characteristic ; for the colouring of the dresses of the peasantry was such as the painters of the Roman school have always loved. Positive, rich, and varied, but not gay or gaudy. Thus the deep red and blue tints of the female costumes were relieved by the

azure dresses of the men ; and these strong colours, contrasted by the gray tones of the surrounding rocks, received an additional effect of richness and splendour.

Had the scenery of this picture been that of a river bank in a sylvan valley, instead of a wild rocky shore in the Atlantic, the subject would have been truly Arcadian ; as it was, however, it might be considered more novel, and scarcely less striking or delightful.

How different did the same scenes appear on the day following, the last that I spent among these insular wilds.

The morning was cloudy and squally ; the wind strong from the north-west ; and the sea rough. Mr. O'Flaherty endeavoured to persuade me to defer till a better day my projected visit to the smaller islands ; but a letter which I received from home in the morning, which contained an account of the illness of a dear child, determined me on proceeding.

We passed along the northern shore of the island, and when we came within sight of Kilronan, now gloomy and lonely, I could not help being struck with the different appearance which it presented to that of the day preceding. I endeavoured to single out the priest's house, and I pictured him to my imagination, his figure reposing by his little fire after the toils of his week's labour. He was at this time suffering severely from a cough, which he confessed to me had deprived him of rest for many nights ; and when on bidding him, as I thought, a last adieu, I endeavoured to impress upon him the necessity of a little nursing and confinement, he assured me it was his intention to follow my advice from that day. Little then did I suppose that I should ever again see him.

In an hour we dropped anchor about 'a furlong from the shore of Innisheer, at the only landing-place which it presents—a deep, shelving strand, then beaten by a sea of wild breakers. “I fear,” said Mr. O'Flaherty, “that we have had our labour in vain. With the wind in this point there is no venturing nearer the shore, except in a currach, and the breakers are so high that I doubt whether the islanders will venture out to us.” Almost immediately, however, we saw a number of men descending the cliffs towards the beach,

among whom, to my great surprise, we discerned the long-coated figure of Father Frank ! Thus it was that he was nursing himself. "He has come," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "to attend some sick person, and no doubt waits to return in our safer boat, as I told him we should be here." And after holding, as it appeared, a consultation with him for a few moments, we saw the men carry down to the beach one of the currachs, and, after one or two unsuccessful efforts of their united exertions to launch her fairly among the breakers, we saw her boldly contending with their turbulent fury. Sometimes the frail vessel would be altogether invisible, and again my alarm for its safety would be removed by its sudden reappearance, as she got clear of the breakers, and her course was more rapid and steady, making her way like the wild sea-birds, tossed about on the surface of the waves, now turned one way and now another, but still floating in all the security of a creature to whom these rough waters were but its natural element.

The scene was altogether grand and striking. The mass of white waters tumbling about in the little bay, above which the castle of Teague O'Flaherty, situated on a bold rock, frowned among the dark clouds in proud though deserted grandeur ; the gloomy obscurity of the objects, the noise of the elements, and the screams of the wild sea-birds, produced such an effect as a painter would occupy himself at least in admiring.

Having received particular instructions, while the curragh was approaching, how to conduct ourselves in it, as the chief danger to be apprehended in these canvas vessels is that of an overturn, from the want of their being steadily balanced, we committed ourselves to the guidance of the crew. Nothing could be more admirable than the skill and coolness which the boatmen displayed. They seemed impelled by one mind—at one time following rapidly the course of the gone-by wave, at another pausing till the vessel quietly rose above the swell of its successor ; now flying to escape the breaker that seemed to threaten instant destruction ; and again, with the quickness of thought, turning its lofty prow to the billow, when there was no longer safety in retreat. The situation, to one unaccustomed as I was to such perils, had

something terrific in it, but was at the same time grand and exciting, till, as we neared the shore, when, in the returning confidence of safety, I began to give free scope to my enjoyment, I suddenly felt myself violently struck down by a weight of waters that completely covered me. For a moment I did not know where I was, nor where I should find myself; but the feeling was only momentary, for, as the breaker retired after this exhaustion of its fury, we were pulled by the persons on shore out of the danger which a second one might produce, and we jumped on *terra firma* with an alacrity quite laughable, having suffered no greater injury from our adventure than a little fright and a thorough wetting.

By the time that we set out on our homeward voyage, the weather had abated something of its severity. The old man, exhausted by the day's fatigue, and too feeble to bear the pitching of the boat except in a lying posture, stretched himself on a small mattress in the cabin, where he lay for some time apparently slumbering—his limbs stretched, his eyes closed, and his hands locked in each other and resting on his bosom, reminding me forcibly of the figures of some of those dying saints which the Italian painters have so often imagined. But though his body was at rest his mind was not so; for, as I afterwards found, it was busily occupied with the welfare of his flock. He had received on the preceding evening for the poor of his parish thirty pounds of that money which the noble benevolence of England had supplied to her suffering sister, and was anxiously considering the best means of discharging the trust reposed in him. After some time I heard him call Mr. O'Flaherty in a low tone of voice, and, on consulting him, it was agreed that he should send on the following day to Galway for the worth of the donation in oatmeal. •

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OBSERVANCE OF THEIR OWN LAWS BY THE IRISH.—It is a great abusion and reproach that the laws and statutes made in this land are not observed or kept after the making of them eight days; which matter is one of the destructions of

Englishmen of this land ; and divers Irishmen both observe and keep such laws and statutes which they make upon hills in their country, firm, stable, and without breaking them for any favour or reward.—*Baron Finglas's Hibernica* (*Baron of the Exchequer in the time of Henry the Eighth*).

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### An Autumn Evening.

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BY T. C. IRWIN.

Silent and sadly over the plain  
Closes the wet Autumnal day ;  
The leaves are falling, yellow and grey,  
And the crows fly low in the rain :  
Dimly, a glare from the Western ledges,  
Touching the dank brown river sedges,  
Falls on the garden's dripping hedges,  
And reddens the distant spire ;  
Nature is dying ; dreary and damp  
Is the world without, so, trim the lamp  
And kindle the Autumn fire.

Now as it crackles and glitters bright,  
Down the old road glimmering far,  
Who can say but its ruddy star  
May beacon some genial friend to-night ?  
Hark ! by the wicket a sound of laughter  
Rings through the dusk, and following after  
Tinkles a daintier chime and softer,  
Sweetening all the gloom :  
Hail and welcome ! oft together  
With books and songs we've mocked the weather—  
Enter the olden room.

Here, as we rest us, round each wall  
Solemnly muse the friendly books ;  
Pictures smile from the dusky nooks ;  
Shadows fantastic rise and fall.

Here is our banquet—apples mellow,  
Pears and nuts in leaves of yellow,  
Here in the firelight's fairy hollow  
Glimmers the flask of wine :  
Ah ! but richer than Autumn treasures,  
We have a tome of poet pleasures—  
Open its leaves divine.

Brightly her blue eyes glance along  
The page she turns with a sweet small hand ;  
What shall it be, then ? sonnet or song,  
Pastoral picture or drama grand ?  
Suddenly, from the realms of Story,  
Lovers fond and sages hoary,  
Kings and spectres ghast and gory,  
People the gloom, and pass ;  
Then some lonesome song or ditty,  
Quaint and wild, or terse and witty,  
Goldens the genial glass.

Bright flames the fire on our festal ring,  
While mirth and music round us reign,  
While, pausing at our window pane,  
The round moon listens while we sing ;  
Old memories peeping through the snow  
Of fallen years, like violets blow ;  
Wit winks ; our hearts and glasses glow,  
And, sweetening all the while,  
A gentle spirit, with face as fair  
As Summer, tempers our revel there,  
And lights it with her smile.

Let sombre Autumn shadow along  
The empty world in wild unrest,  
His leaves but thatch our cottage nest,  
His tempests cannot drown our song :  
Merrily past our cot is rolled  
The harvest wealth of waving gold,  
At morn ; and when the eve has tolled  
Its mournful memoried chime,  
The stars shine through the Heaven's cope,  
'Mid clearing clouds, like spirits of hope  
Beyond the verge of time.

But hark ! the midnight warning sound  
Tolls from the bell in the town below :  
The clouds unsettle ; the wind is low ;

The great stars drowse along the ground :  
We stand at the gate—" Good-bye, good-bye !"  
The moon that looks from a scattered sky  
Will shower her splendours mellowly  
Over their path of leaves ;  
And soft be their sleep till morn again  
Redly tinges the drops of rain  
Under their cottage eaves.

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### Courage of John Philpot Curran.

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WHAT I last note in the eloquence of Curran is its courage. Danger is the test of manhood, whether in action or in words ; and hardly a speech historically great has ever been spoken but at momentous hazard. This, here, I must simply assert. All who are conversant with the subject know that the assertion can be proved. No speaker ever had more courage than Curran, and no speaker ever more needed it. His courage was physical, mental, moral, political, constant, and consistent. Mortal combat was in the time of Curran frequently the cost of a word, and this cost, more than once, Curran was obliged to pay. At the very entrance of his active and professional life, he gave a magnanimous example of moral independence and physical intrepidity. An aged Catholic priest, Father Neale, in the discharge of his sacred duty, at the injunction of his bishop, excited the anger of a Protestant nobleman. The profligate aristocrat, Lord Doneraile, accompanied by his brother, Mr. St. Leger, rode to the old man's cottage, called him out from his devotions, and, at his own door, beat him almost to death. But such was the dominion of Protestant ascendancy at the time, that lawyers refused to be concerned for a Catholic priest. Curran immediately undertook the case, and fearlessly and fiercely stigmatised the culprits. Considering the power which these culprits possessed, as Ireland was then ruled, the audacity of



a young barrister in daring it was to some heroic, to others insolent, to all a novelty and a wonder. Curran gained a verdict against the nobleman, fought a duel with the nobleman's brother, whom, in the course of the trial, he had characterised as a ruffian and a coward. The venerable man whose wrongs he so eloquently exposed, in quitting this mortal life soon after, sent for the generous advocate, and gave him his dying benediction. But well might Jeffrey, while commenting in the *Edinburgh Review* on these events, express his astonishment that such things could ever have been. Demosthenes, it was said, ran away from battle. This was probably a calumny. But against Curran no such calumny was possible. Cicero has been accused not only of being a trimmer, but of being timid; and Mirabeau, it has been alleged, sold the popular cause for regal bribery. But Curran was as bold politically as he was personally, and he was as above interest as he was above fear. We cannot at this day estimate what Curran sacrificed to the popular cause, or how much risk he encountered for it. The part which Curran took in the rebellion-trials of 1798 has nothing in the whole history of defensive oratory with which we can compare it. Curran's position was a singular one, and the man was as singular as the position—as singular as either were the circumstances which created the position, and which glorified the man. A strange unity of national character prevailed then in Ireland amidst the most irreconcilable political hatreds. This very community of national genius, impassioned and intense, rendered contest all the fiercer, and made enmity all the darker. Power in its victory was cruel and unsparing; weakness in its defeat had nothing to plead and nothing to hope. Humanity was asleep; conscience was blind; pity was deaf; but vengeance was all alive and all awake. Law was a dead letter; trial by jury was “a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.” Anyone who reads the records of those times will learn how universal was then in Ireland this reign of terror. The Marquis of Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the close of the insurrection, says the executions by ordinary courts, or courts-martial, were nothing compared with the butcheries and burnings committed by armed and licensed murderers,

who were not less abhorrent to the high and humane among the rulers than they were monstrous and merciless towards the people. In such a condition of things Curran had to stand nearly alone. He had to speak for the speechless, when words for the accused were almost accounted crimes ; and he had to take the side of the doomed when the rancour of party spirit often confounded the advocate and the client.

—*From Giles's Lectures.*

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### Funcheon Woods.

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Dark woods of Funcheon ! treading far  
The rugged paths of duty—  
Though lost to me the vesper star  
Now trembling o'er your beauty,  
Still vividly I see your glades,  
The deep and emerald-hearted,  
As when from their luxuriant shades  
My lingering steps departed.

That wild autumnal morning !—well  
Can haunting thought remember  
How came in gusts o'er Corrin-fell  
The roar of dark September,  
When I through that same woodland path  
To endless exile hasted,  
Where many an hour my lavish youth  
The gold of evening wasted.

Oh, for one day of that glad time !  
Say, reckless heart, how is it  
There's still so many a cliff to climb  
And well-known nook to visit ?  
The Fiea's spring is gurgling near,  
And may I not, delaying,  
One moment watch the sparkling sand  
Beneath its crystal playing ?

No! "Onward!" cried the mighty breeze,  
"From all thy heart rejoices!"  
And loud my childhood's ancient trees  
Still lifted up their voices,  
As though they felt and mourned the loss,  
With heads bowed down and hoary,  
Of him who, seated at their feet,  
First sang their Summer glory.

Too like the fair beloved group  
From whose embrace I wended,  
In vain the pine-trees' shapely troop  
Their graceful arms extended;  
And vainly, fast as sisters, tears,  
The pallid birch was weeping—  
While woke, like cousins' sad blue eyes,  
The winkle flower from sleeping.

Farewell—I thought—ye only friends  
The heart can trust in leaving,  
Untroubled by the primal curse,  
The dread of your deceiving;  
I shall not see at least *your* fall,  
And so, when wronged and wounded,  
Still feel secure of peace at last,  
By you, old friends! surrounded.

And since, in nature's scenes, the grand,  
Or beautiful, or tender,  
He who invests them with a light  
That sanctifies their splendour,  
Findeth no one abiding place;  
Be his the deep reliance  
That he for holier worlds received  
The bard's immortal science.

Green Funcheon-side! your sounding woods  
Heaved wide as tossing ocean,  
When my last glance that Autumn morn  
Turned from their billowy motion—  
Turned where the willow's tresses streamed  
Above the river stooping,  
Dark as your own bright *Lady's* hair  
Magnificently drooping.

Ah, in that wild tumultuous hour,  
When heaven with earth seemed warring,

And swept the tempest's demon pow'r,  
 The landscape's lustre marring,  
 One gentlest spirit (haply then  
 Of Funcheon's beauty thinking),  
 A fading girl—like a tired child—  
 On Death's calm breast was sinking.

They've made her grave, far, far from all  
 The haunts she prized so dearly :  
 Oh ! place no marble o'er it—there  
 Be seen to flourish yearly  
 Such flowers as in her Bible's leaves  
 She loved to fold and cherish—  
 Pansies and early primroses,  
 That as they blossom perish.

Rave on, loud winds ! from tranquil rest  
 Ye nevermore shall stir her !  
 And ye, fair woods, now vanishing  
 From memory's darkened mirror,  
 Farewell ! what meeter time for thought  
 The lost and loved recalling,  
 Than in this solemn evening hour  
 When Autumn leaves are falling.

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### John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

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On Tuesday, the 8th of June, 1875, the archiepiscopal town of Tuam was the scene of highly interesting proceedings. On that day the illustrious John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, had attained to the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate, and his faithful clergy and loving flock had taken measures to make the day one of spiritual thanksgiving and public rejoicing. The proceedings went far beyond the bounds of a local demonstration ; the whole Irish nation sought participation in them. Telegrams, addresses, and presentations poured in to the veteran prelate and patriot, and deputations, not only from various parts of Ireland but from Irish communities resident in England and Scotland, came forward to offer him their heartfelt congratulations. Amongst the deputations was one from the Home Rule League, and another from the Irish members of Parliament. The address from the latter body was read to his Grace the Archbishop by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., and later in the day, on the unveiling of a noble marble statue of

his Grace in the space fronting the cathedral, Mr. Sullivan delivered the following speech :—

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN—I will not address you as men of Tuam, of Galway, or Mayo alone, but as men of Ireland ; for this is not a local but a national celebration. On this platform, and in the vast throng that I see before me, I myself can discern the faces of priests and laymen, many of them representative men, some of them here in official capacity, from the western shores of Kerry, from the glens of Antrim, from the slopes of Wexford. And that other Ireland, that lives and grows apace beyond the natal isle, is represented here too. From the vast communities of Irishmen who have found a home in England, in Scotland, or in America, delegates attend on this occasion. The national metropolis sends here its chief magistrate ; our colleges and schools send their felicitations ; and the representatives of Ireland in the Imperial senate send here a delegation in probably the largest number of members of Parliament who ever before united in a formal declaration of devoted attachment and respect to an Irish prelate. All this proclaims that the jubilee we celebrate to-day is an event which stirs the heart of the whole Irish nation, and that the man whom we all unite thus to honour is one whose career has won for him gratitude, praise, and fame as world-wide as the dispersion of the Celtic race. The story of that life may be called the chronicle of Ireland for more than fourscore years. It was in the year 1791 that, at the foot of Nephin, in the sister county, Mayo, there was born to Ireland a child destined to be a pride and a strength to the nation. There was rejoicing in that Mayo home ; but a parent's joy was no measure of the greatness that had fallen upon this western province in that hour. No one could then have foreseen what in the hidden designs of God was yet to come to pass ; that that child, born of a race in bondage, was to rise like Moses to the place of prophet, leader, and guide ; that he, in the course of a life far longer than is usually given to man, should see his people traverse the arid desert and sight the promised land of liberty, but, unlike Moses, we fondly hope, to enter it and enjoy it along with them. It was while he was yet cradled on the breast of a Mayo mother that the

cannon of Jemappes made the first huge rent in the bloody code of penal legislation. His boyhood beheld the overthrow of Ireland's independence, and the destruction of that constitution for the restoration of which he was to labour so notably in after years. He was a student during all those eventful years when Europe quaked and trembled beneath the footsteps of Napoleon. Indeed it would seem as if the mighty contests, the momentous events, that passed in such rapid succession around him, tended largely to mould his mind and his character upon those massive lines which gave to him early the stamp of true greatness. In the years in which most men adopt their principles and form their character he had seen Europe overwhelmed by the billows of a war such as history has not paralleled for five hundred years. Thrones tottered, dynasties were swept away. Revolution destroyed society; invasion and conquest destroyed national liberty. It was amidst the lessons of these events that the young Levite learned to entertain that horror of revolution and that love of national liberty which have distinguished him throughout his life. The student became the professor. The class he taught in Maynooth probably numbered but a score or two; but for fifty years the whole Irish nation have formed one huge class, receiving from his lips the great lessons of duty to God and country. The professor ere long became the distinguished champion of Catholic doctrine, and the records of our century chronicle few more splendid services to religion than the letters of "Hierophilos." Young as he was, barely thirty-four years of age, his brilliant abilities, his sterling virtues, his theological acquirements, had marked him for the mitre; and in 1825 Professor MacHale became Bishop of Maroni, coadjutor of Killala. Elevation to the episcopate in those days meant much that we are, happily, strangers to now. When the patriotic prelate of royal Meath, by whose side I have now the honour to stand, was, by the nomination of his clergy and the choice of the Holy See raised to the dignity of that high office, it was as if he had been appointed to be the temporal magistrate as well as the ecclesiastical ruler of that royal principality. For no monarch could be more truly loved, none more loyally obeyed, none more secure

in the allegiance of his people, than he throughout a territory that reaches from the Shannon to the Irish Sea. The enthusiasm, the determination, the courage, the spirit, the numbers, the wealth, the social and political influence of our Catholic people now give to a prelate a position in our day as full of honour as that of some of the princes of the world. Not so in the days of unemancipated Catholic Ireland. Oh ! I see around me here the flashing eyes and youthful faces of a young generation grown up since their fathers ceased to wear a penal chain ! O young men of Ireland ! you will never realise the lot your fathers bore in those terrible days. Contemplate for a moment the terrible influences that had been operating on society up to the time of the Bishop of Maronia. Take the statute book of England in your hand ; read over without note or comment the laws prevailing throughout that time ; and say whether the utmost stretch of ingenuity, or the deepest depth of demoniacal passion, ever produced anything to outstrip that code. By breach of treaty-faith they tore from us our property. Invading the domestic sanctuary, "discovery" laws set child against parent, and parent against child—sought to sap and subvert the affection of wife and husband, so that pauperism should be the penalty of domestic fidelity, and property the spoil of parricidal ingratitude and treason ! When this fell purpose was accomplished, and the Irish people were plundered of all earthly possessions, our masters bethought them of a new oppression. They said : "These Irish, though poor and penniless, may, by education and by force of intellect, win their way once more to power and influence in the land. We must, therefore, not only make them poor, but also make them ignorant. We must not only rob them, but brutify and barbarise them too." Then were passed those statutes which anyone who doubts this story can peruse for himself, and there he will see, clause by clause and line by line, the malefic purpose worked out with subtle skill ; how the same fate was doomed to wolf and friar, to schoolmaster and priest ; how banishment for the first offence, and death for the second, was the penalty of teaching school in Ireland ; and how torture was to compel the child to disclose where the fugitive schoolmaster lay concealed ! Fifty years of laws like these

might well have resolved society into its original elements, or rather might have converted the Irish people into an aggregation of savages, deformed by savage ferocities. Yes, I assert it publicly here, and I challenge contradiction, that whatever of education, or civilisation, or morality, or mind, or intellect the Irish people can boast to-day they possess in despite of and in defiance of British law. All this was terrible, but something worse remained. Yes, it remained for English legislation in that hour to put to the blush the rule of the Turk over Greece, or of the Moor over Granada. A people bereft of property, and of education too, had still left to them one source of hope and consolation. It was in religion; it was in the ministrations of God's anointed priest, who poured into the ear of the lowly and famishing Irish peasant the story of One who was born in a manger, who lived in poverty, who was calumniated and reviled and scourged by His foes, and who eventually died praying for His murderers on the gibbet of Calvary. Yes, the voice of religion was of force to subdue wild passion, and to keep human and pure and holy the people for whom so many saints had laboured and died; and now English law stepped in with its last barbarity to destroy all this, to shut out God from the people they had robbed and tortured. Then, my friends, came the time when the blood of the priest was often spilled on the Mass Rock by murderous hands, and when Irish bishops, like the martyr Plunkett, were consigned to the scaffold and the stake. Such was Ireland up to the period marked by the career of the great Irishman whose statue we have just unveiled; such were the elements, such the state of things amidst which he had to labour. Some of these oppressions had ceased ere he became a bishop in the Church, but the woe and wreck and ruin, moral and material, wrought by such a frightful code for nigh two hundred years, could not be obliterated in a century, much less in a generation. To the destruction of that iniquitous code, to the emancipation of his co-religionists, the young bishop devoted himself with an ardour and an ability that contrasted strangely with the terrorised timidity which passed for prudence with others. In the struggle for Catholic Emancipation he was the right arm of O'Connell;



and many a time O'Connell might have been driven from his noble purpose, chilled by the apathy or saddened by the covert opposition of other dignitaries, or disgusted by the slavishness of the Catholic aristocracy, had he not at his back and by his side the strong arm, the stout heart, the cheering voice, and the indomitable influence of the young successor of St. Jarlath. Emancipation brought new duties and heralded new efforts. Scarcely had the people celebrated their accession to comparative liberty when England appeared upon the scene in the dangerous guise of a benefactress. She came to offer us education—"national education." It was a sore temptation to Irish prelates, priests, and people. As the wretched mariner, who, nigh to perishing of famine on a raft, eager to appease his thirst and hunger, would little discriminate when food of any kind was freely within his reach, so it might be expected that the Irish people, ever yearning for education, and so long denied it, would now at last clutch readily at the feast thus spread before them. The founder of that system, the late Lord Derby, framed it very differently from what it afterwards became. Most Irish Catholics trusted English faith, and resolved to accept the boon. A few there were, but one man pre-eminently, John of Tuam, who, from the first moment, saw danger in this wooden horse of the Greeks, and feared them *dona ferentes*. Good men and pure men and wise men differed with him; far be it from me to make it a reproach against those who, acting for the best, accepted that "national system." But we know they judged John of Tuam severely. Many a good man in Ireland thought him cynical; said he was too suspicious, too mistrustful; and the dangers he saw lurking in that system would never arise. In that day he stood alone or almost alone amidst the Irish hierarchy. To-day they have come, on this question as on most others, almost unanimously to his view, and now stand by his side. The rise of the National Schools was almost simultaneous with the commencement of the most important chapters of the archbishop's life. I allude to the movement for the restoration of our national birth-right, the legislative independence of Ireland. Thirty or forty years ago, as to-day, and at all times, there were those who would fain per-

suade the Irish people that the Catholic priests or prelates feel only for their own special interests in public affairs. "When Emancipation is won, if ever it is won," they said, "you will see all these bishops and priests desert you. John of Tuam will leave you to your own resources when this fight is over, and when you go forward on the road of political struggle." Thank God! oh, thank God a thousand times! that evil calumny was soon put to shame; for no sooner had O'Connell raised the banner of Repeal than under its folds stood glorious John of the West and the faithful priests of Ireland. Throughout the Repeal movement, as in the Emancipation struggle, the archbishop was O'Connell's most valued support. The Godless colleges, a bold development of the English plan for denationalising and de-Catholicising us, found in him an ever-vigilant sentinel on the watch-towers of Israel. For a moment there was harrowing doubt as to whether our prelates might not be imposed upon by this scheme also; but John of Tuam sounded the alarm and sprang boldly forward; and to his promptitude, courage, and sagacity we owe it under Providence that the Godless colleges were at once condemned and stricken with sterility in the first hour of their existence. In the midst of these conflicts came the awful famine of 1846 and '47. Here I desist; for my poor words would fail me if I essayed to describe to you the heroic labours of the great archbishop in that dreadful time. How his voice rang out in appeal for the perishing people! How he poured out his very soul, pleading that a succouring hand might be extended to save them from an appalling fate! Nor was this all. His public labours, great and noble, were yet as naught weighed beside the myriad untold and unseen acts of benevolence, of self-sacrifice, of heroism on his part. No, not altogether unseen! for the eye of the good God marked them all, and many a pure spirit that winged its way to the world of bliss from a fever pallet in the black '47 bore a tale of glory for John of Tuam to the crystal bars of Eden. When the great slaughter was over, all that survived of heart or honesty in political Ireland girt themselves up for a last desperate effort to avert the final destruction of the population. The Tenant League was established, and the party

of Independent Opposition formed. Into that movement the archbishop entered with his accustomed energy. And from his side, from his diocese, there sprang into the forefront of that struggle one whose familiar form seems to rise this moment to my view, as if cruel death had not torn him from us in the very prime of life and in the zenith of a bright career. Yes, I am overpowered by my feelings when I reflect that were he a living man to-day it would be he who would—and oh! how lovingly, how eloquently!—speak the address which I have been called on to deliver. I allude to the ever-lamented George Henry Moore. Well, we know what came of that effort. We know that evictions wholesale wrought landlord vengeance upon the electors who returned those men to Parliament. We know that the British Minister, as if to drive the Irish people from hope in constitutional action, set himself to destroy that Parliamentary party by seduction and bribery. And then, as if to mock and madden the now ruined people, as if to turn public law into derision and contempt, some of the men who had lured them to their ruin, some of the men who had sworn to them the most solemn oaths, some of the men who had on the first opportunity turned round and sold them to their foes, were actually clothed in the ermine and set upon the justice-seat to rule over—nay, rather to defy and deride—the helpless people in whose ears their perjuries and blasphemies were still ringing. But the worst of the Keogh and Sadleir traitors was their knavish hypocrisy. For a time it so deceived simple people that their treason was either condoned or connived at by some who should have been quick to anathematise the leprous example of public perjury and political immorality. But there remained, thank God! at least one voice to accuse and denounce oath-breakers—one voice to stand by the principles of public morality and rectitude and virtue. That was the loved and well known voice of the illustrious Prelate of the West. But treason triumphed; and what wonder if, seeing this, our young men took to new courses, and that, when open and lawful endeavour was thus overwhelmed, they banded themselves in secret, desperate enterprises, that at all events attested their courage, their unselfishness, their readiness to sacrifice for Ireland. And

then came the dismal episodes of the State trial and the penal sentence, the crowded jail, the convict-ship, and the chain-gang ; the armed brutality, the public terror, the suspension of law, the prostration of all liberty. It was a dark time, and perhaps there might have been some then to cry out that all was over with Ireland and with John of Tuam ; that the public questions and the public principles he had battled for were overborne, and that every endeavour he had undertaken had been defeated and abandoned. Yes, all seemed lost, but it was not so. A year or two later was to show all the world a grand resurrection—the principles of John of Tuam made the watchwords of the nation. He stood against mixed education, and to-day that snare is denounced all over the land. He battled against Godless colleges, and now the grass grows on the thresholds of those gigantic failures. He stood for Ireland's national right—a national legislature—and to-day the national question has swept all before it from Cavan to Kerry. He laboured for the formation of an Irish party in the Imperial Parliament which should be independent of British factions. The party of 1852, composed, indeed, in great part, of rotten material, was destroyed ; but he beholds to-day a party twice as numerous and a thousandfold more strong, because more honest ; a party that has already made Ireland feared and respected in the camp of her foes. And that party—no, not a party, but the national representation of Ireland—met in London the other day and decided to send a loving greeting to John of Tuam on this occasion, as the one living man of our race in whom we hail the highest type of patriotism and fidelity. Here beside me stand the bearers of that message, and they are men of whom Ireland may well be proud. Here is that gifted young Irishman whose lips have indeed been touched with the fire of oratory, and whose brilliant abilities have in one short year won him a foremost position in public life, my friend Mr. O'Connor Power, the member for Mayo ; Mr. George Browne, a gentleman whose best praise it is to say that he well represents and upholds the principles of the illustrious Irishman whose kinsman he is—George Henry Moore ; Joseph Ronayne, member for Cork, whose name is at once familiar as a house-

hold word, and a synonyme for chivalrous patriotism and daring honesty ; Captain Nolan, one of two county members of whom, individually and collectively, Galway may well be proud. High were your aspirations when you sent Captain Nolan forward as your representative ; but your estimate did not reach the true value of the service you thereby rendered the national cause. On him, more than on any other man of the National party in the House of Commons, next to our distinguished leader, Isaac Butt—on Captain Nolan, I say, devolves the largest share of laborious attendance in the House, constant anxiety, serious responsibility. To his activity, vigilance, and ability we are largely indebted for the successful execution of the plans devised by our commander-in-chief, and approved of by our council of war. Mr. William O'Byrne, member for the territory of his gallant clansmen ; and Mr. Biggar, hailing from "the black North." Nor are these all ; indeed I must disclaim full recapitulation ; but here stand men whose presence fills me with strange emotions of joy and hope for Ireland. Here comes to honour the great Prelate of the West in his character of Irish patriot, forth from the halls of Trinity College, one of its most distinguished sons, a man whose fame as a scholar is world-wide, and whose personal virtues and public worth have won him the esteem and affection of his fellow-countrymen of every creed and class—I allude to the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith. Surely the Irish prelate, the Irish patriot, who can thus gather around him on an occasion like this such a wide national representation, has not lived in vain ! Surely to him has been vouchsafed the rare privilege not alone of years beyond the usual length of mortal span, but also of beholding the signal triumph of the principles he preached by precept and example throughout that long and luminous career. Fellow-countrymen, I have traced these events for you—I have gone over the record of this life so intertwined with all that is great and heroic in Irish history for half a century past—for the purpose of showing and demonstrating by the irrefragable testimony of facts that are on record, that there is no public man at present living who can so fearlessly look into the past, and so confidently seek there his triumphant vindication, as this illustrious man beside whose statue I now stand. As the eagle may gaze on the sun, so

may the eye of John of Tuam gaze into all the past of his life, and be there undimmed by a trace of inconsistency—a public act that he could regret or wish amended. It is not given to many public men to be thus able to review their public lives. It is given to few men to attain to such an age as his—to have lived through a period of such storm and vicissitude, and yet to have upheld unstained the purity of his soul and the fresh vigour of his native Irish nature. It is not given to every man to be surrounded, as he is to-day, by such demonstrations of affection from those of his own fold, and of respect and esteem from those that are virtuous and honest outside of it. Yes, this life of his—this career which I have traced—is a grand example for Irishmen through all time. And so here to-day we have set up this statue on high, that in enduring marble his features may be perpetuated—those features upon which many of us have so fondly looked—and that future generations may be familiarized with the figure and form of that grand old man whose jubilee we celebrate to-day. And here will come in future years, to find new strength and hope, whosoever battling in the cause of right and justice, faints, or grows weary, or desponds in the face of fearful odds. And here before this effigy, contemplating the record of this life, he will take heart and find new hope and courage. And long, long after the grass grows green upon the grave of John of Tuam, Irish parents will come around this pedestal and bring their little ones, teaching them to pray with clasped hands in that Gaelic tongue which he loved so well, to the Almighty God Who rules upon high, that He may give a place in the mansion of bliss, amidst the saints who surround His throne, to the good and virtuous archbishop whose jubilee we this day celebrate,

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### Ireland's Dow.

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BY D. F. MACCARTHY.

Come ! Liberty, come ! we are ripe for thy coming—  
Come, freshen the hearts where thy rival has trod—  
Come, richest and rarest !—come, purest and fairest !  
Come, daughter of Science !—come, gift of the God !

Long, long have we sighed for thee, coyest of maidens—  
Long, long have we worshipped thee, queen of the brave—  
Steadily sought for thee, readily fought for thee—  
Purpled the scaffold and glutted the grave!

On went the fight through the cycle of ages,  
Never our battle-cry ceasing the while—  
Forward, ye valiant ones! onward, battalioned ones!  
Strike for Green Erin, your own darling isle!

Still in the ranks are we, struggling with eagerness—  
Still in the battle for Freedom are we!  
Words may avail in it—swords, if *they* fail in it—  
What matters the weapon, if only we're free?

Oh! we are pledged in the face of the universe,  
Never to falter, and never to swerve;  
Toil for it!—bleed for it!—if there be need for it—  
Stretch every sinew and strain every nerve!

Traitors and cowards our names shall be ever,  
If for a moment we turn from the chase—  
For ages exhibited, scoffed at, and gibbeted,  
As emblems of all that was servile and base!

Irishmen! Irishmen! think what is liberty—  
Fountain of all that is valued and dear—  
Peace and security—knowledge and purity—  
Hope for hereafter and happiness here.

Nourish it—treasure it deep in your inner heart—  
Think of it ever by night and by day—  
Pray for it!—sigh for it!—work for it!—die for it!—  
What is this life and dear Freedom away?

List! scarce a sound can be heard in our thoroughfares—  
Look! scarce a ship can be seen on our streams—  
Heart-crushed and desolate—spell-bound—irresolute—  
Ireland but lives in the bygone of dreams!

Irishmen! if we be true to our promises,  
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,  
Life's choicest blessings—love's fond caressings—  
Peace, home, and happiness—all shall be ours!

## Liberty's Answer to Ireland's Call.

BY M. R. LEYNE.

I come at thy bidding, Green Erin, to glad thee ;  
I come to o'ershadow the fane thou hast reared—  
The strife that withheld me—the feuds that repelled me—  
Are vanishing daily—my “highway is cleared!”

Thou hast hearkened the heralds sent forth to announce me—  
The prophets commissioned my advent to preach ;  
The seeds thou didst nourish will speedily flourish,  
The harvest of Freedom shall bloom in thy reach.

Oh! oft in the hours of thy suffering and bondage  
My spirit still haunted thy desolate fanes,  
I wept in dejection thy hapless subjection,  
Those hot tears have melted the links of thy chains!

A spirit goes forth on the wings of the Summer  
To dress the fair earth as in robes of a bride,  
Thus its mantle of glory shall Freedom cast o'er thee,  
When the rancour of faction and party has died!

I come, then, oh! proudly, to raise thee from thralldom,  
To place a bright crown on thy broad queenly brow—  
Crimeless—regenerate—nations may venerate—  
Which of them all can compete with thee now?

Come, swear! that wherever the bondsman is struggling,  
In the storm of *that* battle thy banner shall wave  
The firmest and staunchest, till all be enfranchised,  
And passed from the earth be the tyrant and slave.

I come at thy bidding, Green Erin, to glad thee ;  
I come to o'ershadow the fane thou hast reared—  
The strife that withheld me—the feuds that repelled me—  
Are vanishing daily—my “highway is cleared!”



## Grattan on Irish Rights.

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The right of the Irish Parliament to make laws for Ireland, uncontrolled by the Parliament of England, was first invaded by an Act passed in the reign of Henry VII., since known as "Poyning's Law." At a subsequent period the rights of the Irish House of Lords as the highest court of appeal in Irish cases were infringed by the English House of Lords, who in several cases which had been taken before them reversed the decisions of the Irish House. The latter body, however, refused to acknowledge this usurpation, and directed the civil officers in Ireland to abide by the Irish authority and ignore the English. To end these contentions an Act, the 6th of George I., was passed in England, declaring that Ireland was a subordinate and dependent kingdom; that the King, Lords, and Commons of England had power to make laws to bind Ireland; and that the Irish House of Lords had no legal jurisdiction. Thus was the independence of the Irish Parliament struck down. England, however, got into difficulties, and Grattan, recognising the fact, afterwards proclaimed by O'Connell, that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity," commenced that struggle to recover the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament, which was crowned with success in 1782. On the 19th of April, 1780, he opened the campaign in the Irish House of Commons in a magnificent speech, from which we extract the following passages:—

SIR, I have entreated an attendance on this day that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice to lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woollen manufacture, or when the 6th of George the First declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the Parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so important a duty; upon the same principle am I now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring, since my time, in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person that, notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woollens, the people of this country are not satisfied—something remains ; the greater work is behind ; the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction, to stop the throats of millions with the votes of Parliament, to preach homilies to the volunteers, to utter invectives against the people, under pretence of affectionate advice, is an attempt weak, suspicious, and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are entrusted to represent ; your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty ; you by the assistance of the people have recovered trade ; you still owe the kingdom liberty ; she calls upon you to restore it.

The ground of public discontent seems to be, "We have gotten commerce, but not freedom." the same power which took away the export of woollens and the export of glass, may take them away again ; the repeal is partial, and the ground of repeal is upon a principle of expediency.

Sir, expedient is a word of appropriated and tyrannical import ; expedient is an ill-omened word, selected to express the reservation of authority, while the exercise is mitigated ; expedient is the ill-omened expression of the repeal of the American Stamp Act. England thought it expedient to repeal that law ; happy had it been for mankind if, when she withdrew the exercise, she had not reserved the right ! To that reservation she owes the loss of her American empire, at the expense of millions, and America the seeking of liberty through a sea of bloodshed. The repeal of the Woollen Act, similarly circumstanced, pointed against the principle of our liberty. Present relaxation, but tyranny in reserve, may be a subject for illumination to a populace, or a pretence for apostacy to a courtier, but cannot be a subject of settled satisfaction to a freeborn, an intelligent, and an injured community. It is therefore they consider the free trade as a trade *de facto*, not *de jure*, a license to trade under the Parliament of England, not a free trade under the charters of Ireland, as a tribute to her strength ; to maintain which she must continue in a state of armed preparation, dreading the approach of a general peace, and

attributing all she holds dear to the calamitous condition of the British interest in every quarter of the globe. This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased when they consider the opportunity they are losing; for if this nation, after the death-wound given to her freedom, had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, or God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty, than this, in which I have the honour to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; the doctrine of Imperial legislation she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she has lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no Minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection, you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy.

Besides, there does, of late, a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils, miraculous as that vigour which has lately inspirited yours;—for with you everything is the reverse; never was there a Parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army; nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable public fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it. Where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? not the set phrase of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the genuine speech of liberty, and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardour, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble ; let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble ; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this hour of redemption. Yes ; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar ; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God ; we will not resign them to man." Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of Parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, bilge the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a Minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God, seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength ; we are challenged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty ; it begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free ; it was the delicacy of former Parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation : you have spoken out, you have shown a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary, you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power ; you have returned thanks as for a favour, and your exultation has brought your characters as well as your spirit into question, and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty : thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more ; you have gone too far not to go on ; you have

brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufacturers, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woollens, and may load a vessel with baize, serges, and kerseys, and you may bring back again directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beetle-root, and panellas. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of Parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter, and you are a provincial synod without the privileges of a Parliament.

. . . . .

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country : so long as this shall be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent ; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage ; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British Minister mistakes the Irish character : had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar ; there is no middle policy ; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand ; greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war ; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English Opposition, therefore, are right ; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty ; they judge of us with a true knowledge of, and just deference for, our character—that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed

as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with no thing less than liberty.

I shall hear of ingratitude. I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it : I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate ; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument. I know of no species of gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude ; no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honour, nor nation of her liberty : there are certain unimpartable, inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable ; saying that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of—her rights and privileges ; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free constitution ; and would any man advise her to be content with less ?

That there are precedents against us I allow—acts of power I would call them, not precedents ; and I answer the English pleading such precedents, as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England : Such things are the weakness of the times ; the tyranny of one side, the feebleness of the other, the law of neither ; we will not be bound by them ; or rather, in the words of the declaration of right, “no doing, judgment, proceeding, or anywise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example.” Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British Parliament over this land—which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your looms, banished your manufactures, dishonoured your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people ; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland ; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of Parliament ; neither imagine that by any formation of apology you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe—that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude—they were awed by a weak Ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury—and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar, and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, to tell us the rule by which we shall go ; assert the law of Ireland—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment ; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a

link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

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### The New Path.

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BY "SPERANZA" (LADY WILDE).

We stand in the light of a dawning day,  
With its glory creation flushing;  
And the life-currents up from the prisoning clay  
Through the world's great heart are rushing;  
While from peak to peak of the spirit-land  
A voice unto us is calling:  
The night is over, the day is at hand,  
And the fetters of earth are falling!

Yet faces are pale with a mystic fear  
Of the strife and trouble looming;  
And we feel that mighty changes are near,  
Though the Lord delayeth His coming.  
For the rent flags hang from each broken mast,  
And down in the ocean's surges  
The shattered wreck of a foundering Past  
Sinks 'mid the night-wind's dirges.

But the world goes thundering on to the light,  
Unheeding our vain presages;  
And nations are cleaving a path to the Right  
Through the mouldering dust of ages.  
Are we, then, to rest in a chill despair,  
Unmoved by these new elations;  
Nor carry the flag of our island fair  
In the onward march of nations?



Shall our hands be folded in slumber when  
The bonds and the chains are shattered ;  
As stony and still as enchanted men,  
In a cave of darkness fettered ?  
The cave may be dark, but we'll flash bright gleams  
Of the morning's radiance on it,  
And tread the New Path, though the noontide beams,  
As yet, fall faintly upon it.

For souls are around us, with gifts divine,  
Unknown and neglected dying ;  
Like the precious ore in a hidden mine,  
Unworked and as useless lying.  
We summon them forth to the banded war,  
The sword of the spirit using,  
To come with their forces from near and far,  
New strength with our strength infusing.

Let us bear a torch with the foremost bands,  
Through the Future's dark outgoing ;  
Or stand by the helm, 'mid the shoals and sands  
Of the river of life fast flowing.  
Or as guides on the hills, with a bugle note,  
Let us warn the mountain ranger  
Of the chasms that cross and mists that float  
O'er his upward path of danger.

For the chasms are deep, and the river is strong,  
And the tempest is wildly waking ;  
We have need of brave hands to guide us along  
The path which the Age is taking.  
With our gold and pearls let us build the State ;  
Faith, courage, and tender pity  
Are the gems that shine on the golden gate  
Of the Angels' Heavenly City.

O people ! so richly endowed with all  
The splendours of spirit power,  
With the poet's gift and the minstrel-soul,  
And the orator's glorious dower ;  
Are hearts not amongst us, or lips to vow,  
With patriot fervour breathing,  
To crown with their lustre no alien brow  
While the thorn our own is wreathing.

Ev'n lovelier gifts on our lowly poor  
Kind nature lavishly showers,

As the gold rain falls on the cottage door  
 Of the glowing laburnam flowers ;  
 The deathless love for their country and God  
 Undimmed through the ages keeping,  
 Though the fairest harvests that grew on our sod  
 Were left for the strangers' reaping.

The gentle grace that to commonest words  
 Gives a rare and tender beauty ;  
 With the zeal that would face a thousand swords  
 For their country, home, and duty.  
 Still breathing the prayer for their motherland  
 Her wrongs and her sorrows taught them,  
 Though the scaffold's doom or the felon brand  
 Were the only gifts she brought them.

But we, let us bring her—as eastern kings,  
 At the foot of Christ low kneeling—  
 The gold that symbols our costliest things,  
 And myrrh for the spirit's healing.  
 O brothers ! be with us ; our aim is high—  
 The highest of man's vocation :  
 With these priceless jewels that round us lie  
 To build up a noble nation.

### Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[*Brighidin ban Mo Store* is in English *fair young Brigid, or Brigid, my treasure*. The proper sound of this phrase is not easily found by the mere English-speaking Irish. It is as if written—“*Bree-dheen-Bawn-mu-shore*.” The proper name Brigid, or Bride, signifies a *fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the Pagan days of Ireland.]

I am a wand'ring minstrel man,  
 And Love my only theme ;  
 I've strayed beside the pleasant Bann,  
 And eke the Shannon's stream ;  
 I've piped and played to wife and maid  
 By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,  
 But never met a maiden yet  
 Like Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,  
 By Nature's fingers wove—  
 Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair  
 As is her breast of love ;  
 And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,  
 Beyond our cottage door,  
 I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen  
 For Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,  
 And soft thy voice of song—  
 It is not that thou fleest to meet  
 My comings lone and long ;  
 But that doth rest beneath thy breast  
 A heart of purest core,  
 Whose pulse is known to me alone,  
 My Brighidin Ban Mo Store !

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### The Last Hours of the Irish Parliament.

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(FROM SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S "RISE AND FALL OF THE  
 IRISH NATION.")

THE day of extinguishing the liberties of Ireland had now arrived, and the sun took his last view of independent Ireland ; he rose no more over a proud and prosperous nation ; she was now condemned, by the British Minister, to renounce her rank amongst the States of Europe ; she was sentenced to cancel her constitution, to disband her Commons, and disfranchise her nobility ; to proclaim her incapacity, and register her corruption in the records of the empire. On this fatal event some whose honesty the tempter could not destroy some, whose honour he durst not assail, and many who could not control the useless language of indignation, prudently withdrew from a scene where they would have witnessed only the downfall of their country. Every precaution was taken by Lord Clare for the security, at least,

of his own person. The Houses of Parliament were closely invested by the military ; no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted ; a British regiment, near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colonnades ; the chaste architecture of that classic structure seemed as a monument to the falling Irish to remind them of what they had been, and tell them what they were. It was a heartrending sight to those who loved their country, it was a sting to those who sold it, and to those who purchased it a victory, but to none has it been a triumph. Thirty-three years of miserable experience should now convince the British people that they have gained neither strength, nor affection, nor tranquillity, by their acquisition ; that if population be the wealth of nations, Ireland is getting by far too rich to be governed much longer as a pauper.

The British people knew not the true history of the Union, that the brilliant promises, the predictions of " rapid prosperity and consolidating resources," were but chimerical. Whilst the finest principles of the Constitution were sapped to effect the measure, England by the subjugation of her sister kingdom gained only an accumulation of debt, an accession of venality to her Parliament, an embarrassment in her councils, and a prospective danger to the integrity of the empire. The name of Union has been acquired, but the attainment of the substance has been removed farer than ever.

The Commons House of Parliament on the last evening afforded the most melancholy example of a fine, independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a State, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her Parliament to vote away the constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connexion. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British Government, sanctioned by the British legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal of their monarch.

The situation of the Speaker on that night was of the most distressing nature ; a sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents ; he resisted it with all the

power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings ; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable ; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches, scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members, nobody seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business for a short time proceeded in the usual manner.

At length the expected moment arrived ; the order of the day for the third reading of the bill for a "Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland" was moved by Lord Castlereagh ; unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips ; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

At that moment he had no country, no god but his ambition ; he made his motion and resumed his seat with the utmost composure and indifference.

Confused murmurs again ran through the House ; it was visibly affected ; every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index ; some pale, some flushed, some agitated—there were few countenances to which the heart did not despatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The Speaker rose slowly from the chair which had been the proud source of his honours and of his high character ; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalise his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in

silence ; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, "As many as are of opinion that **THIS BILL** do pass, say ay." The affirmative was languid but indisputable ; another momentary pause ensued ; again his lips seem to decline their office ; at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice, "*The AYES have it.*" The fatal sentence was pronounced ; for an instant he stood statue-like, then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province ; Ireland, as a nation, was **EXTINGUISHED**.

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### The Siege of Clonmel.

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BY ROBERT D. JOYCE, M.D.

I stood beside a gun upon the Western Gate,  
At the rising of the sun, the battle to await ;  
The morning's ruddy glow showed the fire's destroying tracks,  
My brave comrades all below, with their harness on their backs !

Each with harness on his back by rampart, street, and tower,  
To repel the fierce attack, in the sultry noontide hour,  
Glittered lance and flashed the glaive, till the work of death  
begun ;

And one cheer my comrades gave as the ruthless foe came on !

As the wild waves dash and vault 'gainst the cliffs of high Dun-  
more,

Fierce they mounted to th' assault, up the breach, in sweat and  
gore ;

As the billows backward flow at the ebbing of the main,  
Back we drove the daring foe to his camp-trench once again !

Out burst each roaring gun, with its mouth of hissing flame,  
From its war-cloud thick and dun again the foeman came

For vengeance burning hot, but once more we mowed them  
down

With spear, and sword, and shot, till we drove them from the  
town.

Cromwell kept the northern height ; as a spectre pale was he  
When he saw his men of might twice before my comrades flee ;  
And he pointed with his sword where the red breach smoking  
lay—

“Go ! take it, and the Lord shall be on our side to-day !”

With psalm and trumpet swell they came on at his behest ;  
Then we rammed each cannon well, and we nerved each gallant  
breast,

And the bloody breach we manned, with fearless hearts and  
high,

The onset to withstand, or for homes and altars die !

Tottered mansion, tower, and wall at the thundering fire we  
gave ;

But through blood, and smoke, and all came they on by dint of  
glave ;

Till with wild and deafening din, fierce, to gorge their hate  
accurst,

O'er the breach, and in, in one destroying wave they bust !

Breast to breast their charge we met with the battle's rage and  
heat,

Hand to hand, unconquered yet, with the foe we tried our fate.

They were many, we were few ; they were brave and stalworth  
men,

But we charged, and charged anew, till we broke their ranks  
again !

How we cleared each narrow street when the foeman's flight  
began !—

How we rushed on their retreat !—how we slew them as they  
ran !

How we quaffed the wine so bright when our bloody task was  
o'er,

To the men who 'scaped the fight, and the brave, who slept in  
gore !

Evening's cloud came o'er the hill—darker clouds on Crom-  
well's face,

When, with all his force and skill, he could not storm the place !

But our powder all was gone, and our cannon useless lay,  
And what man could do was done—so we might no longer stay.

We buried those who fell, with the silence of the tomb,  
And we left thee, brave Clonmel, 'neath the midnight's friendly  
gloom,  
With slow and measured tread, o'er the low Bridge of the  
Dane;  
And that dark breach where we bléd did we never see again!

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### *The Death of General Cleburne.*

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The following passages are taken from a memoir of General Patrick Roynane Cleburne, of the American Confederate Army, written by General Hardee, of the same service :—

PATRICK RONAYNE CLEBURNE was an Irishman by birth, a Southerner by adoption and residence, a lawyer by profession, a soldier in the British army by accident in his youth, and a soldier in the Southern armies from patriotism and conviction of duty in his manhood. Upon coming to the United States he located at Helena, Arkansas, where he studied and practised law. . . . It was at this period of his life that in the unorganised and turbulent condition of society incident to a newly settled country he established a reputation for courage and firmness which was afterwards approved by a still more trying ordeal. In the commencement of the war for Southern independence he enlisted as a private. He was made captain of his company, and shortly after was elected and commissioned colonel of his regiment. Thus, from one grade to another he gradually rose to the high rank he held when he fell. It was but scant praise to say there was no truer patriot, no more courageous soldier, nor, of his rank, no more able commander in the Southern armies; and it is not too much to add that his fall was a greater loss to the cause he espoused than



that of any other Confederate leader after Stonewall Jackson. . . . In the Fall and Winter of 1864 General Hood marched into Tennessee. In this campaign, at the battle of Franklin, November 30, Cleburne fell at the head of his division. He was one of thirteen general officers killed or disabled in the combat. He had impressed upon his officers the necessity of carrying the position he had been ordered to attack, a very strong one, at all costs. The troops knew, from fearful experience of their own and their enemies', what it was to assault such works. To encourage them, Cleburne led them in person to the ditch of the opposing line. There, rider and horse, each pierced by a score of bullets, fell dead, against the reverse of the enemy's works. The death of Cleburne cast a deep gloom over the army and the country. Eight millions of people, whose hearts had learned to thrill at his name, now mourned his loss, and felt there was none to take his place. The division with which his fame was identified merits more particular mention. It was worthy of him, and he had made it so. Its numbers were made up, and its honours were shared, by citizens of five communities—Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. In it was also one regiment of Irishmen, who, on every field, illustrated the characteristics of the race that furnishes the world with soldiers. No one of its regiments but bore upon its colours the significant device of the "crossed cannon inverted" and the name of each battle in which it had been engaged. Prior to the battle of Shiloh a blue battle-flag had been adopted by me for this division; and, when the Confederate battle-flag became the national colours, Cleburne's division, at its urgent request, was allowed to retain its own bullet-riddled battle-flags. This was the only division in the service allowed to carry into action other than the national colours; and friends and foes soon learned to watch the course of the blue flag that marked where Cleburne was in the battle. Where his division defended, no odds broke its lines; where it attacked, no numbers resisted its onslaught, save only one—and there is the grave of Cleburne and his heroic division. . . . Cleburne had enough accent to betray his Irish birth. This accent, perceptible in ordinary

conversation, grew in times of excitement into a strongly marked brogue. He was accustomed to refer to Ireland as the "old country," and always in the tones of a son speaking of an absent mother. . . . Cleburne's remains were buried after the battle of Franklin, and yet rest in the Polk Cemetery, near Columbia, in Tennessee, the most beautiful of the many beautiful spots in the valley of the Tennessee, . . . and will rest there until his adopted State shall claim his ashes, and raise above them monumental honours to the virtue of her truest citizen, her noblest champion, her greatest soldier. Cleburne had often expressed the hope that he might not survive the independence of the South. Heaven heard the prayer, and spared him this pang. He fell before the banner he had so often guided to victory was furled—before the people he fought for were crushed—before the cause he loved was lost. Two continents now claim his name ; eight millions of people revere his memory ; two great communities raise monuments to his virtues ; and history will take up his fame and hand it down to time for exempling, wherever a courage without stain, a manhood without blemish, an integrity that knew no compromise, and a patriotism that withheld no sacrifice are honoured of mankind.

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### Grasp Hands.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH OF WILLIAM MAC CURTIN ;  
BY G. SIGERSON, M.D.

Be your hands, Irish clans, with each brother's united,  
And hurra ! on the goal of our labours we've lighted !  
So stand on your guard,  
O'er your country keep ward,  
Let none be enslaved or affrighted !  
One bold blow will soon end the matter,  
Dash down your harsh foeman and shatter ;

Though long was your slav'ry  
Great was your brav'ry,  
And the spoilers of homes we will scatter !

Believe not, good friends ! that 'tis treason  
Of the world and its changes to reason ;

We've far better cause  
To name thus the vile laws

They impose without justice or reason ;  
They blaspheme the high might of Lord Jesus,  
Who loves us—who guards us—who frees us

Full soon from their guile,  
And they basely revile

Sweet Mary, the purest, who sees us !

If Spain of her armed men should spare a  
Battalion to Ventry or Bearra,

How Munster would shout,  
How her swords would leap out

With the gallant O'Neill and Clan Biorra !  
Right gladly would brave Connacht lead them,  
And drain all her valleys to speed them—

From Innisnambo

To Derry would flow

The conquering billow of freedom !

All know by the light stars have given,  
By the clouds o'er the sun which were driven,

By the cuckoo's sweet song  
Speaking green woods among,

By the flame that hath flashed in high heaven,  
That of kings we shall soon have a changer  
In our chief's heir so long a world-ranger,

Oh, 'tis time that he come,

To his land—to his home,

And our welcome is warm for *that* stranger.

The Saxons so sensual and greedy,  
Full of riches and gold—yet still needy,

Living all for this world,  
From this land shall be hurled

With a thundering shock and a speedy !  
While the sun-flame above us burns ever,  
While water fills ocean and river,

Our green fatherland  
Shall no more bear the 'brand,

And a tyrant shall enter it—never !

## Meagher on the Sword.

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This speech was delivered at a meeting of the Repeal Association, presided over by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, on July 28th, 1846, on the occasion of Mr. John O'Connell's re-opening a debate on the "Peace Resolutions." Those resolutions had been discussed and adopted at a former meeting; but, as the "Young Ireland" minority continued members of the association, where their presence was regarded by O'Connell as a source of danger, he resolved to bring matters to such an issue that they should either declare their acceptance of the resolutions or retire from the association. Accordingly, during his own absence in London, he had the debate re-opened by his son, as above mentioned. During the delivery of the following speech by Mr. Meagher he was frequently interrupted by Mr. John O'Connell, who declared that the sentiments expressed by the speaker were such as would compromise the safety of the association, and that either the association should cease to exist or Mr. Meagher should cease to be a member of it. Some excited remarks then passed between several of the members present, and a scene of confusion occurred, in the midst of which Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. Mitchel, Mr. Meagher, and other gentlemen quitted the Hall to return to it no more. Thus occurred the "secession" of the "Young Ireland" party, who soon afterwards established "The Irish Confederation"—a society whose brilliant but brief existence was terminated by the failure of the insurrectionary movement in 1848:—

MY LORD MAYOR, I will commence as Mr. Mitchel concluded, by an allusion to the Whigs. I fully concur with my friend that the most comprehensive measures which the Whig Minister may propose will fail to lift this country up to that position which she has the right to occupy and the power to maintain. A Whig Minister, I admit, may improve the province—he will not restore the nation. Franchises, tenant-compensation bills; liberal appointments may ameliorate—they will not exalt. They may meet the necessities—they will not call forth the abilities of the country. The errors of the past may be repaired—the hopes of the future will not be fulfilled. With a vote in one pocket, a lease in the other, and full "justice" before him at the petty sessions—in the shape of a "restored magistrate"—the humblest peasant may be told that he is free; but, my lord, he will not have the character of a freeman—his spirit

to dare, his energy to act. From the stateliest mansion down to the poorest cottage in the land, the inactivity, the meanness, the debasement which provincialism engenders will be perceptible.

These are not the crude sentiments of youth, though the mere commercial politician, who has deduced his ideas of self-government from the table of imports and exports, may satirise them as such. Age has uttered them, my lord, and the experience of eighty years has preached them to the people. A few weeks since, and there stood up in the Court of Queen's Bench an old and venerable man to teach the country the lessons he had learned in his youth beneath the portico of the Irish Senate House, and which, during a long life, he had treasured in his heart, as the costliest legacy a true citizen could bequeath the land that gave him birth. What said this aged orator?—

“National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness; but reason and experience demonstrate that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of provincial subjection. The very consciousness of being dependent on another power for advancement in the scale of national being weighs down the spirit of a people, manacles the efforts of genius, depresses the energies of virtue, blunts the sense of common glory and common good, and produces an insulated selfishness of character, the surest mark of debasement in the individual and mortality in the State.

My lord, it was once said by an eminent citizen of Rome, the elder Pliny, that “we owe our youth and manhood to our country, but our declining age to ourselves.” This may have been the maxim of the Roman—it is not the maxim of the Irish patriot. One might have thought that the anxieties, the labours, the vicissitudes of a long career, had dimmed the fire which burned in the heart of the illustrious old man whose words I have cited; but now, almost from the shadow of death, he comes forth with the vigour of youth and the authority of age to serve the country—in the defence of which he once bore arms—by an example, my lord, that must shame the coward, rouse the sluggard, and stimulate the bold. These sentiments have sunk deep into the public mind. They are recited as the national creed. Whilst these sentiments inspire the people, I have no fear

for the national cause—I do not dread the venal influence of the Whigs. Inspired by such sentiments, the people of this country will look beyond the mere redress of existing wrongs, and strive for the attainment of future power.

A good government may, indeed, redress the grievances of an injured people; but a strong people alone can build up a great nation. To be strong, a people must be self-reliant, self-ruled, self-sustained. The dependence of one people upon another, even for the benefits of legislation, is the deepest source of national weakness. By an unnatural law, it exempts a people from their just duties—their just responsibilities. When you exempt a people from these duties, from these responsibilities, you generate in them a distrust in their own powers. Thus you enervate, if you do not utterly destroy, that spirit which a sense of these responsibilities is sure to inspire, and which the fulfilment of these duties never fails to invigorate. Where this spirit does not actuate, the country may be tranquil—it will not be prosperous. It may exist—it will not thrive. It may hold together—it will not advance. Peace it may enjoy—for peace and serfdom are compatible. But, my lord, it will neither accumulate wealth nor win a character. It will neither benefit mankind by the enterprise of its merchants nor instruct mankind by the examples of its statesmen. I make these observations, for it is the custom of some modern politicians to say that when the Whigs have accomplished the “pacification” of the country there will be little or no necessity for Repeal. My lord, there is something else, there is everything else, to be done when the work of “pacification” has been accomplished—and here it is hardly necessary to observe that the prosperity of a country is, perhaps, the sole guarantee for its tranquillity, and that the more universal the prosperity the more permanent will be the repose. But the Whigs will enrich as well as pacify? Grant it, my lord. Then do I conceive that the necessity for Repeal will augment. Great interests demand great safeguards. The prosperity of a nation requires the protection of a senate. Hereafter a national senate may require the protection of a national army.

So much for the extraordinary affluence with which we are threatened; and which, it is said by gentlemen on the opposite shore of the Irish Sea, will crush this association, and bury the enthusiasts who clamour for Irish nationality in a sepulchre of gold. This prediction, however, is feebly sustained by the Ministerial programme that has lately appeared. On the evening of the 16th, the Whig Premier, in answer to a question that was put to him by the member for Finsbury, Mr. Duncombe, is reported to have made this consolatory announcement:—

“We consider that the social grievances of Ireland are those which are most prominent—and to which it is most likely to be in our power to afford, not a complete and immediate remedy, but some remedy, some kind of improvement, so that some kind of hope may be entertained that, some ten or twelve years hence, the country will, by the measures we undertake, be in a far better state with respect to the frightful destitution and misery which now prevails in that country. We have that practical object in view.”

After that most consolatory announcement, my lord, let those who have the patience of Job and the poverty of Lazarus continue in good faith “to wait on Providence and the Whigs”—continue to entertain “some kind of hope” that if not “a complete and immediate remedy,” at least “some remedy,” “some improvement,” will place this country in “a far better state” than it is at present, “some ten or twelve years hence.” After that, let those who prefer the periodical boons of a Whig Government to that which would be the abiding blessing of an Irish Parliament—let those who deny to Ireland what they assert for Poland—let those who would inflict, as Henry Grattan said, an eternal disability upon this country, to which Providence has assigned the largest facilities for power—let those who would ratify the “base swap,” as Mr. Sheil once stigmatised the Act of Union, and who would stamp perfection upon that deed of perfidy—let such men

“Plod on in sluggish misery  
Rotting from sire to sire, from age to age,  
Proud of their trampled nature.”

But we, my lord, who are assembled in this hall, and in whose hearts the Union has not bred ‘the slave’s disease’—we who have not been imperialised—we are here with the

hope to undo that work which forty-six years ago dishonoured the ancient peerage and subjugated the people of our country.

My lord, to assist the people of Ireland to undo that work I came to this hall. I came to repeal the Act of Union—I came here for nothing else. Upon every other question I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Upon questions of finance—questions of a religious character—questions of an educational character—questions of municipal policy—questions that may arise from the proceedings of the legislature—upon all these questions I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Yet more, my lord, I maintain that it is my right to express my opinion upon each of these questions, if necessary. The right of free discussion I have here upheld. In the exercise of that right I have differed sometimes from the leader of this association, and would do so again. That right I will not abandon—I shall maintain it to the last. In doing so, let me not be told that I seek to undermine the influence of the leader of this association, and am insensible to his services. My lord, I am grateful for his services, and will uphold his just influence. This is the first time I have spoken in these terms of that illustrious Irishman in this hall. I did not do so before—I felt it was unnecessary. I hate unnecessary praise—I scorn to receive it—I scorn to bestow it. No, my lord, I am not ungrateful to the man who struck the fetters off my arms, whilst I was yet a child, and by whose influence my father—the first Catholic who did so for two hundred years—sat for the last two years in the civic chair of an ancient city. But, my lord, the same God who gave to that great man the power to strike down an odious ascendancy in this country and enabled him to institute in this land the glorious law of religious equality—the same God gave to me a mind that is my own—a mind that has not been mortgaged to the opinions of any man or any set of men—a mind that I was to use, and not to surrender.

My lord, in the exercise of that right which I have here endeavoured to uphold—a right which this association should preserve inviolate, if it desires not to become a despotism—



in the exercise of that right I have differed from Mr. O'Connell on previous occasions, and differ from him now. I do not agree with him in the opinion he entertains of my friend, Charles Gavan Duffy—that man whom I am proud, indeed, to call my friend, though he is a “convicted conspirator,” and suffered for you in Richmond prison. I do not think he is a “maligner.” I do not think he has lost, or deserves to lose, the public favour. I have no more connexion with the *Nation* than I have with the *Times*. I therefore feel no delicacy in appearing here this day in defence of its principles, with which I avow myself identified. My lord, it is to me a source of true delight and honest pride to speak this day in defence of that great journal. I do not fear to assume the position. Exalted though it be, it is too easy to maintain it. The character of that journal is above reproach. The ability that sustains it has won a European fame. The genius of which it is the offspring, the truth of which it is the oracle, have been recognised, my lord, by friends and foes. I care not how it may be assailed—I care not howsoever great may be the talent, howsoever high may be the position, of those who now consider it their duty to impeach its writings—I do think that it has won too splendid a reputation to lose the influence it has acquired. The people, whose enthusiasm has been kindled by the impetuous fire of its verse, and whose sentiments have been ennobled by the earnest purity of its teaching, will not ratify the censure that has been pronounced upon it in this hall. Truth will have its day of triumph, as well as its day of trial; and I foresee that the fearless patriotism which in those pages has braved the prejudices of the day to enunciate grand truths will triumph in the end. My lord, such do I believe to be the character, such do I anticipate will be the fate, of the principles that are now impeached. This brings me to what may be called the “question of the day.” Before I enter upon that question, however, I will allude to one observation which fell from the honourable member for Kilkenny, and which may be said to refer to those who expressed an opinion that has been construed into a declaration of war.

The honourable gentleman said—in reference, I presume,

to those who dissented from the resolutions of Monday—that those who were loudest in their declarations of war were unusually the most backward in acting up to those declarations. My lord, I do not find fault with the honourable gentleman for giving expression to a very ordinary saying, but this I will say, that I did not volunteer the opinion he condemns—to the declaration of that opinion I was forced. You left me no alternative—I should compromise my opinion, or avow it. To be honest, I avowed it. I did not do so to brag, as they say. We have had too much of that “bragging” in Ireland. I would be the last to imitate the custom. Well, I dissented from those “peace resolutions,” as they are called. Why so? In the first place, my lord, I conceive there was not the least necessity for them. No member of this association suggested an appeal to arms. No member of this association advised it. No member of this association would be so infatuated as to do so. In the existing circumstances of the country, an excitement to arms would be senseless—and wicked, because irrational. To talk now-a-days of repealing the Act of Union by force of arms would be to rhapsodize. If the attempt were made it would be a decided failure. There might be riot in the street—there would be no revolution in the country. The secretary, Mr. Crean, will far more effectively promote the cause of Repeal by registering votes in Green-street than registering firearms in the head police-office. Conciliation Hall on Burgh-quay is more impregnable than a rebel camp on Vinegar Hill. The hustings at Dundalk will be more successfully stormed than the Magazine in the Park. The registry club, the reading-room, the polling-booths, these are the only positions in the country we can occupy; voters’ certificates, books, pamphlets, newspapers, these are the weapons we can employ. Therefore, my lord, I cast my vote in favour of the peaceful policy of this association. It is the only policy we can adopt. If that policy be pursued with truth, with courage, with fixed determination of purpose, I firmly believe it will succeed.

But, my lord, I dissented from the resolutions before us for other reasons. I stated the first—I now come to the second. I dissented from them, for I felt that by assenting to them

I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries, at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms alone will suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood. Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion; but, as the honourable member for Kilkenny has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument—but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

Then, my lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles!—bestows His benediction upon those who unsheath the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

From that evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this day, in which He has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of light to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword—stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and through those cragged passes struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

Abhor the sword—stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and, by its redeeming magic and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the

attitude of a proud republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

Abhor the sword—stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium, scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

My lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself—not in this hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

My lord, I honour the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians, for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success; and I, for one, will not stigmatise, for I do not abhor, the means by which they obtained a citizen king, a Chamber of Deputies——

[At this point, in consequence of a renewed interruption by Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. Meagher desisted from speaking, and the meeting broke up in confusion.]

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## The Sole Regret.

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BY JOHN FRASER.

Nearly all the poems of John Frazer were published in the *Nation* over the signature "J. De Jean." They were marked by great sweetness, by many apt and well-turned similes, and often by great force of expression. The author was born near Birr, in the Queen's County, on the banks of the River Brosna, whose scenery is referred to in many of his compositions, and he died in Dublin, in 1849, aged about 40 years. Two small volumes of his poems have been published; the following is the closing piece of one of those collections:—

Ask not a lay—my lyre is cold—

My heart is chilled, as by decay

O'erheaping it with funeral mould,

And muttering—"Clay return to clay!"

So be it it—let the happy shrink  
Aghast at time's unlooked-for close :  
I learned from life how calm can sink  
The wretched into earth's repose.

Yet has my heart enough of life  
To blush for this intrusive strain ;  
But that I girt me for the strife  
Of soul with steel—of song with chain ;  
And though my place, where none may grieve,  
Be measured ; yet it chafes my will  
To perish from the earth, and leave  
My land beneath oppression still.

Yes, mourn I must to see the pall  
Drop o'er my visions unfulfilled—  
And most the last air-palace fall  
I pledged my very soul to build.  
But one deep comfort still remains—  
I am the humblest of the band  
Who burned, and burn, to scorch the stains  
Of slavery from our fatherland.

The furnace will not miss the spark  
Evoked from its absorbing glow :  
Strong men, by hosts, will strike our mark,  
Though lost be my light shaft and bow !  
And so the meed be nobly won,  
Let glory shrine the conquering brave,  
Though every pilgrim trample on  
My ashes in a neighbouring grave.

Oh ! could I, ere my voice be hushed,  
See *all* unanimous as waves !—  
No minstrel weeping, while he blushed  
And sang upbraiding song for slaves !—  
No chains to make the heart a hell !—  
No coward to endure its fire !—  
How gladly would I say—" Farewell,  
My land—my list'ner—and my lyre !"

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## Cut Out.

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(FROM JOHN MITCHEL'S "JAIL JOURNAL.")

ONE main feature in convict life I have ascertained to be a deep and heartfelt respect for atrocious villany—respect the more profound as the villany is more outrageous. If anything can add to the esteem which a man in the felon world secures by the reckless brutality of his language and manners, the extent of his present thievings and ingenuity of his daily lyings, it is in the enormity of the original offence for which he is supposed to be *suffering*. Several instances of this fact which have been told me since I came on board the Neptune remind me of a whimsical illustration of the same which I saw last year, while I passed a few days in the Tenedos hospital ship. On my arrival there, I had hardly been left alone in my cabin before a convict softly entered. He was servant to the assistant-surgeon, and came with a pine-apple which his master had sent me. The man was about fifty years of age, but very stout and active-looking, and highly-consequential in his manner, as it soon turned out he had a good right to be. "I trust, sir," said he, "you will find everything as you wish here; if I can do anything for you I'm sure I shall be happy—I'm Garrett." "Well, Garrett?" quoth I. "Garrett, sir, *Garrett*; you must know all about me; it was in all the papers; "Garrett, you know." "Never heard of you before, Garrett." "Oh! dear, yes, sir, you must be quite well aware of it—the great railway affair, you remember." "No, I do not." "Oh! then I am Mr. Garrett who was *connected with the* — railway. (I forget the name of the railway.) It was a matter of £40,000 I realised. Forty thousand pounds, sir: left it behind me, sir, with Mr's. Garrett;

she is living in England in very handsome style. I have been here now two years, and like it very well—I am very highly thought of—created a great sensation when I came. In fact until *you* came I was reckoned the first man in the colony. Forty thousand pounds, sir—not a farthing less. But now *you* have cut me out.” I rose and bowed to this sublime rascal. The overwhelming idea—that I should supersede a swindler of forty thousand pounds power was too much for me. So I said, graciously bowing, “Oh, sir, you do me too much honour: I am sure you are far more worthy of the post of distinction. For me, I never saw so much money in all my life as forty thousand pounds.” “My dear sir,” said my friend, bowing back again—“My dear *sir*! but then you are a prisoner of State, patriotic martyr, and all that. Indeed, for my part, my little affair was made a concern of State too. Lord John Russell, since I came out here, had a private application made to me, offering to remit my whole sentence if I would disclose my method—the way I had done it, you know: they want to guard against similar things in other lines, you understand.” “I trust, sir,” quoth I, respectfully, “you treated the man’s application with the contempt it deserved.” The miscreant winked with one eye. I tried to wink, but failing, bowed again. “*You* may be sure of that, sir,” said he—“’tis very little I care for any of them: I enjoy myself here very much—have never had a day’s illness—very often go across to the nearest island to look after Dr. Beck’s ducks: then I sometimes correspond with the newspapers—have a private way of getting anything I please sent out, without these people knowing anything about it—should be most happy to have any document sent for you in a quiet way, you know—of course you will want to show up those rascals now and then.” “No, Garrett,” said I, getting tired—“there, that will do, you may leave the room.” The old monster looked a little blank, but walked off at once, and, as I requested to be protected from such intrusion for the future, Dr. Hall took order with him, and I saw him no more.

## My Own Sweet Lee.

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BY "MARY," OF THE NATION.

My own dear native river, how fondly dost thou flow  
 By many a fair and sunny scene where I can never go.  
 Thy waves are free to wander, and quickly on they wind  
 Till thou hast left the crowded streets and city far behind ;  
 Beyond I may not follow ; thy haunts are not for me ;  
 Yet I love to think on the pleasant track of my own sweet  
 river Lee !

The spring-tide now is breathing, when thy waters glance  
 along ;

Full many a bird salutes thee with bright and cheering song ;  
 Full many a sunbeam falleth upon thy bosom fair,  
 And every nook thou seekest hath welcome smiling there.  
 Glide on, thou blessed river ! nor pause to think of me,  
 Who only in my longing heart can tread that track with thee !

Yet, when thy waters wander where, haughty in decay,  
 Some grand old Irish castle looks frowning on thy way,  
 Oh ! speak aloud, bold river ! how I have wept with pride  
 To read of those past ages, ere all our glory died,  
 And wish for one short moment I had been there to see  
 Such relic of the by-gone day upon thy banks, fair Lee !

And if, in roving onward, thy gladsome waters bound  
 Where cottage homes are smiling and children's voices sound,  
 Oh ! then think how sweet and tranquil, beneath the loving  
 sky,  
 Rejoicing in some country home, my life had glided by,  
 And grieve one little minute that I can never be  
 A happy, happy cottager upon thy banks, fair Lee !

Now, fare thee well, glad river ! peace smile upon thy way !  
 And still may sunbeams brighten where thy wild ripples play !  
 Oft in that weary city these blue waves leave behind  
 I'll think upon the pleasant paths where thy smooth waters  
 wind.

Oh, but for one long Summer day to wander on with thee,  
 And rove where'er thou rovest, my own sweet river Lee !



### *Cordis Suspira.*

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BY THE REV. DR. MURRAY (OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE).

I'm weary of the ways of earth ;  
I am not chastened by its sorrows ;  
I am not gladdened by its mirth,  
Nor hopeful of its promised morrows ;  
It wooes with its soft breath of praise—  
So lightly won, so lavish given—  
Still weary, weary of its ways,  
I long for Heaven,

Sweet fancy singeth to my heart  
In many a wild and witching measure,  
And dear old dusky tomes impart,  
Day after day, their wisdom-treasure ;  
Still pants that restless heart to soar  
Where round the Throne the burning Seven  
Have holier music, higher lore—  
I long for Heaven.

I fear the daily, deadly fight,  
Where fell so oft, and ne'er have risen,  
So many heirs of grace and light,  
Now heirs of the eternal prison.  
The spirit yearns to mount on high,  
But with this body downward driven,  
And held to earth, can only sigh  
And long for Heaven.

I fear, I dread ; but Thy command  
To hope, to love, O Love Eternal !  
With verdure robes the desert land,  
With flowers and odours rich and vernal.  
The first great law, all laws above,  
The icy bonds of fear hath riven ;  
Through fear I longed, but now through love  
I long for Heaven.

## Scenes from "The School for Scandal."

A COMEDY, BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

[Extract from Act II. Scene 2.]

Lady Sneerwell—Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teazle—I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady S.—Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria—I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

Lady T.—I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came (*aside.*)

Mrs. Candour—Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady T.—What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. C.—They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

Lady S.—Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Mrs. Crabtree—I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. C.—She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady T.—Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. C.—O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural; I have seen it come and go.

Lady T.—I dare swear you have, ma'am; it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin Backbite—True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes, but what's more—egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. C.—Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

Crab.—Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. C.—Now positively you wrong her! fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir B.—Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady S.—Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen *does* take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

Sir B.—Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face she joins it so badly to her neck that she looks like a mended statue in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern though the trunk's antique.

Crab.—Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew!

Mrs. C.—Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir B.—Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady T.—Yes, and on that account when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens) she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were—thus (*shows her teeth*).

Mrs. C.—How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady T.—Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edge-wise, as it were—thus—“How do you, madam?” “Yes, madam.”

Lady S.—Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady T.—In defence of a friend it is but justice—But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

[*Enter Sir Peter Teazle.*]

Sir P.—Ladies, your most obedient. (*Aside*)—Mercy on

me ! here is the whole set ! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. C.—I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody.

Sir P.—That must be very distressing to you, Miss Candour.

Mrs. C.—Not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady T.—What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night ?

Mrs. C.—Nay, her bulk is her misfortune ; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady S.—That's very true, indeed.

Lady T.—Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey, laces herself by pullies, and often, in the hottest noon in Summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the ring on a full trot.

Mrs. C.—I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir P.—Yes, a good defence, truly !

Mrs. C.—Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crab—Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any *one* good point under heaven.

Mrs. C.—Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and, as for her person, great allowance is to be made ; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six-and-thirty.

Lady S.—Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. C.—True, and then as to her manner ; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education ; for you know her mother was a Welsh miller, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir B.—Ah ! you are both of you too good-natured !

Sir P.—Yes, d—d good-natured ! (*Aside*)—This their own relation ! mercy on me !

Mrs. C.—For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir B.—Oh ! you are of a moral turn, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. C.—Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend ; and so I tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab—Oh, to be sure ! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen ; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir B.—So she has, indeed—an Irish front——

Crab—Caledonian looks——

Sir B.—Dutch nose——

Crab—Austrian lips——

Sir B.—Complexion of a Spaniard——

Crab—And teeth *à la Chinoise*.

Sir B.—In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation——

Crab—Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. C.—Ha, ha, ha !

Sir P.—Mercy on my life !—a person they dine with twice a week (*aside*).

Lady S.—Go, go ; you are a couple of provoking toads.

Mrs. C.—Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle——

Sir P.—Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady S.—Ha, ha, ha ! Well said, Sir Peter ! but you are a cruel creature—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir P.—Ah ! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady T.—True, Sir Peter ; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir B.—Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady T.—But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir P.—'Fore Heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of facts as well as game, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

Lady S.—O lud ! Sir Peter ; would you deprive us of our privileges ?

Sir P.—Ay, madam ; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady S.—Go, you monster.

Mrs. C.—But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear ?

Sir P.—Yes, madam, I would have a law made for them too ; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers.

[Extract from Act III. Scene 1.]

Lady T.—Lud ! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria ? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Sir P.—Ah ! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T.—I am sure I wish I had ; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured, now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you ?

Sir P.—Two hundred pounds ! What, ain't I to be in a good humour without paying for it ? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it (*takes out pocket book and gives her two notes*), but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T.—Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well (*offering her hand ; he kisses it*).

Sir P.—And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you. But shall we always live thus, hey ?

Lady T.—If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon

we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P.—Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T.—I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you ; you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing—didn't you ?

Sir P.—Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive——

Lady T.—Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P.—Indeed.

Lady T.—Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dare say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir P.—And you prophesied right, and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady T.—And never differ again ?

Sir P.—No, never, never ! (*They shake both hands, then go up for chairs.*) Though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously ; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady T.—I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter ; indeed you always gave the provocation.

Sir P.—Now, see, my angel ! take care ; contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T.—Then don't you begin it, my love !

Sir P.—There, now ! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T.—Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir P.—There ! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T.—No, I am sure I don't ; but if you will be so peevish——

Sir P.—There, now ! who begins first ? (*rising.*)

Lady T.—Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper (*rises*).

Sir P.—No, no, madam ; the fault is in your own temper.

Lady T.—Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P.—Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T.—You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P.—Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me if ever I try to be friends with you any more !

Lady T.—So much the better.

Sir P.—No, no, madam ; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T.—And I'm sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty only because he never could meet with anyone who would have him.

Sir P.—Ay, ay, madam ; but you were pleased enough to listen to me ; you never had such an offer before.

Lady T.—No ! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match, for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married ?

Sir P.—Oh ! oh ! oh ! I have done with you, madam ! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad.

Lady T.—Take care, Sir Peter ! you had better not insinuate any such thing ! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P.—Very well, madam ! very well ! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce !—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all bachelors ; we will separate, madam.

Lady T.—Agreed ! agreed ! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of one mind once more, we may be the happiest



couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so bye-bye.

[*Exit.*]

Sir P.—Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either? Oh, I am the most miserable fellow? but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper; no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.

[*Exit.*]

## **Eulogies on the Death of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.**

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Sheridan died in poverty and want. Amongst his many titled and wealthy "friends" in days of his prosperity was the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, but this royal *roué*, who could squander money without limit on unworthy purposes, was deaf to the appeals made to him on behalf of the dying man whose acquaintance had been an honour to him, and, as far as he was capable of enjoying intellectual pleasures, a delight. At the last moment, when Sheridan was so far spent as to be unable to take any sustenance, an intimation reached the friends who stood by his bedside that his Royal Highness would give them a couple of hundreds pounds for his use if it were required; but those gentlemen, with becoming spirit, declined the offer. The funeral of the deceased dramatist was very splendid. These remarks will explain the allusions which occur in the following magnificent poem from the pen of our national melodist:—

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear  
Shall be mingled with deep execration on those  
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,  
And leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:

Whose vanity flew round him only while fed  
By the odour his fame in its Summer-time gave;  
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,  
Like the ghoul of the East, comes to feed at his grave.

Oh, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow  
And spirits so mean in the great and high born;

To think what a long line of titles may follow  
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn !

How proud they can press to the funeral array  
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow ;  
How the bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.

And thou, too, whose life a sick epicure's dream,  
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,  
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam  
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast.

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee  
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine ;—  
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine,

Would I suffer what—even in the heart that thou hast,  
All mean as it is—must have consciously burned  
When the pittance which shame had wrung from thee at last,  
And which found all his wants at an end, was returned.

“ Was *this* then the fate,” future ages will say,  
When *some* names shall live but in history's curse ;  
When Truth will be heard, and those lords of a day  
Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse—

“ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man—  
The pride of the palace, the bow'r, and the hall—  
The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all !

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
From the finest and best of all other men's pow'rs ;  
Who ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,  
And could call up its sunshine or bring down its show'rs ;

“ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it played ;  
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;

“ Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,  
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—  
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide  
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave.”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;  
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
 Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,  
 And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey  
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh,  
 O Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

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### "Non Possumus."

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BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

As wise advice these words are said—  
 " Forsake the unsuccessful cause,  
 Brave foolish Ireland ; bow your head  
 And yield your heart to alien laws.

" See busy Scotland thrive apace,  
 She struck her banner years ago ;  
 She gave her name, and flag, and race,  
 To union with her ancient foe.

" And now the wealth of England gilds  
 Her river-banks, her rugged coast,  
 And all the fame that England builds  
 Is also the ' North Briton's ' boast.

" Poor isle, whose wounds so long have bled ;  
 At last let strife and suffering cease ;  
 Look forward, straight and low, and tread,  
 As Scotland trod, the path to peace."

Such lesson men have sought to preach  
 From feeble heart or faltering mind,  
 But never yet was vainer speech  
 Launched forth and lost upon the wind.

Let Scotland take her chosen way :  
On different lines our course must run ;  
For us, there's only this to say—  
God's patent truth—it can't be done.

What might have been we cannot know  
If, in the long vanished years,  
A generous heart was in the foe  
That rushed upon our fathers' spears.

But as the ages rolled along  
One ruthless purpose still they knew ;  
And midst the storms of hate and wrong  
The Irish generations grew—

A separate race, distinct, apart ;  
And so, till time itself shall end,  
The Irish and the English heart  
No human power can fuse or blend.

We cannot yield, whate'er befall ;  
We could not yield, even if the past  
Were blotted from our souls, and all  
Our record to oblivion cast ;

If downward from the olden time  
To these our days there came no more  
The shout, the cheer, the battle chime,  
• The clang of conflict on the shore ;

If never more in memory's light  
We saw the heroes of our race,  
Who, true to freedom, honour, right,  
Deemed death were better than disgrace ;

If never more we thought of those  
Who, spoiled and stripped by ruthless hands,  
• Dragged out a life of many woes  
Afar from their ancestral lands ;

Still would the Irish heart and brain  
To alien rule refuse to bow,  
And Ireland's hopes and aims remain  
Self-centred, bright, and pure as now.

Let England have her own, and hold  
Her rightful goods by righteous powers—

We covet not her lands or gold,  
We only seek for what is ours.

Apart, the lands may live in peace,  
'Tis vain to strive to make them one,  
Then let the hope, the effort cease,  
For Heaven decrees it can't be done.

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### The Era of Independence.

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(FROM THE "NATION," JULY 20, 1850.)

THE generation which arose to take part in the affairs of independent Ireland within ten years after the declaration of Dungannon was composed of as true and as capable men as ever guarded and graced a free nation. Not by our argosies on the sea—not by the busy mart and the bustling liberties ashore—not by the prosperity, the ambition, and the intelligence which were permeating and revivifying the country—not that the dissensions of clan and of creed were sloughing off and leaving the body of the nation healthy and indivisible—not in any or all of these was the glory of freedom so vindicated as in the race of thoughtful and good men who represent the Irish nationality of those days. Never before did so much of Irish genius develop so lavishly in the peaceful paths of freedom—nor since, though the peers of some of them be scattered over the earth or buried under it since '48, have we seen a race of such stalwart and varied intellect, so gifted, so brave, and so manly, arise to regain the independence these grandsires of ours were unable to defend. It is sad to speculate what they might have done for Ireland had the government of the island been absolutely in their hands. Let us hope, at least, to do fitting honour to what remains of their memories.

Their names are household words in Ireland, but we see

not their policies and purposes as we ought. Their history is still unwritten, or is known only in erroneous aspects to the people. The intense, fiery, athletic eloquence of Grattan lives, and will live for ever ; but of his statesmanship, of his plans, his aims, and his obstacles, of what he and his party might, could, would, or should have done for Ireland, how little, how less than little, is popularly known ? And this is true of many a man besides. There is something ineffably slavish in the way we remember our national worthies. It is Grattan the orator, not Grattan the liberator, of whom men speak. And Curran—"Counsellor Curran"—whose name is more familiar to the peasantry than even his more illustrious friend's, is remembered by some coarse jest that he never vented, rather than by the days he stood in court, with the doomed rebel in the dock, and the yeomen's bayonets at his breast, the fire of defiance in his blazing eye, and the inspiration of truth and freedom on his glowing lips. And behind Curran's time, so to our shame is it with "Dean Swift and his man." The good part of him lies understood in Dryasdust—the stale side of his character grimaces at us from every village Joe Miller. Is it not a fact that the generation who are puzzling their brains over Bishop Whately's "Political Economy" in the National schools know nothing whatever of the fearless M. B. Drapier, who taught the only political economy that ever was a *thraneen's* service to Ireland, who sent dismay home to the heart of the Castle, and against whom Carteret proclaimed and Whitshed charged in vain—for he did his work. To go a generation behind the Dean, we hear often of Sarsfield—"the Slasher ! This rapparee epithet does give a certain rough idea of the dashing cavalier who cut off William's convoys and blew up his artillery at Kellunamona, but not of the marshalling genius that organised and inspirited an Irish army—not of the brave and skilful general who held Limerick through its two long sieges against William and De Ginkle—not of the passionate patriot whose hand shook at the Treaty Stone as though it were signing the bond of his own soul—the same hand which caught the blood-gouts coming hot from his true heart at Neerwinden, and stiffened in death while he grieved that they did not flow for Ireland.

Of the generation of this era of independence, how many are unknown, and how many misknown, and how many that should be niched in their proper drapery and fitting lights in a National Gallery for Ireland. Of the orators, besides Grattan and Curran, there are Flood, with his persuasive and perspicuous argument—Hussey Burgh's polished and fascinating eloquence—the soaring strength of Yelverton—the purpose and practicality, rich in illustration, of Duquerry—the clear decisiveness of Speaker Foster—the impassioned energy of Saurin—the silvery speech of Bushe—the grave, elaborate oratory of Plunket—and the honest, earnest appeals, full of truth and conviction, of Peter Burrowes. But turning from the Parliament House to the College, or to the Courts, or to the places of public resort, one crossed other men of Irish blood who walked full in the shadow of greatness. In '93, pacing up Dame-street, might be met Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Wellesley (hunting about the Castle at the time for a commissionership, it is said), and hardly dreaming of the rank, riches, and glory that were in store for the needy cadet. But they were revolutionary times, and even on his own soil the adventurer, having some knowledge of himself, might have fairly augured distinction, for a terrible rebellion looks close at hand. French ideas are very much afloat. The Belfast people in arms commemorate the sack of the Bastile, on a place called Bunker's Hill, after another place of that name, memorable in British history. A perfect mania for calling people "citizens" prevails. There is much philanthropic embracing of Catholics by men who, a year or two since, would as soon have fraternised with the Papist as a Carolina planter with his niggers. And, lo! the duke that is to be halts very stiffly, and his grey eye has a lurid light in it, and a grim smile clenches his lips, as he counts the numbers and marks the steady marching of the National Guard first battalion, lately embodied, and now patrolling the streets for purposes of universal equality, liberty, and fraternity. Nice sight that, duke—and good stepping, too! But just look at their button—a harp, a cap of liberty on a pike, and no crown or loyal scroll of any kind! It is a fine uniform, the green faced with white; and there's no denying that! And,

don't blaspheme, duke, but the Marseillaise that the band is striking up now is the kind of music that a man would relish having his body riddled or his throat slit to. And, in fact, duke, if they would put you in that sneaking, intriguing, cowardly, popularity-hunting Westmoreland's place at the Castle, you'd try to stop these marchings altogether in a very summary fashion of your own; and would do it, you think. Of that there are two opinions. But watch that slight, wiry form that darts past—that man in a officer's uniform, with the quick, piercing gaze startling you a little, and the muttering lips, and a deep thoughtful halo over his dark, aquiline features, that flush and tingle, as you may perceive, when he hears the thrilling "*aux armes, citoyens*." Well, duke, that man *might* cross you—you might meet your match in him. It is deliberately believed that he is the most dangerous man who has schemed against England since Hugh O'Neil, of whom you have heard, perhaps. He is really a very masterly organiser—and he takes a statesman's and a soldier's view into everything that meets him. He has rather more to do with the management of affairs in the country at this moment than Secretary Hobart or Henry Grattan; and well they know it. Mark him, duke. If he stay here, he will demolish that Castle you're going up to, as sure as they did the Bastile in France four years ago. He has got that notion in his head, and nothing but the working it out to its issue will expel it thence—barring a rope or a bullet, of course. He has a most wonderful intuition of men; and there is an astute audacity in him, always mining under you, but never, on any account, springing his fougade hastily—no, not a second before you stand exactly over its vent! If you stay in Ireland, you had better watch that man, Colonel Arthur Wellesley! His name is Theobald Wolfe Tone; and he'll be chief of the Irish Republic or food for some jail surgeon's saw and scalpel within five years.

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The estates of the Northern clans confiscated by King James the First on the flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell comprised six counties, measuring about 500,000 acres.



## British Law.

BY D. B. SULLIVAN.

I trod one day on Irish ground—  
I stood beside a peasant's door—  
The sky was bright, and all around  
Was decked from nature's brightest store ;  
But care had marked that humble cot,  
And sorrow had brooded o'er the spot.

Beneath the strokes of sturdy men  
That lowly home was tottering fast,  
Whose hearth no fire should light again—  
Whose roof no more from Winter's blast  
Should shield the houseless and the cold,  
The strange, the helpless, or the old.

A hard-faced man stood coldly by,  
And urged the work of ruin on.  
I asked a weeping matron why  
So foul a deed was boldly done,  
And what had caused the scene I saw ?  
And then she said—" 'Twas British Law."

On Irish soil again I stood—  
I saw a vessel, proud and fair,  
Bear westward with a living load  
Whose sobbings filled the morning's air,  
While slowly on the vessel's track  
The wail of grief was wafted back.

I asked a mourner in the crowd  
Why bore the ship that lonely band ?  
" 'Tis British Law," he cried aloud,  
" That sweeps them from their native land,  
And drives them forth across the main."  
And then he turned and wept again.

Far westward in another land .  
I saw a host of Irish race—

I marked their stalwart forms, and scanned  
The light that sparkled in each face  
As some one told in accents strong  
Of Irish rights and British wrong.

The curse, the groan, the deadly threat,  
The shout of anger fierce and strong,  
The laugh of scorn, the cry of hate,  
Rose loudly from amid the throng ;  
But with each shout of rage and blame  
I heard them mingle England's name.

I asked what rendered everywhere  
The name of England's power accursed—  
What planted in each listener there  
The scorn and hate his bosom nursed ?  
And then again I heard with awe  
The self-same answer—"British Law."

O British law ! your sins are great,  
And long the bead-roll of your crime ;  
You've sown a crop of strife and hate  
That ripens fast in every clime ;  
And with that harvest comes apace  
The vengeance of an outraged race.

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### John Martin in the Breach.

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A few weeks after the transportation of John Mitchel and the suppression of his paper, the *United Irishman*, in July, 1848, his friend John Martin took his place at the post of danger. He established the *Irish Felon* to advocate the same principles that had been taught in the suppressed journal ; but its career was also cut short by the Government after the 5th number, and Mr. Martin was sent in the track of his distinguished friend to Van Dieman's Land. The following is a portion of Mr. Martin's address to his readers, published over his own name, in the first number of the *Felon* :—

I do not love political agitation for its own sake. At the best I regard it as a necessary evil ; and if I were not convinced that my countrymen are determined on vindi-

cating their rights, and that they really intend to free themselves, I would at once withdraw from the struggle, and leave my native land for ever. Not that I have any sympathy with the cant (sometimes uttered even by Repealers) that the Irish people are "unfit," or "not yet fit," for freedom—because, forsooth, we exhibit faults of national character proper to an enslaved people. No; if we are oftentimes boastful, suspicious, selfish, cowardly, "leader"-ridden, there is the more urgent need for national independence to cure us of those slave-vices. To talk of a people fitting themselves for freedom while in a state of slavery is not less silly than to talk of people fitting themselves for slavery while in a state of freedom. The way for an enslaved people to fit themselves for freedom is to assume freedom. The proof is given that they are fit when they liberate themselves. Not from any such silly "disgust" at the slave's vices of my countrymen would I desert my native land. But I could not live in Ireland and derive my means of life as a member of the Irish community without feeling a citizen's responsibilities in Irish public affairs. And those responsibilities involve the guilt of national robbery and murder—of a system which arrays the classes of our people against each other's prosperity and very lives, like beasts of prey, or rather like famishing sailors on a wreck—of the debasement and moral ruin of a people endowed by God with surpassing resources for the attainment of human happiness and human dignity. I cannot be loyal to a system of meanness, terror, and corruption, although it usurp the title and assume the forms of a "Government." So long as such a "Government" presumes to insult and injure me and those in whose prosperity I am involved, I must offer it all the resistance in my power. But if I despaired of successful resistance, I would certainly remove myself from under such a "Government's" actual authority.

That I do not now exile myself is a proof that I hope to witness the overthrow, and assist in the overthrow, of that most abominable tyranny the world now groans under—the British Imperial system.

To gain permission for the Irish people to care for their own lives, their own happiness and dignity; to abolish the

political conditions which compel the classes of our people to hate and to murder each other, and which compel the Irish people to hate the very name of the English ; to end the reign of fraud, perjury, corruption, and "Government" butchery, and to make *law, order, and peace* possible in Ireland, the *Irish Felon* takes its place among the combatants in the holy war now waging in this island against foreign tyranny. In conducting it, my weapons shall be *the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God !*

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## John Bull to Erin.

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BY THOMAS MOORE.

Dublin, March 12, 1827.—Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic question in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country.—*Freeman's Journal*.

I have found out a gift for my Erin,  
A gift that will surely content her—  
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!  
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She asked me for freedom and right,  
But ill she her wants understood ;  
Ball cartridges, morning and night,  
Are a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives  
But we read, in some amiable trials,  
How husbands make love to their wives  
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

One thinks with his mistress or mate,  
A good halter is sure to agree—  
That love-knot which, early and late,  
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd  
 With a wife that is not over placid,  
 Consigns the dear charmer to rest  
 With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin, my love do I show—  
 Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed !  
 And, as poison and hemp are too slow,  
 Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,  
 Ask Roden, that mildest of saints ;  
 He'll tell lead, inwardly taken,  
 Alone can remove thy complaints—

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,  
 Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant  
 But being hanged, tortured, and shot,  
 Much oftener than thou art at present.

Even Wellington's self has averred  
 Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,  
 And I lov'd him the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,  
 Dear partner, I herewith enclose ;  
 'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills  
 From Cromwell to Eldon propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,  
 How I wish that before ye set out  
 The Devil of the Freischutz could know  
 The good work you are going about,

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,  
 Into such supernatural wit  
 That you'd all of you know as you sped,  
 Where a bullet of sense ought to hit.

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The cause of a kingdom's thriving is her being governed only by laws made with her own consent ; for otherwise her people are not free. And therefore all appeals for justice, or application for favour or preferment to another country are so many grievous impoverishments.—*Dean Swift.*

## A Ninety-Eight Scene.

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(FROM THE "PRIVATEER'S REVENGE," BY RICHARD O'SULLIVAN.)

SIR HUBERT and his friends passed into the castle. Having dined, all issued forth again, inflamed with wine and their worst passions excited by the "loyal and constitutional" toasts and sentiments they had pledged in brimming bumpers. When they reached the barracks, they saw the woman sitting on the steps outside the door, her face covered with her hands, and sobbing bitterly.

"Come, Greer," called out a short, stout, and red-faced individual, with dark eyes and hair, who rejoiced in the name of Hawtry Alison, and in the reputation of being the staunchest of Orangemen and a sound hater of "rebelly Papishes." "Come, Greer," said he, "out with your prisoner; let's see him. We'll soon make the fellow know better than to scamper off at the sight of his Most Gracious Majesty's troops."

After a brief delay the young lad was brought out. His face was deathly pale; but yet it wore an air of the firmest determination. As his glance fell upon his mother sitting upon the steps, his countenance flushed scarlet for a moment, a fierce gleam shot from his eyes, and a convulsive shudder shook his whole frame. In a second, however, he had regained his composure, and gazed with unflinching eye upon those who had met to decide his fate. The space immediately before the barracks, which, as we have stated, in more tranquil times had been a corn stores, was carefully smoothed and gravelled. At a score yards from the door was a stout post firmly bedded in the ground, and at the height of about five feet there was passed through it a short and thick cross-bar. Round this were loitering, laughing, and jesting loudly some of Sir Hubert's friends. Others had seated themselves on the benches at each side of the door; while

the rest, with Sir Hubert and Hawtry Alison, stood before the entrance.

"Well, well, my young fellow, tell us what you were doing near the old windmill. Spying after his Majesty's good and loyal subjects, eh?"

"I was doing nothing," answered the lad.

"Nothing! indeed, there's a good deal very often in the 'nothing' of fellows like you."

"Come, sir, no trifling," broke in Sir Hubert L'Estrange, with lowering brows and ominous looks; "if you were doing nothing, why did you run off when you saw us on the road?"

"I did not run off when I saw you on the road; I saw you long before I went away."

"Do you dare repeat my words, sirrah! Are you going to be impertinent?"

"Upon my soul and honour, these rebelly rascals grow impudent again," said Hawtry Alison. "Don't you think a lesson is badly wanted, Stapleton?" addressing himself to a tall and well-looking young man, the pleasing expression of whose face was sadly marred by the evident traces of excess and dissipation.

"A lesson wanted, is it (hiccup)—is it—ole—ole boy, eh? 'Ecod I should say yes—ye—yes, by all means. A lesson by all means. Whip the soul out of the Papish cub. Nothing like the lash and triangle for rebels, say I."

The woman started to her feet with a wild and frantic cry: "Is it whip my boy? I tell you, you darn't lay your lash on his fair skin. I tell you that ill-luck will attend you, and all of ye, day and night, if ye touch him."

"Phew! By Jove—just listen to that. You'd better keep your tongue very quiet, my dame. We have a rare way of teaching civility here," said Hawtry Alison.

"I want a plain answer to my plain question, sir," said Sir Hubert impatiently. "Why did you run off?"

"I was there long enough—it was time to go," said he.

"What—what the devil do you call yourself, my young buck?" said Stapleton, with a maudlin wise look upon his face.

"Edward Devereaux," was the answer.

"Oh, a most damnably rebellious, infernally Papish family," interrupted Hawtry Alison. "I know them well. I know the whole lot well."

"Your father was shot, I think; was he not?" said Sir Hubert.

"Yes, Hubert L'Estrange," said the woman, rising to her full height, and confronting the speaker; "yes, his father was shot while lying in his bed, by your orders."

"He was ill of a wound received at Fook's Mill at the time, unless I greatly mistake," retorted he.

"That's true—that's true; he wasn't afraid of it, and I'm not ashamed of it. Your men shot him in his bed; your men fired his house over his head, and gave him burial in its ruins; your men turned me and my son adrift, homeless and shelterless, upon the world. I could curse every black and dark fibre of your heart, but I won't; I leave you to God; he will judge you. You'll have to answer for it all on the Last Day."

"The deuce confound you for an old hag! Hold your cursed prate, or you'll suffer for it," said Hawtry Alison.

"Oh, never mind—never mind her," said Sir Hubert, slowly, speaking with clenched teeth; "let her rave away; I don't care, I am sure."

"Well, really it is too bad now," said Stapleton, "if a wretch like that is allowed to abuse a gentleman. By Jupiter, I can't understand it alone. The lash is the only thing to cure such impertinence."

"Greer," said Sir Hubert, "tie this fellow to the post, and give him a dozen or so good lashes; they will teach him to behave himself in future."

At the mention of the lash, the mother sprang towards her son, and casting her arms round him, clutched him convulsively: "No—no—unless ye are devils, and not men, ye will not harm my boy—my only one—all I have to love or care for in the world. He never did any wrong, indeed—never harmed anybody. You'll not—you'll not—I say you shan't."

"Hush, mother. Mother, darling, you'll only work your own ruin if you go on. These are not men—only tigers. They thirst for blood, mother. They got it from the hearts of



ten thousand brave men and true, but they are not satisfied. They got it from the breasts of women and children, but they crave more, and they must have it."

"'Pon my conscience, that's a speech—a downright Papish, rebelly speech," stammered forth Stapleton.

"Greer, I say Greer, why do you hesitate? Bear that woman away. Tie that young scoundrel to the post and scourge him while there's strength in your arms. Flog him to the death, I say, at once," thundered forth Sir Hubert, in a paroxysm of rage.

Two soldiers advanced and separated the mother and son. The young man was then led off, and the yeomen proceeded to bind his hands to the cross-bar on the post, and his feet to some strong pegs in the ground, so that he was all but incapable of motion. For a second the unhappy woman remained stupefied, and then, flinging herself at the feet of Sir Hubert, and clasping his knees, cried out :

"O Sir Hubert L'Estrange ! Sir Hubert L'Estrange ! if you believe in God, if you hope for His mercy, hear me now and be merciful ! Don't soil the fair skin of my beautiful boy with your cruel whips. Maybe in time to come you'd have children of your own, and, as you'd wish Heaven to spare them to you, spare mine to me now. You slew my husband—you fired my house—but I'll forget all—I'll forgive all—I'll pray for you all the days of my life, and let my boy go free. We'll leave the place, you'll never see either of us again. Mercy—mercy—for the love of the Virgin, have mercy !"

Surprise, amazement, and then rage unbounded took possession of Sir Hubert L'Estrange during the delivery of this frenzied rhapsody. His face became livid in hue—his lips contracted and displayed his teeth white and glistening like those of a tiger. With a fierce effort he spurned the woman from him.

"Quick, quick, I say," he cried hoarsely, "scourge the dog to the last, and keep this meddling fool near that she may see the whole."

"Hubert L'Estrange, I warn you not to touch my child. May all the angry curses of Heaven light upon you and yours. May you never know what peace or happiness is in

this world or the next. May your life be a death to you if you harm the widow's only stay. But listen—stop, stop—if you will have a victim, scourge me. Flog me, but leave him alone, and I'll thank you. I would not be the first woman you got flogged, tiger L'Estrange, and well you know that. Oh, it could not be a woman that bore you. It was blood, I tell you—blood, and not milk, that you sucked in your infancy. Monster, demon, murderer!" Here the frenzied woman's voice failed her, and she sank on her knees.

"Ha, ha—you will have it, then," hissed L'Estrange. "Yes; by—, you shall have your wish." Then, turning to the soldiers, he added, impetuously: "Unloose that boy—quick—quick—don't lose a moment, and put that—that—that mad woman in his place. At once, I tell you—at once. Death and fury—this to my face! What will come next? But she shall know to her cost that a L'Estrange never forgives an insult."

During all this time Edward Devereux stood, or rather hung, at the post, his breast heaving, the veins in his forehead in prominent relief, swollen almost to bursting, and his eyes glaring with a fierce rage. When the last words of Sir Hubert fell on his ears, and the infamous purpose became known to him, he seemed as if a fit of insanity had seized him. A wild, prolonged, and shrill scream burst from his lips, a cold perspiration bedewed his face. With an effort that his frame seemed incapable of, he burst the half-finished tying that the soldiers were about to undo, and, thrusting both of them aside, he flung himself like a tiger upon Sir Hubert, and, gripping him by the throat, bore him to the ground. Consternation seized upon the bystanders, so that for the moment they were incapable of assisting the baronet. Soon, however, a dozen yeomen succeeded in rescuing him from his great danger, and pinioned young Devereux.

"I say you must kill me!" he shouted. "I won't stand by and listen to that ruffian there ordering my own mother to be flogged."

"Sir Hubert L'Estrange," he screamed, "if you do that, I warn you that I'll have my revenge—ay, and wait and watch all my life long for it; but have it I will. I'll pluck

the black cowardly heart from your bosom. I'll trample upon your filthy carcase. I'll"—

"Ten legions of devils!" roared Stapleton, drawing a pistol from the breast-pocket of his coat and cocking it, "are we to stand here and suffer this base boor to insult us in this manner?"

"Hold, Stapleton—hold—not so fast! You'd do just what the boy wants you to do. I know better. Soldiers, keep him firm and fast; he shall listen to the music of the cat-o'-nine tails upon his mother's back," said Sir Hubert, slowly and deliberately, watching with fiendish exultation the effects of his words upon the countenance of his victim.

The soldiers seized the woman, and led her to the post, where they securely pinioned her. They removed the clothing from the upper portion of her back and shoulders. A call was made for the instrument of punishment. It was brought out by a middle-aged and florid-visaged yeoman. He stood a second irresolute, looking at the throng around the woman at the post.

"Go on, sir; go on at once; do your duty when I bid you," said Sir Hubert, angry at the evident reluctance of the man.

The soldier went over, and, measuring his distance, struck a light blow. A low, stifled cry was heard, but it came not from the victim—it was the irrepressible outburst of the feelings of young Devereaux.

"Pshaw, man," exclaimed Hawtry Alison, testily, "you don't strike, you only tickle. We must get someone else not so chicken-hearted. Greer, send out Macdonald; he is the only man to do this piece of work."

The man who held the whip gave a sigh of intense satisfaction, and stepped aside to give way for the new-comer—a tall, gaunt man, with bushy whiskers and a face deeply seamed with pock-marks, and an indescribable look of low ferocity.

The first soldier walked away, and, passing close by the the young lad, whispered in a low tone, but so that he could hear: "God help thee, lad! I am very sorry for thee. Forgive me the blow I struck, for my heart was not in it." This was said in a strong English accent. The boy looked

up with a grateful expression in his face, but said not a word.

Let not our readers suppose that the scene we are depicting is an exaggerated one. Woman-flogging was no rare thing in the reign of terror that immediately followed the crushing of the rebellion of '98. Women suspected of harbouring, concealing, or in any way assisting rebels, were not only flogged, but in many cases were half hung, were pricked in the breasts with bayonet stabs, and insulted and tortured in a hundred different and horrible ways. And this took place not only in the immediate theatre of the insurrection, but in all parts of the country, and, according to good authority, even in Dublin Castle.

The new executioner set about his work in earnest. The strokes came down heavily, quickly, and with right good will, so that even Hawtry Alison was satisfied. Edward Deveaux for a short space seemed to have lost all control over himself. With protruding eyes, distended nostrils, and rigidly clenched teeth, he gazed on his mother's form, while his breath came and went in short, irregular gasps. In a short time his hands fell by his side; he turned his head away so that he could no longer see the post or those around it; the unnatural and distorted look faded away from his face, and it became cold, stern, and immovable as if it were cut out of marble. He seemed by a desperate moral struggle to shut out from his view and from his thoughts the horrid scene that was being enacted close by him. He had passed through a terrible ordeal; he had gone through a crisis that affected the rest of his life. Thoughts, feelings, and impulses had received a new direction; his whole character had been suddenly revolutionised by the violent shock of the spectacle forced upon him. While yet within the grasp of his relentless persecutors, his boyhood had passed away for ever, and he became a man—a man with one feeling—intense hatred of his wrongers; with one object—that of revenge. How, when, or where that object was to be obtained he could not know. But yet he saw it looming in the future, dim, indistinct, and undefined, but still a real, substantial fact. It would come, he was sure, no matter when. He felt all the cherished visions of his youth—all the half-formed

ambitions that lent matchless charms to the future—all the glorious day reveries that intoxicated his young fancy—all those illusions of youth and innocence that give even the rugged realities of life those gorgeous tints and enchanting colours which delight while they deceive, and which are ever fated to be dissipated by the inevitable struggles with the world and its cares—all these he felt pass away and disappear, and leave in the world but three things—himself, his revenge, and the object of it. Everything beside lost its truth and its reality. They were but dreams and shadows to him.

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“I am afraid the woman is dying, your honour,” said Sergeant Greer, noticing that the blows produced no effect, and that the unhappy woman had sunk so that she hung by her hands, which were fastened to the cross-bar of the post. Sir Hubert started and turned deadly pale.

“Release her, release her instantly; I did not intend this. More likely she has only fainted.”

His companions looked one another in the face, and seemed absolutely terror-stricken. Drawing a knife, Greer hastily cut the cords that tied her hands, and the widow Devereaux fell on the ground motionless.

“Macdonald, Macdonald, fetch a basin of water and dash it on her face,” hurriedly gasped Hawtry Alison.

This was done in less time than it takes to tell. At the first exclamation from Greer, young Devereaux turned round, and gazed intently on the body of his mother, but the stony expression never left his face. He uttered no sound, he betrayed not the least emotion. He had endured all the anguish the human mind is capable of sustaining, and he was dead to any further infliction. The soldiers laid the unhappy woman on the grass, water was procured, and copiously sprinkled on her face, her hands were chafed, but no sign of returning animation could be noticed. The regimental doctor was hurried from the game of billiards he was playing with a brother officer to see if his skill could be of any avail in this unexpected emergency. He knelt beside the body, and placed his hand over the region of the heart.

“It’s all over,” said he, after a little hesitation. “The woman is dead. There’s no more about her.”

"By Jove, now, only think of that," said Stapleton. "The creature has gone and died actually. There will be a pretty mess come out of this."

"Hush your foolish talk," said Sir Hubert, turning on his heel, and walking off. Greer," added he, "see that the woman is buried immediately. There is no use in letting her lie there. And, hark ye, let me hear no more talk about the matter!"

"Now, bless me if I can see how a rebelly and Papish woman more or less in the world can make a difference to anybody," said Hawtry Alison. "Besides, we did not intend it, you know. Nobody wanted to kill her, and yet she died. She asked to be whipped—she got her way, and here's what has come of it."

The company then paired off arm-in-arm on their way back to the castle.

"What about the other prisoner, if you please, your honour?" demanded the sergeant.

"Oh, some other time—some other time; stop—let him go wherever he pleases."

When they had gone out of sight, a few soldiers came and carried the body into a hut near the barrack, and there left it on some clean straw, which one of them, with some regard to decency, had brought. Edward Devereaux followed them quietly, and sat down on a stone beside the body. The soldiers, who were made of more human stuff than their masters, tried to persuade him to leave, but in vain. The night was closing fast; they went away, and left him alone with the dead. Darkness came slowly, and all objects had become enveloped in gloom, when the solitary watcher heard footsteps approaching. He heard the clink of flints struck just outside the entrance, and immediately after rays of light penetrated through the chinks in the door, and a soldier entered. Devereaux looked up and recognised the man who had shown such unwillingness to become the torturer of his mother.

"Here, neighbour," said he, "I have brought you something to eat, and a heavy coat to throw over yourself. The night's chill and damp. Don't refuse; I pity you deeply—indeed I do God knows. I have witnessed scenes since I came

into this country that would make one's blood run cold, but the last was the worst. Still you ought to know, youngster, that there are many beside you left alone and desolate to-night by this insurrection work. I'd stop the night with you if I dared ; but it would do you no good, and might do me harm. Even doing a man's duty is enough these times."

"Thank you, whoever you are. I can't eat, and am not at all cold. If the 'rebellion work,' as you call it, leaves me as I am now, you don't hear me complain ; I am willing to take my share of what so many of my countrymen are suffering. Time will tell for what party it will be the worst."

"I hope you will change your mind, and so I will leave the things near you," said the soldier, laying them down, and then quitting the cabin.

The hours crept away slowly ; but when the sun rose it ushered in a morning of unusual splendour. The night clouds drew off gloomy and sullen, like a beaten army from the field of battle, and the sun poured its rays in dimless lustre over hill and valley. As the golden splendour flooded in through the frameless window of the cabin and the chinks in the shattered door, Devereaux knelt by the side of the corpse and in broken utterance put forth his prayers to the mighty Protector of all.

About eight o'clock, half a dozen of the yeomen, some of whom carried spades and shovels, came and roused the young man from the dreamy reverie into which he had fallen. The body was placed on a tressel and borne away ; the young man followed mechanically. Proceeding in the direction of Dunlauder Castle, they turned up a lane that branched off from the avenue. Then they entered a field within sight of the castle, and, laying down their burthen under the shade of a large elm tree, commenced digging the grave. The spot was not selected by chance, or the whim of any of the party ; but this particular place was selected because under the shade of the spreading branches there lay the last resting-places of several who had paid the forfeit of their lives for real or supposed implication in the rebellion. At Devereaux's request, they dug the grave as well under the shade of the grand old tree as possible. When all was completed, and the body,

coffinless and wrapped alone in an old rug, was lowered into the grave, he who had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, with his arms folded on his breast, gave vent to a low smothered groan, which even his stern and unnatural self-control could not suppress. The work of filling the grave did not take long. A sod cut from the middle of the field was placed over the little mound, and the soldiers, throwing a lingering glance at their work, and bestowing a look of pity and commiseration on him, as he stood absorbed in his wordless grief, were about returning, when, with a clear, ringing voice, apparently free from any great emotion he addressed them :

“ You have done your work. You have heaped the clay over the only being in this wide world that loved me, or that I loved. I stand here now a desperate and despairing man. I have one triumph, and that is a sad one. I can defy living man to make me feel another pang of anguish. I was in a place of concealment from your bloodthirsty rage when I heard the shot that deprived my father of life. I stood by, helpless and hopeless, and I saw the roof under which I was born—the roof under which I drew milk from my mother’s breast—the roof under which I first lisped my prayer to Him who is my only help and dependence to-day—given to the flames. My mother and myself took refuge in the miserable cabin whence you dragged me ; and now an orphan—doubly an orphan—across her grave I speak to you, and I bid you tell her murderer, for such he is, that, proud and high though he be and all lowly and poor as I am, the day will come when his heart shall be made as he has made mine—when he himself shall know every pang that he has made me feel. Perhaps he may despise me as a powerless boy, but let you tell him from me that he changed me suddenly into a man, and that he will find me so. Wherever he will fly I will track him—ay, all the world over, and I shall extort from him deep and full RETRIBUTION.”

So saying, he turned away with a wave of his hand, and walked rapidly from the spot.

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## Ninety-Eight.

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BY J. T. CAMPION, M.D.

In the old marble town of Kilkenny,  
With its abbeys, cathedrals, and halls,  
Where the Norman bell rings out at night-fall,  
And the relics of gray crumbling walls  
Show traces of Celt and Saxon  
In bastions, and towers, and keeps,  
And graveyards and tombs tell the living  
Where glory or holiness sleeps ;  
Where the Nuncio brought the Pope's blessing,  
And money and weapons to boot,  
Whilst Owen was wild to be plucking  
The English clan up by the root ;  
Where regicide Oliver revelled,  
With his Puritan, ironside horde,  
And cut down both marble and monarchy,  
Grimly and grave, with the sword.  
There, in that old town of history,  
England, in famed 'Ninety-Eight,  
Was busy with gallows and yeomen,  
Propounding the laws of the State.

They were hanging a young lad—a rebel—  
On a gibbet before the old jail,  
And they marked his weak spirit to falter,  
And his white face to quiver and quail ;  
And he spoke of his mother, whose dwelling  
Was but a short distance away—  
A poor, lorn, heart-broken widow—  
And he her sole solace and stay.

"Bring her here," cried the chief of the yeomen,  
"A lingering chance let us give  
To this spawn of a rebel to babble,  
And by her sage counsel to live."

And quick a red trooper went trotting  
From the town to the poor cabin door,

And he found the old lone woman sitting  
And spinning upon the bare floor.  
"Your son is in trouble, old damsel!  
They have him within in the town,  
And he wishes to see you ; so bustle,  
And put on your tucker and gown."

The old woman stopped from the spinning  
With a frown on her deep-wrinkled brow ;  
"I know how it is—cursed yeoman !  
I am ready—I'll go with you now."  
He seized her, enraged, by the shoulder,  
And lifting her up on his steed,  
Struck the spurs, and they rode to the city,  
Right ahead, and with clattering speed.

They stopped at the foot of the gallows,  
And the mother confronted the son,  
And she hugged his young heart to her bosom  
And kissed his face, pallid and wan,  
And, as the rope dangled before her,  
She held the loop fast in her hand—  
For, though her proud soul was unblenching,  
Her frail limbs were failing to stand ;  
And whilst the raw yeomen came crowding  
To witness the harrowing scene,  
The brave mother flushed to the forehead,  
And spoke with the air of a queen—  
"My son, they are going to hang you,  
For loving your faith and your home,  
And they called me to urge you, and save you—  
And in God's name, I've answered and come ;  
They murdered your father before you,  
And I knelt on the red, reeking sod,  
And I watched his hot blood steaming upward  
To call down the vengeance of God.  
No traitor was he to his country—  
No blot did he leave to his name—  
And I always could pray at his cold grave,  
Oh ! the priest could kneel there without shame."

"To h—l with your priests and your rebels,"  
The captain cried out with a yell,  
Whilst from the tall tower in the temple  
Rang out the sweet Angelus bell.  
"Blessed Mother !" appealed the poor widow,  
"Look down on my child and on me !"

"Blessed Mother!" sneered out the vile yeoman,  
 "Tell your son to *confess*—and be free!"

"Never, never!—he'll die like his father—  
 My boy, give your life to the Lord;  
 But of treason to Ireland, *mavourneen*,  
 Never breathe one dishonouring word."

His white cheek flushed up at her speaking,  
 His heart bounded up at her call,  
 And his hushed spirit seemed, at awaking,  
 To scorn death, yeomen, and all.

"I'll die, and I'll be no *informer*—  
 My kin I will never disgrace,  
 And when God lets me see my poor father,  
 I can lovingly look in his face."

"You'll see him in hell!" cried the yeoman,  
 As he flung the sad widow away—  
 And the youth in a moment was strangling  
 In the broad eye of shuddering day.

"Give the gallows a passenger outside,"  
 A tall Hessian spluttered aloud,  
 As he drove a huge nail in the timber,  
 'Mid the curses and cries of the crowd.

Then seizing the poor bereaved mother,  
 He passed his broad belt round her throat,  
 Whilst her groaning was lost in the drum-beat  
 And her shrieks in the shrill bugle-note.

And mother and son were left choking,  
 And struggling and writhing in death,  
 Whilst angels looked down on the murder,  
 And devils were wrangling beneath.

. . . . .  
*For this*, cries the exile defiant—  
*For this*, cries the patriot brave—  
*For this*, cries the lonely survivor  
 O'er many a horror-marked grave—  
*For this*, cry the priest and the peasant,  
 The student, the lover, the lost,  
 The stalwart who pride in their vigour,  
 The frail, as they give up the ghost—

*For this we curse Saxon dominion,  
And join in the world-wide cry  
That wails up to heaven for vengeance  
Through every blue gate of the sky!*

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*'Twas Something then to be a Bard.\**

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BY T. D. M'GEE.

In long gone days, when he who bore  
The potent harp from hall to hall,  
His courier running on before,  
His castle where hé chose to call—  
When youthful nobles watch'd for him,  
And ladies fair, with fond regard,  
Filled the bright wine-cup to the brim,  
'Twas something then to be a bard.

When seated by the chieftain's chair,  
The minstrel told his pictured tale,  
Of whence they came and who they were,  
The ancient stock of Innisfail—  
When the gray steward of the house  
Laid at his feet the rich reward,  
Gay monarch of the long earouse,  
'Twas something then to be a bard.

'Twas glorious then when banners waved,  
And chargers neighed, and lances gleamed,  
When all was to be borne or braved  
That patriot Zeal desired or dreamed—  
'Twas glorious in mid-host to ride  
A king's gift graceful as the 'pard,  
With famous captains by his side,  
Proud of the presence of the bard.

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\* The rights and privileges of the bards in ancient Ireland were many and very great. Reference to them will be found in an extract from the Lectures of Eugene O'Curry, published in No. 3, Vol. I, of the "Penny Readings."

'Twas glorious, too, ere age had power  
 To dim the eye or chill the blood,  
 To fly to Beauty's evening bower,  
 And lift from Beauty's brow the hood ;  
 To feel that Heaven's own sacred flame  
 Can melt a heart, however hard,  
 To gather love by right of fame—  
 'Twas glorious then to be a bard.

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### The United Brothers John and Henry Sheares.

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BY DR. R. R. MADDEN.

The brothers in love are united in death,  
 And they sealed with their blood that alliance ;  
 The ties of one cause, of one kindred, and faith,  
 And affliction, bid despots defiance.  
 They joined, heart and hand, in one struggle, and gave  
 Their young blood to maintain it ; while others,  
 Who urged on the strife, soon abandoned the brave,  
 But they stood by their country like brothers !

When Freedom, by treachery foully betrayed,  
 Found the friends fall away who had plighted  
 Their faith to her cause, still one spirit prevailed  
 In the hearts of the brothers united.  
 They clung to that cause in the midst of despair,  
 When the tempest had terrified others ;  
 And like comrades in danger, endeared as they were,  
 They went down with the wreck like true brothers !

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THE REASON WHY.—The British Government brought on the Union of 1801, 'not for fear of difference of opinion between the two legislatures (the Regency question had happened eleven years before), but because Ireland was getting rapidly too strong and too prosperous for England.—*J. G. V. Porter.*

## Social Order in Ireland.

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At a meeting of the Irish Confederation held in the Music Hall, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, on the 5th of April, 1848, John Martin, Esq., in the chair, John O'Hagan, Esq., barrister, spoke as follows :—

I RISE, sir, to move the following resolution :—

“ That we hereby repudiate as a gross calumny the imputation thrown out upon us by Lord John Russell that the object of this Confederation is social disorder and a violent separation from Great Britain ; and we hereby declare that our object is now, as it always was, the legislative independence of Ireland, and thereby the attainment of social order ; and we desire that such independence may be attained, if possible, without civil war.”

This resolution, sir, has been rendered necessary by the calumnies industriously circulated with respect to us by the English press and the English Government, comparing us with London and Edinburgh mobs, charging us with designs inimical to social order, and with seeking to excite violence against persons and property. Now, sir, I for my part solemnly declare on this, the first occasion upon which I have ever addressed a public assembly, that it is because I love peace and order, and from my soul detest anarchy and confusion, that I am, and always have been, an advocate for the legislative independence of Ireland. What social order have we at present ? I do not call starvation, and misery, and rack-rents, and evictions, and the absence of trade and manufactures—of everything that can make a nation happy and respectable—I do not call that social order. I do not call the annual draining of the strength and substance from this land social order. I do not call it social order to have a government without root or basis in the opinions or affections of a people, but resting on corruption and fraud on the one hand, and mere brute force on the other. I do not call special commissions and coercion acts social order. I do not call that bloody three-act tragedy so often enacted

in the face of the law in this unhappy country—the peasant flung out to perish by the way-side, the landlord assassinated in his carriage, and the drama finished by the assassin dying on the gibbet. I do not call such a state of things order, but anarchy and disorganisation. Such is the state of society that we have. So much for the blessed social order which our masters have provided for us ; and as to our liberties, the very best compendium and epitome of Irish liberty I ever saw is in an article in the *Times* newspaper of yesterday. “The Irishman,” says the *Times*, “has liberty to sit on his dunghill, and curse his king and country.” Here it, ye people of Ireland ; and when each of you is reduced, like Job, to starve upon a dunghill, sit there and revel in your glorious liberty of cursing. Well, we may be as poor as Job, but we are not so patient. We are resolved to rescue our country from this blessed order and liberty ; for we have a vision of order and liberty of our own, and it is summed up in one phrase—the legislative independence of Ireland.

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### The Broken Treaty.

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(FROM O'CONNELL'S MEMOIR ON IRELAND.)

THE Irish were not conquered in war. They had, in the year preceding the treaty, driven William the Third with defeat and disgrace from Limerick. In this victory the women participated. It is no romance. In the great defeat of William the women of Limerick fought and bled and conquered. On the third of October, 1691, the Treaty of Limerick was signed. The Irish army, 30,000 strong—the Irish nobility, and gentry, and people—capitulated with the army and Crown of Great Britain ; they restored the allegiance of the Irish nation to that Crown. Never was there

a more useful treaty to England than this was under the circumstances. It was a most deliberate and solemn treaty—deliberately confirmed by letters patent from the Crown. It extinguished a sanguinary civil war ; it restored the Irish nation to the dominion of England, and secured that dominion in perpetuity over one of the fairest portions of the globe. Such was the value given by the Irish people. By that treaty, on the other hand, the Irish Catholic people stipulated for, and obtained, the pledge of “ *the faith and honour*” of the English Crown for the equal protection by law of their properties and liberties with all other subjects—and, in particular, for the *free and unfettered* exercise of their religion. The Irish, in every respect, performed with scrupulous accuracy the stipulations on their part of the Treaty of Limerick. That treaty was totally violated by the British Government the moment it was perfectly safe to violate it. That violation was perpetrated by the enactment of a code of the most dexterous but atrocious iniquity that ever stained the annals of legislature.

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### Father O'Flynn.

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BY ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES, AUTHOR OF “SONGS OF KILLARNEY.”

Air—“Top of Cork Road.”

I.

Of priests we can offer a charming variety,  
 Fat renowned for larkin' and piety,  
 Still I'd advance you, without impropriety,  
 Father O'Flynn is the flower o' them all.  
 Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
 Slainthe, and slainthe, and slainthe again,  
 Powerfulllest preacher,  
 And tindherest teacher,  
 And kindlest creature  
 In old Donegal.



## II.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,  
 Far renowned for Greek and Latinity,  
 Dad and the divils and all at Divinity,  
 Father O'Flynn would make hares o' them all.  
 Come, I venture to give you my word  
 Never the likes of his logic was heard,  
 Down from mythology,  
 Into thayology,  
 Troth, and conchology,  
 If he'd the call.

## III.

Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way with you,  
 All the old sinners are wishful to pray with you,  
 All the young childer are wild for to play with you,  
 You've such a way with you, Father, avick!  
 Still for all you're so gentle a soul,  
 Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;  
 Checking the crazy ones,  
 Coaxing unaisy ones,  
 Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

## IV.

And though quite avoiding all foolish frivolity,  
 Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
 Where is the play-boy can claim an equality  
 At comicality, Father, with you?  
 Once the bishop looked grave at your jest,  
 Till this remark set him off with the rest:  
 "Is it leave gaiety  
 All to the laity?  
 Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"

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### The Thrush Song.

---

BY J. T. CAMPION, M.D.

Don't kill the thrush, boys,  
 Don't rob her nest—  
 Of all the Irish warblers  
 The brown bird is the best.

In the dawning Summer morning,  
When the sunbeams tint the trees,  
And the breathing of the flowers  
Is borne upon the breeze,  
Then the feathered bard of Ireland,  
Descending from the skies,  
With the dew upon her bronzy wings,  
The spirit in her eyes,  
Pours out a flood of melody  
As though she saw the queen—  
The Angel Queen of Erin,  
In her dazzling robes of green.

Then don't kill the thrush, boys,  
Don't rob her nest—  
Of all the Irish warblers  
The brown bird is the best.

In the silence of the evening,  
When all nature is a dream,  
Save the rustle of the water bird,  
The whisper of the stream,  
Or the lazy rook returning  
To the heart of the dense wood,  
Moving weakly—cawing feebly  
To her waiting callow brood,  
Then the rich delicious warbling  
Of the missal thrush begins,  
Like the murmur of the angels  
When the evil spirit wins,  
So full of mellow music  
And of earnest melody—  
Ah! half plaintive and loving  
Like the night-tide of the sea.

Then who'd kill the thrush, boys,  
Who'd rob her nest?  
Of all old Erin's minstrels  
The brown bird is the best.

In the orchard, in the wildwood,  
In the meadow with the men,  
In the deep grove with the lovers,  
With the children in the glen,  
• With the reaper and the mower,  
Merry-maker all day long,

The brown bird loves the toiler,  
 And sings his love in song ;  
 And when he prays at noonday,  
 At the tolling of the bell,  
 The listening bird is silent,  
 For he knows the summons well ;  
 But when the prayer is over,  
 With the bell's delicious strain,  
 His plumage thrills and ruffles,  
 And his song begins again.

Then don't kill the thrush, boys,  
 Don't rob her nest—  
 The darling peasant poet-bird,  
 And one of Ireland's best !

### Chief Justice Whiteside on Repeal.

The following is a portion of the speech delivered by James Whiteside, Q.C. (afterwards Chief Justice), as counsel for Charles Gavan Duffy, in the State Trials which took place in January, 1844. The traversers on that occasion were Daniel O'Connell, his son John, the Rev. Thomas Tierney, P.P., Mr. Duffy, Mr. Gray, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Thomas Steele, and Mr. T. M. Ray :—

THE crime of which the traversers are accused is that of conspiracy. In the proper acceptation of the word there is nothing criminal involved in it. It means having one spirit ; and the prevailing idea conveyed by it is that of a common sentiment amongst men for the accomplishment of a common object. Now, a community of sentiment on political subjects is not criminal. Associations exist for purposes literary, scientific, religious, and political. Their object is to accomplish a given end—to concentrate opinion, and strengthen that opinion—to bring it to bear on a particular subject, and by means of that concentration obtain, perhaps, benefits and blessings that would not otherwise be accomplished. Governments are naturally quiescent ;

they are repugnant to change, and adverse to popular movements ; and it requires very great efforts, and very great concentration of opinion, to obtain from Government that which, when obtained, all parties regard as a benefit and improvement. It is by that means that the wisest reforms have been effected ; the grandest triumphs in humanity have been so accomplished, and the wisest projects that ever entered into the human mind have been gained. . . The traversers were accused of having conspired to excite discontent and disaffection among her Majesty's subjects. . . Many men are discontented who are not conspirators. A hungry man is discontented, and Cicero, with all his eloquence, could not make him a contented subject, though not a conspirator. The advocates for the abolition of slavery were discontented. The very legislature has felt the wisdom of discontent, and made laws which never would have been made but for the discontent. Therefore it is not a crime to be discontented with any law ; and that does not make my client out to be a conspirator, except something is done illegal or subversive of the principles of the constitution.

Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Attorney-General has deprecated, and deprecated strongly, the agitation of this question for a Repeal of the Union. He has told you that there is a fixed settlement for ever of the constitutional relations between the two kingdoms. Gentlemen of the jury, the Irish people, or a large mass of them, are of opinion that they do labour under grievances—that there are causes and reasons why they should seek for a Repeal of this Union, and that you are not to condemn them on that ground. The universal people of this country look to the composition of the Government which rules them. Its members are able, honourable, and distinguished ; but there is not to be found among them a single individual connected with Ireland to represent the wants and wishes, or the misery, of any section of the people. The nobility of the North—generous, kind, forbearing to their tenantry—a bright example to all quarters of the kingdom—no one member of that ancient nobility shares in the Imperial councils. The gentry and aristocracy of the South and West are equally excluded. In fact, the country which pro-

duced a Burke, the teacher of statesmen, the saviour of States—it is a matter no less of surprise than concern—cannot supply one gentleman qualified to assist in the administration of the affairs of his native country. Self-legislation the Irish have lost; for self-government they are, it seems, incompetent. They think if they had a native Parliament they would have a larger share in the management of their own concerns. Perhaps I may add, were we a united people we would have it also. Were there no other reasons against the system of the exclusion of Ireland, as such, from the government of the country, it hurts the national pride, and he is but a poor statesman who thinks the pride of a sensitive people can be wounded with impunity or safety. But, gentlemen, it is of small consequence, you may think, who the individuals composing a Ministry may be, provided the people under their rule are contented, prosperous, and happy. Are our countrymen so? Alas! a large proportion are destitute. Pressed down by poverty, they look around for the causes. They behold a country blest by Providence with the means of wealth. They strive with gaunt famine for existence in the midst of fields teeming with fertility and plenty. The strong man pines for employment in his native land for the daily pittance of a sixpence. Must he starve in silence? May he not speak in the language of complaint, remonstrance, indignation? If he does, is he seditious? And if, in the agony of his misery, he thinks, though erroneously, a native Parliament might help him to employment, is he criminal to wish for the means of life? Is he seditious to say so? And if he feels his single voice would be unheeded as the idle wind, and unites with others, miserable as himself, to give weight to the expression of their common wants, is he—are his associates, conspirators? Is the conspiracy the blacker because no property has been invaded, no person injured, no outrage attempted, and that profound tranquillity has been maintained? These people think they have found the secret of their misery—the cause of their intolerable woe—the want of a resident legislature; and they imagine if they could obtain that blessing, employment would succeed to compulsory idleness, and food to starvation. They think, perhaps erroneously, that the presence of an

aristocracy is a blessing to a country, and a resident gentry the source of industry and wealth. They conclude, perhaps rashly, it is not morally right that millions should be drained annually from the soil of Ireland by those whose tastes are too fastidious to permit them to spend one hour among the people who labour to supply their extravagance or their necessities. They say, by the evidence of their senses they know the value of a resident peerage and gentry, by the happy results which flow from such a residence wherever it exists. They blame the Union for the loss of their gentry and aristocracy, and see the crying evils of absenteeism daily increased—therefore they object to the Union. The attractions of a Parliament, they fondly imagine, would induce them to return—therefore they demand a Repeal of the Union. Alas! Ireland has little now to induce her gentry to dwell in their native land—its rare beauties lose their freshness while compared with the fascinations of the senate or the glittering splendour of a court. Patriotism is a homely virtue, and can scarce thrive by absence, by an education, by a residence, by tastes, by feelings, by associations which teach Irishmen a dislike, not unmingled with disdain, for their native country. These people look to their stately metropolis. Have they no reasons for what you may think their mistaken opinions? Their memories are haunted by the recollection of its ancient glory—their minds affected by the melancholy conviction of its present nothingness. A once splendid capital the Union has improved into the respectable town of a struggling province. The Irish people are acute enough to see, what cannot be hidden, the houses of their nobility boarding schools or barracks—their University deserted—their Linen-hall waste—their Exchange silent—their Stamp-office extinguished—their Custom-house almost a poor-house—the very administration of justice threatened to be removed to Westminster; and they read, not very long since, a debate got up by the economists as to the prudence of removing the broken-down Irish pensioner from Kilmainham to Chelsea, to effect a little saving, careless of the feelings, the associations, the joys, or the griefs of the poor old Irish soldiers who had bravely served their country. The cruelty was prevented by something

like an exhibition of national spirit and national indignation. Thus the Irish people see all the public establishments of their capital extinguished by the hard rules of political economy, or withdrawn from the poorer kingdom to carry out the unbending principles of Imperial centralisation. They behold the senate house of Ireland a bank—the magnificent structure within whose walls the voice of eloquence was heard, stands a monument of former greatness and present degradation. The glorious labours of our gifted countrymen within these walls are not forgotten. The works of the intellect do not quickly perish. The verses of Homer have lived for twenty-five hundred years and more without the loss of a single syllable or letter, while cities and temples and palaces have fallen. The eloquence of Greece tells of her freedom and the genius it produced. We forget her ruin in the recollection of her greatness. Nor can we read, even now, without emotion, the exalted sentiments of her inspired sons, poured forth in exquisite language, to save the expiring liberties of their country. Perhaps their genius had a resurrectionary power, and in latter days quickened a degenerate posterity from the lethargy of slavery to the activity of freedom. Men have lived amongst us who approached the greatness of antiquity. The imperishable records of their eloquence may keep alive in our hearts a zeal for freedom and a love of country. The comprehensive genius of Flood—the more than mortal energy of Grattan—the splendour of Bushe—the wisdom of Saurin—the learning of Ball—the noble simplicity of Burrowes—the Demosthenic fire of Plunket—and the eloquence of Curran, rushing from the heart, and which will sound in the ears of his countrymen for ever. They failed to save the ancient constitution of Ireland—wit, learning, genius, eloquence, lost their power over the souls of men. With one great exception, our distinguished countrymen have passed away, but their memorials cannot perish with them. While the language lasts their eloquence lives, and their names will be remembered by a grateful posterity so long as genius shall be honoured and patriotism revered. The Irish people, lastly, demand that the Union be repealed, because, they say, their feelings have not been consulted, nor their grievances redressed, nor

their miseries relieved, by the Imperial Parliament. Wealth has diminished, say they, amongst us ; before us there is a gloomy prospect and little hope. Our character has been misunderstood, and frequently slandered—our faults magnified into vices, and the crimes of a few visited upon a nation. The Irish—the mere Irish—have been derided as creatures of impulse, without settled understandings, a reasoning power, or a moral sense. The Irish people have their faults—God knows they have ; but they are redeemed by splendid virtues ; their sympathies are warm, their affections generous, their hearts are brave. They have embraced this project of repeal with ardour. It is their nature where they feel strongly to act boldly and to speak passionately. You will not punish your countrymen for the enthusiasm of their character ; remember what it has effected, and forgive its excesses. Recollect that same enthusiasm has borne them triumphantly o'er fields of peril and glory—impelled them to shed their dearest blood and spend their gallant lives in defence of the liberties of England. The broken chivalry of France attests the value of their fiery enthusiasm, and marks its power. Their high spirit has its uses not merely in the storm of battle ; it cheers their almost broken heart—lightens their load of misery, well nigh insupportable—sweetens the bitter cup of poverty which thousands of our countrymen are doomed to drink. Without enthusiasm, what that is truly great has been achieved for man ? The glorious works of art, the immortal productions of the understanding, the incredible labours of patriots and heroes for the salvation of the liberties of mankind, have been promoted by enthusiasm, and by little else. Cold and dull were our existence here below, unless the deep passions of the soul, stirred by enthusiasm, were sometimes summoned into action for great and noble purposes—the overwhelming of vice, wickedness, and tyranny—the securing and spreading the world's virtue, the world's happiness, the world's freedom. The hand of Omnipotence, by whose touch this island started into existence amidst the waters which surround it, stamped upon its people noble qualities of the intellect and heart. Directed to the wise purposes for which Heaven designed them, they will yet redeem, regenerate, and exalt this country.



## The Burial of King Cormac.

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BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

"Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,"  
Said Cormac, "are but carven treene :  
The axe that made them, haft or helve,  
Had worthier of our worship been.

"But He who made the tree to grow,  
And hid in earth the iron-stone,  
And made the man, with mind to know  
The axe's use, is God alone."

Anon to priests of Crom was brought,  
Where, girded in their service dread,  
They ministered on red Moy Slaughter,  
Word of the words King Cormac said.

They loosed their curse against the king ;  
They cursed him in his flesh and bones ;  
And daily in their mystic ring  
They turned the maledictive stones.

Till, where at meat the monarch sate,  
Amid the revel and the wine,  
He choked upon the food he ate.  
At Sletty, southward of the Boyne.

High vaunted then the priestly throng,  
And far and wide they noised abroad,  
With trump and loud liturgic song,  
The praise of their avenging god.

But ere the voice was wholly spent  
That priest and prince should still obey,  
To awe'd attendants o'er him bent  
Great Cormac gathered breath to say—

"Spread not the beds of Brugh for me  
When restless death bed's use is done;  
But bury me in Rosnaree,  
And face me to the rising sun.

"For all the kings who lie in Brugh  
Put trust in gods of wood and stone,  
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew  
One, Unseen, who is God alone.

"His glory lightens from the East;  
His message soon shall reach our shore;  
And idol-god and cursing priest  
Shall plague us from Aloy Slaughter no more."

Dead Cormac on his bier they laid.  
"He reigned a king for forty years,  
And shame it were," his captains said,  
"He lay not with his royal peers.

"His grandsire, Hundred-Battle, sleeps  
Sereue in Brugh; and, all around,  
Dead kings in stone sepulchral keeps  
Protect the sacred burial ground.

"What though a dying man should rave  
Of changes o'er the eastern sea?  
In Brugh of Boyne shall be his grave,  
And not in noteless Rosnaree."

Then northward forth they bore the bier,  
And down from Sletty side they drew  
With horseman and with charioteer  
To cross the fords of Boyne to Brugh.

There came a breath of finer air  
That touched the Boyne with ruffling wings;  
It stirred him in his sedgy lair  
And in his mossy moorland springs:

And as the burial train came down  
With dirge and savage dolorous shows,  
Across their pathway, broad and brown,  
The deep, full-hearted river rose.

From bank to bank through all his fords  
'Neath black'ning squalls he swelled and boiled;

And thrice the wondering gentile lords  
Essayed to cross, and thrice recoiled.

Then forth stepped gray-haired warriors four,  
They said, "Through angrier floods than those  
On linked shields once our king we bore  
From Dread-Spear and the hosts of Deece ;

"And long as loyal will holds good,  
And limbs respond with helpful thews,  
No flood, nor fiend within the flood,  
Shall bar him of his burial dues."

With slanted necks they stooped to lift ;  
They heaved him up to neck and chin ;  
And, pair and pair, with footsteps swift,  
Locked arm and shoulder, bore him in.

'Twas brave to see them leave the shore,  
To mark the deep'ning surges rise,  
And fall subdued in foam before  
The tension of their striding thighs.

'Twas brave, when near a spear-cast out,  
Breast-high the battle surges ran ;  
For weight was great, and limbs were stout,  
And loyal man put trust in man.

But ere they reached the middle deep,  
Nor steadying weight of clay they bore,  
Nor strain of sinewy limbs, could keep  
Their feet beneath the swerving four.

And now they slide, and now they swim,  
And now, amid the black'ning squall  
Grey locks afloat, with clutchings grim,  
They plunge around the floating pall ;

While, as a youth with practised spear  
Through jostling crowds bears off the ring,  
Boyne from their shoulders caught the bier  
And proudly bore away the king.

At morning on the grassy marge  
Of Rosnaree the corpse was found,  
And shepherds at their early charge  
Entombed it in the peaceful ground.

A tranquil spot ! a hopeful sound  
Comes from the ever-youthful stream,  
And still on daisied mead and mound  
The dawn delays with tenderer beam.

Round Cormac Spring renews her buds :  
In march perpetual by his side  
Down come the earth-fresh April floods,  
And up the sea-fresh salmon glide ;

And Life and Time rejoicing run  
From age to age their wonted way ;  
But still he waits the risen run,  
For still 'tis only dawning day.

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### The Sister of Charity.

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BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

She once was a lady of honour and wealth ;  
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health ;  
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,  
And her motion shook perfume from every fold :  
Joy revelled around her—love shone at her side ;  
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride ;  
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,  
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,  
That called her to live for the suffering race ;  
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,  
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, " I come."  
She put from her person the trappings of pride,  
And passed from her home, with the joy of a bride,  
Nor wept at the threshold, as onwards she moved—  
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,  
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—

No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,  
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.  
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,  
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;  
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,  
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,  
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;  
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,  
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;  
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,  
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain ;  
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,  
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead ;  
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read ;  
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed ;  
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head ;  
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees ;  
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease ;  
The delicate lady lives mortified there,  
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and pray'r.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind  
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined ;  
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief  
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.  
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,  
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;  
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,  
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,  
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapour of death ;  
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,  
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.  
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face  
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace !  
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,  
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him !

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !  
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain—  
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,  
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—  
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen !  
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed  
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

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### An Elegy on the Death of a Glad Dog.

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BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had  
To comfort friends and foes ;  
The naked every day he clad  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets  
The wondering neighbours ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye ;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied ;  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

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### Edmund Burke on British Atrocities in India.

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(FROM BURKE'S SPEECH ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF  
WARREN HASTINGS.)

DEBI SING and his instruments suspected, and in a few cases they suspected justly, that the country people had purloined from their own estates, and had hidden in secret places in the circumjacent deserts, some small reserve of their own grain to maintain themselves during the unproductive months of the year, and to leave some hope for a future season. But the under tyrants knew that the demands of Mr. Hastings would admit no plea for delay, much less for subtraction of his bribe, and that he would not abate a shilling of it to the wants of the whole human race. These hoards, real or supposed, not being discovered by menaces and imprisonment, they fell upon the last resource, the naked bodies of the people. And here, my lords, began such a scene of cruelties and tortures as I believe no history has ever presented to the indignation of the world ; such as, I am sure, in the most barbarous ages, no politic tyranny, no fanatic persecution, has ever yet exceeded. Mr. Patterson, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the country, makes his own apology and mine for opening this scene of horrors to you in the following words : " That the punishment inflicted upon the ryots both in Rungpore and Dinagapore for non-

payment were in many instances of such a nature that I would rather wish to draw a veil over them than shock your feelings by the detail ; but that, however disagreeable the task may be to myself, it is absolutely necessary for the sake of justice, humanity, and the honour of government that they should be exposed, to be prevented in future."

My lords, they began by winding cords round the fingers of the unhappy freeholders of those provinces, until they clung to and were almost incorporated with one another ; and then they hammered wedges of iron between them, until, regardless of the cries of the sufferers, they had bruised to pieces and for ever crippled those poor, honest, innocent, laborious hands which had never been raised to their mouths but with a penurious and scanty proportion of the fruits of their own soil ; but those fruits (denied to the wants of their own children) have for more than fifteen years past furnished the investment for our trade with China, and been sent annually out, and without recompense, to purchase for us that delicate meal with which your lordships, and all this auditory, and all this country, have begun every day for these fifteen years at their expense. To those beneficent hands that labour for our benefit, the return of the British Government has been cords and wedges. But there is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it they will not pull down, when they are lifted to Heaven against their oppressors ? Then what can withstand such hands ? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them ? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavour to secure ourselves from the vengeance which these mashed and disabled hands may pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.

But to pursue this melancholy but necessary detail. I am next to open to your lordships what I am hereafter to prove, that the most substantial and leading yeomen, the responsible farmers, the parochial magistrates and chiefs of villages, were tied two and two by the legs together ; and their tormentors, throwing them with their heads downwards over a bar, beat them on the soles of their feet with ratans, until the nails fell from their toes ; and then attacking them



at their heads, as they hung downward, as before at their feet, they beat them with sticks and other instruments of blind fury, until the blood gushed out at their eyes, mouths, and noses.

Not thinking that the ordinary whips and cudgels, even so administered, were sufficient, to others (and often also to the same who had suffered as I have stated) they applied, instead of ratan and bamboo, whips made of the branches of the Bale-tree—a tree full of sharp and strong thorns, which tear the skin and lacerate the flesh far worse than ordinary scourges.

For others, exploring with a searching and inquisitive malice, stimulated by an insatiate rapacity, all the devious paths of nature for whatever is most unfriendly to man, they made rods of a plant highly caustic and poisonous, called *Bechettea*, every wound of which festers and gangrenes, adds double and treble to the present torture, leaves a crust of leprous sores upon the body, and often ends in the destruction of life itself.

At night these poor innocent sufferers, those martyrs of avarice and extortion, were brought into dungeons; and in the season when nature takes refuge in insensibility from all the miseries and cares which wait on life, they were three times scourged, and made to reckon the watches of the night by periods and intervals of torment. They were then led out in the severe depth of Winter—which there at certain seasons would be severe to any, to the Indians is most severe and almost intolerable—they were led out before break of day, and, stiff and sore as they were with the bruises and wounds of the night, were plunged into water; and whilst their jaws clung together with the cold, and their bodies were rendered infinitely more sensible, the blows and stripes were renewed upon their backs; and then delivering them over to soldiers, they were sent into their farms and villages to discover where a few handfuls of grain might be found concealed, or to extract some loan from the remnants of compassion and courage not subdued in those who had reason to fear that their own turn of torment would be next, that they should succeed them in the same punishment, and that their very humanity, being

taken as a proof of their wealth, would subject them (as it did in many cases subject them) to some inhuman tortures. After this circuit of the day through their plundered and ruined villages, they were remanded at night to the same prison; whipped as before at their return to the dungeon, and at morning whipped at their leaving it; and then sent as before to purchase, by begging in the day, the reiteration of the torture in the night. Days of menace, insult, and extortion—nights of bolts, fetters, and flagellation—succeeded to each other in the same round, and for a long time made up all the vicissitudes of life to these miserable people.

But there are persons whose fortitude could bear their own suffering, there are men who are hardened by their very pains; and the mind, strengthened even by the torments of the body, rises with a strong defiance against its oppressor. They were assaulted on the side of their sympathy. Children were scourged almost to death in the presence of their parents. This was not enough. The son and the father were bound close together, face to face and body to body, and in that situation cruelly lashed together, so that the blow which escaped the father fell upon the son, and the blow which missed the son wound over the back of the parent. The circumstances were combined by so subtle a cruelty, that every stroke which did not excruciate the sense should wound and lacerate the sentiments and affections of nature.

On the same principle, and for the same ends, virgins who had never seen the sun were dragged from the inmost sanctuaries of their houses. . . . Wives were torn from the arms of their husbands, and suffered the same flagitious wrongs, which were indeed hid in the bottoms of the dungeons, in which their honour and their liberty were buried together.

The women thus treated lost their caste. My lords, we are not here to commend or blame the institutions and prejudices of a whole race of people, radicated in them by a long succession of ages, on which no reason or argument on which no vicissitudes of things, no mixture of men, or foreign conquests, have been able to make the smallest impression. The aboriginal Gentoo inhabitants are all dispersed into tribes or castes, each caste born to have an

invariable rank, rights, and descriptions of employment ; so that one caste cannot by any means pass into another. With the Gentoos certain impurities or disgraces, though without any guilt of the party, infer loss of caste ; and when the highest caste (that of the Brahmin, which is not only noble but sacred) is lost, the person who loses it does not slide down into one lower but reputable—he is wholly driven from all honest society. All the relations of life are at once dissolved. His parents are no longer his parents, his wife is no longer his wife, his children, no longer his, are no longer to regard him as their father. It is something far worse than complete outlawry, complete attainder, and universal excommunication. It is a pollution even to touch him, and if he touches any of his old caste, they are justified in putting him to death. Contagion, leprosy, plague are not so much shunned. No honest occupation can be followed. He becomes an *Halichore*, if (which is rare) he survives that miserable degradation.

Your lordships will not wonder that these monstrous and oppressive demands, exacted with such tortures, threw the whole province into despair. They abandoned their crops on the ground. The people in a body would have fled out of its confines ; but bands of soldiers invested the avenues of the province, and, making a line of circumvallation, drove back those wretches, who sought exile as a relief, into the prison of their native soil. Not suffered to quit the district, they fled to the many wild thickets which oppression had scattered through it, and sought amongst the jungles and dens of tigers a refuge from the tyranny of Warren Hastings. Not able long to exist here, pressed at once by wild beasts and famine, the same despair drove them back ; and seeking their last resource in arms, the most quiet, the most passive, the most timid of the human race, rose up in universal insurrection, and (what will always happen in popular tumults) the effects of the fury of the people fell on the meaner and sometimes the reluctant instruments of the tyranny, who in several places were massacred. The insurrection began in Rungpore, and soon spread its fire to the neighbouring provinces, which had been harassed by the same person with the same oppressions. The English chief in that province

had been the silent witness, most probably the abettor and accomplice, of all these horrors. He called in first irregular, and then regular troops, who, by dreadful and universal military execution, got the better of the impotent resistance of unarmed and undisciplined despair. I am tired with the detail of the cruelties of peace. I spare you those of a cruel and inhuman war, and of the executions which, without law or process, or even the shadow of authority, were ordered by the English revenue chief in that province.

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### Faug-a-Ballagh.

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BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Fill the cup, my brothers,  
 To pledge a toast  
 Which beyond all others  
 We prize the most ;  
 As yet 'tis but a notion  
 We dare not name,  
 But soon o'er land and ocean  
 'Twill fly with fame !  
 Then give the game before us  
 One view holla,  
 Hip ! hurra ! in chorus,

*Faug-a ballagh !*

•  
 We our hearts can fling, boys,  
 O'er this notion,  
 As the sea-bird's wing, boys,  
 Dips the ocean.  
 'Tis too deep for words, boys,  
 The thought we know,  
 So, like the ocean birds, boys,  
 We touch and go ;

For dangers deep surrounding  
 Our hopes might swallow ;  
 So, through the tempest bounding,  
*Faug-a-ballagh !*

This thought with glory rife, boys,  
 Did brooding dwell,  
 Till time did give it life, boys,  
 To break the shell ;  
 'Tis in our hearts yet lying,  
 An unfledged thing,  
 But soon, an eaglet flying,  
 'Twill take the wing !  
 For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—  
 No Summer swallow—  
 'Twill live through Winter's gale, boys,  
*Faug-a ballagh !*

Lawyers may indite us  
 By crooked laws,  
 Soldiers strive to fright us  
 From country's cause ;  
 But we will sustain it  
 Living—dying—  
 Point of law or bay'net  
 Still defying !  
 Let their parchment rattle—  
 Drums are hollow :  
 So is lawyers' prattle—  
*Faug-a ballagh !*

Better early graves, boys,  
 Dark locks gory,  
 Than bow our heads as slaves, boys,  
 When they're hoary.  
 Fight it out we must, boys,  
 Hit or miss it ;  
 Better bite the dust, boys,  
 Than to kiss it !  
 For dust to dust at last, boys,  
 Death will swallow—  
 Hark ! the trumpet's blast, boys, .  
*Faug-a ballagh !*

## The Porch of Hell.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE. TRANSLATED BY "FATHER  
PROUT.")

*"Seek ye the path traced by the wrath of God for sinful mortals?  
Of the reprobate this is the gate, these are the gloomy portals!  
For sin and crime, from the birth of Time, dug was this pit infernal,  
Guest! let all hope on this threshold stop! here reigns despair  
eternal."*

I read with tears these characters—tears shed on man's behalf;  
Each word seemed fraught with painful thought, the lost soul's  
epitaph.

Turning dismayed, "O mystic shade," I cried, "my kindly  
Mentor,  
Of comfort, say, can no sweet ray these dark dominions enter?"

"My son!" replied the ghostly guide, "this is the dark abode  
Of the guilty dead—alone they tread hell's melancholy road.  
Brace up thy nerves! this hour deserves that Mind should have  
control,  
And bid avaunt fears that would haunt the clay-imprisoned soul.

"Mine be the task, when thou shalt ask, each mystery to solve;  
Anon for us dark Erebus back shall its gates revolve—  
Hell shall disclose its deepest woes, each punishment, each pang,  
Saint hath revealed, or eye beheld, or flame-tongued prophet  
sang."

Gates were unrolled of iron mould—a dismal dungeon yawned!  
We passed—we stood—'twas hell we viewed—eternity had  
dawned;

Space on our sight burst infinite—echoes were heard remote;  
Shrieks loud and drear startled our ear, and stripes incessant  
smote.

Onward we went. The firmament was starless o'er our head;  
Spectres swept by inquiringly—clapping their hands they fled!

Born on the blast strange whispers passed ; and ever and anon  
Athwart the plain, like hurricane, God's vengeance would come  
on.

Then sounds, breathed low, of gentler woe, soft on our hearing  
stole ;

Captives so meek fain would I seek to comfort and console :

"Oh ! let us pause and learn the cause of so much grief, and  
why

Saddens the air of their despair the unavailing sigh !"

"My son ! Heaven grants them utterance in plaintive notes of  
woe ;

In tears their grief may find relief, but hence they never go.

Fools ! they believed that if they lived blameless, and vice  
eschewed,

God would dispense with excellence, and give beatitude.

"They died ! but naught of virtue brought to win their Maker's  
praise ;

No deeds of worth the page set forth that chronicled their days.

Fixed is their doom—eternal gloom ! to mourn for what is past,  
And weep aloud amid that crowd with whom their lot is cast.

"One fate they share with spirits fair who, when rebellion shook  
God's holy roof, remained aloof, nor part whatever took ;

Drew not the sword against their Lord, nor yet upheld His  
throne ;

Could God for this make perfect bliss theirs when the fight was  
won !

"The world knows not their dreary lot, nor can assuage their  
pangs,

Or cure the curse of full remorse, or blunt the tiger's fangs.

Mercy disdains to loose their chains—the hour of grace has  
been !

Son ! let that class unheeded pass—unwept, though not unseen."

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There never was a crime of any kind committed anywhere  
that was not exceeded in the conduct of the English Govern-  
ment towards Ireland.—*O'Connell*.

## An Unexpected Interview.

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FROM "TOM BURKE OF OURS," BY CHARLES LEVER.

WEEK after week rolled on, and still I find myself a denizen of George's-street. The silly routine of the barrack life filled all my thoughts, save the waning condition of my purse would momentarily turn them towards the future; but these moments of reflection came but seldom, and at last came not at all. It was Autumn—the town almost divested of its inhabitants, at least of all who could leave it; and along the parched sunburnt streets a stray jingle or a noddy was rarely seen to pass. The squares, so lately crowded with equipages and cavalcades of horsemen, were silent and deserted; the closed shutters of every house, and the grass-grown steps, vouched for the absence of the owners. The same dreary lethargy that seemed to rest over the deserted city appeared to pervade everything; and save a certain subdued activity among the officials of the Castle—a kind of ground-swell movement that boded something important—there was nothing stirring. The great measure of the "Union," which had been carried on the night of the riots, had, however, annihilated the hopes of the Irish Liberal party; and many who once had taken a leading part in politics had now deserted public life for ever.

They with whom I associated cared but little for these things. There were but two or three Irish in the regiment, and they had long since lost all their nationality in the wear and tear of the service; so that I heard nothing of what occupied the public mind, and lived on in the very midst of the threatening hurricane, in a calm as deep as death itself.

I had seen neither Barton nor Basset since the day of my leave-taking; and, stranger still, never could meet with Darby, who seemed to have deserted Dublin. The wreck of the party he belonged to seemed now effectually accom-



plished, and the prospect of Irish independence was lost, as it seemed, for ever.

I was sitting one evening in the window of Bubbleton's quarters, thinking over these things, not without self-reproach for the life I was leading, so utterly adverse to the principles I had laid down for my guidance. I thought of poor de Meudon, and all his ambitious dreams for my success, and I felt my cheek flush with shame for my base desertion of the cause to which, with his dying breath, he devoted me. I brought up in memory those happy evenings, as we wandered through the fields, talking over the glorious campaigns of Italy, or speculating on the mighty changes we believed yet before us ; and then I thought of the reckless orgies in which my present life was passed. I remembered how his full voice would falter when one great name fell from his lips ; and with what reverence he touched his chapeau as the word "Bonaparte" escaped from him ! And how my heart thrilled to think of an enthusiasm that could light up the dying embers of a broken heart and make it flash out in vivid brilliancy once more, and longed to feel as he did !

For the first time for some weeks I found myself alone. Bubbleton was on guard ; and, though I had promised to join him at supper, I lingered at home, to think and ponder over the past. I scarcely dared to face the future. It was growing dusky. The rich golden arch of an Autumn moon could be seen through the hazy mist of that half frost which is at this season the sure harbinger of a hot day on the morrow. The street noises had gradually died away, and, save the distant sound of a ballad singer, whose mournful cadence fell sadly on the ear, I heard nothing.

Without perceiving it, I found myself listening to the doggrel of the minstrel, who, like most of her fellows of the period, was celebrating the means that had been used by Government to carry their favourite measure—the Union with England. There was, indeed, very little to charm the ear or win the sense in either the accent or the sentiment of the melody ; yet somehow she had contrived to collect a pretty tolerable audience, who moved slowly along with her down the street and evinced by many an outburst of enthu-

siasm how thoroughly they relished the pointed allusions of the verse, and how completely they enjoyed the dull satiro of the song.

As they approached the barracks, the procession came to a halt, probably deeming that so valuable a lesson should not be lost on his Majesty's service; and, forming into a circle round the singer, a silence was commanded, when with that quavering articulation so characteristic of the tribe, and that strange quality of a voice that seems to alternate between a high treble and a deep bass, the lady began:

"Don't be crowdin' me in that a way. There it is now—ye're tearin' the cloak off the back o' me. Devil recave the note I'll sing, if you don't behave! And look at his honour up there, with a tenpenny bit in the heel of his fist for me. The Lord reward your purty face—'tis yourself that has the darlin' blue eyes! Bad scan to yez, ye blaggards—look at my elegant bonnet the way you've made it!"

"Arrah! rise the tune, and don't be blarneying the young gentleman," said a voice from the crowd; and then added, in a lower but very audible tone, "Them chaps hasn't a farthin' beyond their pay—three and ninepence a day, and find themselves in pipeclay!"

A rude laugh followed this insolent speech; and the ballad singer, whose delay had only been a *ruse* to attract a sufficient auditory, then began to a very well-known air—

"Come hither, M.P.'s, and I tell  
My advice, and I'm sure you'll not mock it:  
Whoever has a country to sell,  
Need never want gold in his pocket.  
Your brother a bishop shall be—  
Yourself—if you only will make a  
Voice in our ma-jo-rity—  
: We'll make chief judge in Jamaica.  
Tol lol de rol, tol de rol lay!"

The mob-chorus here broke in, and continued with such hearty enthusiasm, that I lost the entire of the next verse in the tumult.

"Your father, they say, is an ass,  
And your mother not noted for knowledge;  
But he'll do very well at Madras,  
And she shall be provost of college.

Your aunt, lady's-maid to the Queen ;  
 And Bill, if he'd give up his rakin',  
 And not drunk in day-time be seen,  
 I'll make him a rosy archdeacon.  
 Tol, lol de rol, tol de rol lay!

"A jollier set ne'er was seen,  
 'Than you'll be, when freed from you callin',  
 With an empty house in College-green—  
 What an elegant place to play ball in.  
 Ould Foster stand by with his mace,  
 He'll do mighty well for a marker ;  
 John Toler"—

"Here's the polis !" said a gruff voice from the crowd ; and the word was repeated from mouth to mouth in every accent of fear and dread, while in an instant all took to flight, some dashing down obscure lanes and narrow alleys, others running straight onwards towards Dame-street, but all showing the evident apprehension they felt at the approach of those dreaded officials. The ballad singer alone did not move. Whether too old or too infirm to trust to speed, or too much terrified to run, I know not ; but there she stood, the last cadence of her song still dying on her lips, while the clattering sounds of men advancing rapidly were heard in the distant street.

I know not why some strange momentary impulse, half pity, half caprice, moved me to her rescue, and I called out to the sentry, "Let that woman pass in !" She heard the words, and with an activity greater than I could have expected sprang into the barrack-yard, while the police passed eagerly on in vain pursuit of their victims.

I remained motionless in the window-seat, watching the now silent street, when a gentle tap came to my door. I opened it, and there stood the figure of the ballad-singer, her ragged cloak gathered closely across her face with one hand, while with the other she held the bundle of printed songs, her only stock in trade.

While I stood gazing at the uncouth and ragged figure before me, she pushed rudely past, and shutting the door behind her, asked, in a low whisper, "Are ye alone?" and then, without waiting for a reply, threw back the tattered bonnet that covered her head, and, removing a wig of long black hair, stared steadfastly at me.

"Do you know me now?" said the hag, in a voice of almost menacing eagerness.

"What!" cried I, in amazement, "it surely cannot be——Darby, is this really you?"

"Ye may well say it," replied he, bitterly. "Ye had time enough to forget me since we met last; and 'tis thinking twice your grand friends the officers would be before they'd put their necks where mine is now to see you. Read that"—as he spoke, he threw a ragged and torn piece of paper on the table—"read that; and you'll see there's five hundred pounds of blood-money to the man that takes me. Ay, and here I stand this minnit in the king's barrack, and walked fifty-four miles this blessed day just to see you and speak to you once more. Well, well"—he turned away his head while he said this, and, wiping a starting tear from his red eyeball, he added, "Master 'Iom, 'tis myself would never b'lieve ye done it."

"Did what?" said I, eagerly; "what have I ever done that you should charge me thus?"

But Darby heard me not; his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his lips moved rapidly as though he were speaking to himself. "Ay," said he, half aloud, "true enough, 'tis the gentlemen that betrayed us always—never came good of the cause where they took a part. But you"—here he turned full round, and grasping my arm, spoke directly to me—"you that I loved better than my own kith and kin, that I thought would one day be a pride and a glory to us all—you that I brought over myself to the cause"—

"And when have I deserted—when have I betrayed it?"

"When did you desert it?" repeated he, in a tone of mocking irony. "Tell me the day and hour ye came here—tell me the first time you sat down among the red butchers of King George, and I'll answer ye that. Is it here you ought to be? Is this the home for him that has a heart for Ireland? I never said you betrayed us; others said it—but I stood to it ye never did that? But what does it signify? 'Tis no wonder ye left us, we poor and humble people; we had nothing at heart but the good cause"—

"Stop!" cried I, maddened by the taunt, "what could I have done? Where was my place?"

"Don't ask me. If your own heart doesn't teach ye, how can I? But it's over now—the day is gone, and I must take to the road again. My heart is lighter since I seen you, and it will be lighter again when I give you this warnin'—God knows if you'll mind it. You think yourself safe now since you joined the sodgers—you think they trust you, and that Barton's eye isn't on ye still. There isn't a word you say isn't noted down—not a man you spake to isn't watched! You don't know it, but I know it. There's more go to the gallows in Ireland over their wine than with the pike in their hands. Take care of your friends, I say."

"You wrong them, Darby, and you wrong me. Never have I heard from one here a single word that could offend the proudest heart among us."

"Why would they?—what need of it? Ar'n't we down, down—ar'n't we hunted like wild beasts? is the roof left to shelter us? dare we walk the roads? dare we say, 'God save ye!' when we meet, and not be tried for passwords? It's no wonder they pity us—the hardest heart must melt sometimes."

"As to myself," said I—for there was no use in attempting to reason with him further—"my every wish is with the cause as warmly as on the day we parted; but I look to France"—

"Ay, and why not? I remember the time your eye flashed and your cheek grew another colour when you spoke of that."

"Yes, Darby," said I, after a pause; "and I had not been here now, but that the only means I possessed of forwarding myself in the French service are unfortunately lost to me."

"And what was that?" interrupted he, eagerly.

"Some letters which the poor Captain de Meudon gave me," said I, endeavouring to seem as much at ease as I could. Darby stooped down as I spoke, and, ripping open the lining of his cloak, produced a small parcel fastened with a cord, saying:

"Are these what you mean?"

I opened it with a trembling hand, and, to my inexpressible delight, discovered Charles's letter to the head of the

Ecole Polytechnique, together with a letter of credit and two cheques on his banker. The note to his sister was not, however, among them.

"How came you by these papers, Darby?" inquired I, eagerly.

"I found them on the road Barton travelled, the same evening you made your escape from the yeomanry—you remember that? They were soon missed, and an orderly was sent back to search for them. Since that I've kept them by me; and it was only yesterday that I thought of bringing them to you, thinking you might know something about them."

"There's a mark on this," said I, still gazing on the paper in my hand—"it looks like blood."

"If it is, it is mine then," said Darby, doggedly; and, after a pause, he continued, "the soldier galloped up the very minute I was stooping for the papers. He called out to me to give them up; but I pretended not to hear, and took a long look round to see what way I could escape where his horse couldn't follow me; but he saw what I was at, and the same instant his sabre was in my shoulder, and the blood running hot down my arm. I fell on my knees; but, if I did, I took this from my breast"—here he drew forth a long-barrelled rusty pistol—"and shot him through the neck."

"Was he killed?" said I, in horror at the coolness of the recital.

"Sorrow one o' me knows. He fell on his horse's mane, and I saw the beast gallop with him up the road with his arms hanging at each side of the neck; and then I heard a crash, and I saw that he was down, and the horse was dragging him by the stirrup; but the dust soon hid him from my sight, and, indeed, I was growing weak too, so I crept into the bushes until it was dark, and then got down to Glencree."

The easy indifference with which he spoke, the tone of coolness in which he narrated this circumstance, thrilled through me far more painfully than the most passionate description; and I stood gazing on him with a feeling of dread that, unhappily, my features but too plainly indi-

cated. He seemed to know what was passing in my mind ; and, as if stung by what he deemed my ingratitude for the service he had rendered me, his face grew darkly red, the swollen veins stood out thick and knotted in his forehead, his livid lips quivered, and he said, in a thick, guttural voice :

"Maybe ye think I murdered him?" And then, as I made no answer, he resumed, in a different tone, "And, faix, ye warn't long larnin' their lessons. But, hear me, now : there never was a traitor to the cause had a happy life, or an easy death ; there never was one betrayed us but we were revenged on him or his. I don't think ye're come to *that* yet ; for, if I did, by the mortal!"—

As he pronounced the last word, in a tone of the fiercest menace, the sounds of many voices talking without and the noise of a key turning in the lock broke in upon our colloquy ; and Darby had scarcely time to resume his disguise when Bubbleton entered, followed by three of his brother officers, all speaking together, and in accents that evidently betokened their having drunk somewhat freely.

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### The Voice of Labour.

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A Chant of the Repeal Meetings. A.D. 1843.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

Ye who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this sight to-day,  
When stalwart trade in long brigade, beyond a king's array,  
Marched in the blessed light of Heaven, beneath the open sky,  
Strong in the might of sacred right, that none dare ask them  
why ?

These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye spit upon with  
scorn—

The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and basely bred as born ;  
Yet, know, ye soft and silken lords, were we the thing ye say,  
Your broad domains, your coffered gains, your lives were ours  
to-day.

Measure that rank from flank to flank ; 'tis fifty thousand strong ;

And mark you here, in front and rear, brigades as deep and long ;

And know that never blade of foe, or Arran's deadly breeze,  
Tried by assay of storm or fray more dauntless hearts than these ;

The sinewy smith, little he recks of his own child—the sword ;  
The men of gear, think you they fear *their* handiwork—a lord ?  
And, undismayed, yon sons of trade might see the battle's front,  
Who bravely bore, nor bowed before, the deadlier face of want.

What lack we here of show or form that lures your slaves to death ?

Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor music's martial breath ;

And if we broke the bitter yoke our suppliant race endure,  
No robbers we—but chivalry—the Army of the Poor.

Shame on ye now, ye lordly crew, that do your betters wrong—  
We are no base and braggart mob, but merciful and strong.

Your henchmen vain, your vassal train, would fly our first defiance ;

In us—in our strong, tranquil breasts—abides your sole reliance.

Ay ! keep them all, castle and hall, coffers and costly jewels—  
Keep your vile gain, and in its train the passions that it fuels.

We envy not your lordly lot—its bloom, or its decayence ;

But ye *have* that we claim as ours—our right in long abeyance :  
Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to taste our freedom—

Oh ! suffering poor, oh ! patient poor, how bitterly you need them !

"Ever to moil, ever to toil," that is your social charter,  
And city slave or peasant serf, the TOILER is its martyr.

Where Frank and Tuscan shed their sweat the goodly crop is theirs—

If Norway's toil makes rich the soil, she eats the fruit she rears—  
O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord, saving the Lord on high ;

But we are slaves in our own land—proud masters, tell us why ?  
The German burgher and his men, brother with brothers live,  
While toil must wait without *your* gate what gracious crusts you give.

Long in your sight, for our own right, we've bent, and still we bend ;

Why did we bow ? why do we now—proud masters, this must end.



Perish the past!—a generous land is this fair land of ours,  
And enmity, may no man see between its towns and towers.  
Come, join our bands—here, take our hands—now shame on  
him that lingers—

Merchant or peer, you have no fear from Labour's blistered  
fingers.

Come, join at last—perish the past—its traitors, its seceders—  
Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold, come join and be  
our leaders ;

But know, ye lords, that be your swords with us or with our  
wronger,

Heaven be our guide, for we shall bide this lot of shame no  
longer !

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### Fontenoy.

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BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,  
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain  
assailed ;

For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,  
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.  
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst  
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.  
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,  
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try—  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride,  
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide !

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,  
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their  
head ;

Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill ;  
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,  
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,  
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering  
fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,  
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force :  
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their  
ranks,  
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean  
banks.

More idly than the Summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round ;  
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground ;  
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they  
marched and fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on, my household cavalry !" King Louis madly cried :  
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they  
died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his  
rein :

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops  
remain" ;

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,  
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish ; there are your  
Saxon foes !"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes !

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so  
gay—

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—  
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,  
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's  
parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country over-  
thrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,

"Fix bay'nets !—charge !" Like mountain storm rush on these  
fiery bands !

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,  
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have they make a gallant  
show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—

Their bayonets the breakers' foam ; like rocks, the men behind !

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza !

" Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the Sacsanach ! "

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,

Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang :

Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore ;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, the trampled flags they tore ;

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead ;

Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won !

## The Support of Irish Literature & Patriotic Duty.

(From an Address delivered in 1864 to the Catholic Young Men's Societies, by the Very Rev. R. B. O'Brien, Dean of Limerick.)

I CANNOT permit myself to pass away from this subject without adverting to our obligations to patronise the great labourers in the field of literature, who claim our support by the exertions which they make for ourselves. It is impossible to create a literature—historical, imaginative, or scientific—unless there be a public spirit to sustain the searcher while he examines, and to light the study of the thinker with hope while he wears away his life. Now, we want workers of the brain and labourers of the closet. The Church needs

them—the country needs them—and both need them in almost every department of intellectual operation. We cannot possess them unless we encourage them, for we cannot expect strangers to value them unless we manifest a due appreciation of them ourselves. You will pardon me this liberty ; but it is impossible to speak upon the subject of study without calling upon the Young Men's Societies to aid in purifying the atmosphere in which it is to be made. Thousands perish from the poison which they are compelled to imbibe while they pursue their objects of improvement or amusement—the children of the household of faith just in as great numbers as any other in the land. Works of fancy are crammed with the attractions of sensualism ; works of science and history are replete with inexactness, and are often instruments of prejudice that work more evil than direct, nay, revealed malice. The true inquirer ought to guard himself and others against both. But as every man will read—as we ourselves will read—the commonest consistency demands of us, at every convenient time that it can be done, to stand by the workmen who are labouring for truth, purity, and justice, and we have to blame only ourselves if they surrender their mission in despair. Permit me, brothers, to ask, do you agree with me in this view ? Certainly you do. Well, your belief will find its work to-morrow, when you commence the mind-meal of the day. Begin at once to travel in the right direction. Lose no time in performing a duty which Truth has revealed to your eyes. Do something for a principle—a penny or a pound, according to your ability—but, big or little, work for the right. If we have not sufficient earnestness to spend a thought or sacrifice a shilling upon what we deem a duty, then we have surrendered our destiny. Shape it we cannot ; we have abjured our birthright. The earnest men—the true men—bad, or good, or indifferent, will hold the world and you ; for the Ark of the Covenant, which God gave you for a protection, you have not deemed worthy of a night-watch or a spear. If you believe these things which I have been laying down, work for them—pay for them. Let our people give them the tenth part of the resources that they bestow upon their animal pleasures in one year, and they will have

a literature and a nation! May I suggest to you, in the first place, to direct attention to the history of old Ireland? You would love her, and you cannot help it. God has bound the heartstrings of humanity to the soil of its kindred; and when its honour or advantage, its glory or renown, awaken no enthusiasm in the soul, humanity is dead, or a misunderstood egotism has usurped its place. If you love the land, then, seek its destiny in its history, as I have said before. The African lies upon his father's grave when he seeks direction and duty. Stand by the tomb of the ancient men, whose greatness fills tradition and whose antiquity "over-awes" it. Learn what God intended your race to become, and rise to the dignity of your vocation. Before eminence there is preparation—before even equality there is preparation. Your nation will be what you, each of you makes himself; and there never stood an antetype before man more glorious than that which shines out in Irish history.

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### Mo Craoibhin Cno.

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BY EDWARD WALSH.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide  
 And Dublin town;  
 It strays beyond the Southern side  
 Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,  
 Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green,  
 Where Amhan-Mhor's\* waters flow,  
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,  
*Mo craoibhin cno,*†  
 Low clustering in her leafy screen,  
*Mo craoibhin cno!*

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\* "The great river"—the Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds, *Oan-vore*.

† *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts*; but figuratively it means *my nut brown maid*. It is pronounced *Ma creevin kno*.

The high-bred dames of Dublin town  
 Are rich and fair,  
 With wavy plume, and silken gown,  
 And stately air ;  
 Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair ?  
 Can silks thy neck of snow ?  
 Or measured pace thine artless grace,  
*Mo craoibhin cno,*  
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace,  
*Mo craoibhin cno ?*

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave  
 That maidens sung—  
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave  
 In Saxon tongue ;  
 Oh ! bring me here that Gaelic dear  
 Which cursed the Saxon foe,  
 When thou didst charm my raptured ear,  
*Mo craoibhin cno !*  
 And none but God's good angels near,  
*Mo craoibhin cno !*

I've wandered by the rolling Lee,  
 And Lene's green bowers—  
 I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,  
 And Limerick's towers—  
 And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride  
 Frown over the flood below ;  
 My wild heart strays to Amhan-Mhor's side,  
*Mo craoibhin cno !*  
 With love and thee for aye to bide,  
*Mo craoibhin cno !*

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DRIVING OUT THE IRISH.—The outlawing and confiscations of 1688 drove nearly 4,000 Irishmen of family into a dreary and perpetual absenteeism, and sent them to dole out for a pitiful hire, in the cause of oppression, in other countries, the same valour and the same spirit which their fathers had displayed in support of the liberties of their own.—*Lady Morgan.*

## Shane's Head.

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BY JOHN SAVAGE.

Shane O'Neill, the most powerful Ulster Chief of his day, had so harassed the English, and scoffed at all their arts of diplomacy, their offers of nobility, and reformatory patronage, that the "Government seems to have determined, either by force or otherwise, the Northern prince must be destroyed." After living for some years the proud, ferocious, and feared ruler of Ulster, he was at last murdered at a feast given to him by the Scotch Macdonnells of Antrim, whose sept he had formerly ravaged. The instigator of this foul treachery and slaughter was one Piers, an English officer and agent of the Lord Deputy. He appropriated O'Neill's head, and received for it one thousand marks from his master. "This ghastly head was gibbeted high upon a pole, and long grinned upon the towers of Dublin Castle." For an account of Shane, *vide* Mitchell's "Life of Hugh O'Neil."

SCENE—*Before Dublin Castle. Night. A clansman of Shane O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head upon a pole.*

God's wrath upon the Saxon ! may they never know the pride  
Of dying on the battle-field, their broken spears beside,  
When victory gilds the gory shrouds of every fallen brave,  
Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.  
May every light from Cross of Christ that saves the heart of man  
Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan ;  
For sure, O God !—and you know all, whose thought for all  
sufficed—

To expiate these Saxons' sins they'd want another Christ.

Is it thus, O Shane the haughty ! Shane the valiant ! that we  
meet—

Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat ;  
Have I no chief—or you no clan, to give us both defence,  
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence ?  
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin Castle tower,  
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tost, and thy brow seems rough with  
power ;  
Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung,  
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

That tongue whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Columbkille,  
 Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks of Derry  
 Hill ;  
 Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to  
 knaves,  
 And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.  
 The Scotch marauders whitened when his war cry met their  
 ears,  
 And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy  
 cheers,  
 Ay, Shane, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your  
 tongue—  
 Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon court among.

Just think, O Shane ! the same moon shines on Liffey as on Foyle,  
 And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to de-  
 spoil :  
 And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,  
 A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above those Dublin  
 towers.  
 Thy face is paler than the moon, my heart is paler still—  
 My heart ? I had no heart—'twas yours ! to keep or kill.  
 And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief—your life, your soul,  
 your pride,  
 But they sought it in thy bosom, Shane—with proud O'Neill it  
 died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as Spanish  
 steel,  
 But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief—O'Neill ?—  
 Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled the sun,  
 And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never done.  
 He was "turbulent" with traitors—he was "haughty" with the  
 foe—  
 He was "cruel," say ye Saxons ? Ay ! he dealt ye blow for  
 blow !  
 He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild, to see his  
 hearth-stone razed ?  
 He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed !  
 He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung  
 away  
 Your Saxon stars of princedom as the rock does mocking spray !  
 He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay ! and preached it till  
 Tyrone  
 Was ruddy, ready, wild too, with "Red Hands" to clutch their  
 own !



"The Scots are on the border, Shane!"—ye saints, he makes no breath!—

I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death:

Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?

"Dost hear, dost hear? By Randolph led, the troops the Foyle have crossed!"

He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost about,

And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout!

The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up there,

By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann the Fair!

I'll speed me Ulster-wards, your ghost must wander there, proud Shane,

In search of some O'Neill through whom to throb its hate again!

### Aideen's Grave.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

[From Mr. Ferguson's volume entitled "Lays of the Western Gael," published by Bell and Daldy, London. This exquisite poem has also been published separately in a quarto volume, beautifully illustrated, with views of the Hill of Howth and Irish initial letters of wonderful beauty, copied from the Book of Kells by a patriotic and accomplished Dublin lady, and printed in chromo-lithography by Day, London.]

Aideen, daughter of Angus of Ben Edar (now the Hill of Howth), died of grief for the loss of her husband, Oscar, son of Ossian, who was slain at the battle of Gavra, A.D. 284. Oscar was entombed in the rath or earthen fortress that occupied part of the field of battle, the rest of the slain being cast in a pit outside. Aideen is said to have been buried on Howth, near the mansion of her father, and poetical tradition represents the Fenian heroes as present at her obsequies. The Cromlech in Howth Park has been supposed to be her sepulchre. It stands under the summits from which the poet Atharne is said to have launched his invectives against the people of Leinster, until, by the blighting effects of his satires, they were compelled to make him atonement for the death of his son.—*Author's Note.*

They heaved the stone; they heaped the cairn:

. Said Ossian, "In a queenly grave"

We leave her, 'mong her fields of fern,

Between the cliff and wave.

" The cliff behind stands clear and bare,  
And bare, above, the heathery steep  
Scales the clear heaven's expanse, to where  
The Danaan Druids sleep.

" And all the sands that, left and right,  
The grassy isthmus ridge confine,  
In yellow bars lie bare and bright  
Among the sparkling brine.

" A clear, pure air pervades the scene,  
In loneliness and awe secure ;  
Meet spot to sepulchre a queen  
Who in her life was pure.

" Here, far from camp and chase removed,  
Apart in Nature's quiet room,  
The music that alive she loved  
Shall cheer her in the tomb.

" The humming of the noontide bees,  
The lark's loud carol all day long,  
And, borne on evening's salted breeze,  
The clanking sea-bird's song

" Shall round her airy chamber float,  
And with the whispering winds and streams  
Attune to Nature's tenderest note  
The tenor of her dreams.

" And oft, at tranquil eve's decline,  
When full tides lip the Old Green Plain,  
The lowing of Moynalty's kine  
Shall round her breathe again.

" In sweet remembrance of the days  
When, duteous, in the lowly vale,  
Unconscious of my Oscar's gaze,  
She filled the fragrant pail ;

" And, duteous, from the running brook  
Drew water for the bath ; nor deemed  
A king did on her labour look,  
And she a fairy seemed.

" But when the Wintry frosts begin,  
And in their long drawn, lofty flight

The wild geese with their airy din  
Distend the ear of night ;

“ And when the fierce De Danaan ghosts  
At midnight from their peak come down,  
When all around the enchanted coasts  
Despairing strangers drown ;

“ When, mingling with the wreckful wail,  
From low Clontarf's wave-trampled floor,  
Comes, booming up the burthen'd gale,  
The angry Sand-Bull's roar ;

“ Or, angrier than the sea, the shout  
Of Erin's hosts in wrath combined,  
When Terror heads Oppression's rout,  
And Freedom cheers behind :

“ Then o'er our lady's placid dream,  
Where safe from storms she sleeps, may steal  
Such joy as will not misbeseem  
A queen of men to feel :

“ Such thrill of free, defiant pride  
As rapt her in her battle car  
At Gavra, when by Oscar's side  
She rode the ridge of war,

“ Exulting, down the shouting troops,  
And through the thick, confronting kings,  
With hands on all their javelin loops,  
And shafts on all their strings ;

“ E'er closed the inseparable crowds,  
No more to part for me, and show  
As bursts the sun through scattering clouds,  
My Oscar issuing so.

“ No more, dispelling battle's gloom,  
Shall son for me from fight return ;  
The great green rath's ten-acred tomb  
Lies heavy on his urn.

“ A cup of bodkin-pencilled clay  
Holds Oscar, mighty heart and limb ;  
One handful now of ashes grey :  
And she has died for him.

"And here, hard by her natal bower  
On lone Ben Edar's side, we strive  
With lifted rock and sign of power  
To keep her name alive,

"That while, from circling year to year,  
Her Ogham-lettered stone is seen  
The Gael shall say, 'Our Fenians here  
Entombed their loved Aideen.'

"The Ogham from her pillar stone  
In tract of time will wear away ;  
Her name at last be only known  
In Ossian's echoed lay.

"The long forgotten lay I sing  
May only ages hence revive  
(As eagle with a wounded wing  
To soar again might strive),

"Imperfect, in an alien speech,  
When, wandering here, some child of chance,  
Through pangs of keen delight, shall reach  
The gift of utterance—

"To speak the air, the sky to speak,  
The freshness of the hill to tell,  
Who, roaming bare Ben Edar's peak  
And Aideen's briary dell,

"And gazing on the cromlech vast,  
And on the mountain and the sea,  
Shall catch communion with the past,  
And mix himself with me.

"Child of the future's doubtful night,  
Whate'er your speech, whose'er your sires,  
Sing while you may with frank delight  
The song your hour inspires.

"Sing while you may, nor grieve to know  
The song you sing shall also die :  
Atharna's lay has perished so,  
Though once it thrilled this sky

"Above us, from his rocky chair,  
There, where Ben Edar's landward crest

O'er eastern Bregia bends, to where  
Dun Almon crowns the West :

" And all that felt the fretted air  
Throughout the song-distempered clime  
Did droop, till suppliant Leinster's prayer  
Appeased the vengeful rhyme.

" Ah me, or e'er the hour arrive  
Shall bid my long-forgotten tones,  
Unknown one, on your lips revive,  
Here, by these moss-grown stones,

" What change shall o'er the scene have crossed ?  
What conquering lords anew have come ?  
What lore-armed, mightier Druid host  
From Gaul or distant Rome ?

" What arts of death, what ways of life ?  
What creeds unknown to bard or seer ?  
Shall round your careless steps be rife  
Who pause and ponder here :

" And, haply, where yon curlew calls  
Athwart the marsh, 'mid groves and bowers,  
See rise some mighty chieftain's halls  
With unimagined towers,

" And baying hounds, and coursers bright,  
And burnish'd cars of dazzling sheen,  
With courtly train of dame and knight,  
Where now the fern is green :

" Or by yon prostrate altar-stone  
May kneel, perchance, and, free from blame,  
Hear holy men with rites unknown  
New names of God proclaim.

" Let change as may the name of awe,  
Let rite surcease and altar fall,  
The same One God remains, a law  
For ever and for all ;

" Let change as may the face of earth,  
Let alter all the social frame,  
For mortal men the ways of birth  
And death are still the same.

“And still, as life and time wear on,  
The children of the waning days  
(Though strength be from their shoulders gone  
To lift the loads we raise)

“Shall weep to do the burial rites  
Of lost ones loved ; and fondly found,  
In shadow of the gathering nights,  
The monumental mound.

“Farewell ! the strength of men is worn ;  
The night approaches dark and chill :  
Sleep, till perchance an endless morn  
Descend the glittering hill.”

Of Oscar and Aídeén bereft,  
So Ossian sang. The Fenians sped  
Three mighty shouts to heaven ; and left  
Ben Edar to the dead.

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### Hits from our Gaelic Books.

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In the first volume of the “Irish Penny Readings” we gave a number of extracts from some of our old Gaelic tales which were curious and interesting as exhibiting the literary style of the period at which they were composed, acquainting the reader with some of the ideas, manners, and customs of our remote forefathers, and picturing their dress, weapons, armour, &c. We may here repeat that the redundancy of descriptive epithets which is found in these writings is characteristic of the early literature of many peoples ; and the reader should recollect that most of those piled up adjectives and adverbs possess in the original a beauty which is lost in the translation—the words having been chosen with a regard for their music as well as for their meaning. A certain succession of vowel sounds gave them a melodious flow which pleased the ear of the listener, while the brilliancy of the description gratified his mental vision, and excited his imagination. This, of course, disappears in the English translation. We proceed to quote a few more extracts from the same sources.

Here is a description of an Irish host approaching to battle, taken from the “Tain Bo Chuailgne” :—

It was not long till Ferdiagh’s attendant, where he was watching, observed the cry, and the great tumult, and the

weighty advance of the glittering shields, and the music of the bright spears striking against one another, and against the noble swords, and the din of the martial multitude under their armour, and the noise of their arms clanking as they marched, and the loud shaking of the wheels and the rattling of the chariots, the neighing of the steeds, and the sweet discourse of the champions and the warriors with their attendants approaching the plain.

Ferdiagh sees the chariot of Cuchullio, the Ultonian champion, approaching. The following description of the steeds by which it was drawn shows that our old story-tellers were no bad judges of horse-flesh :—

Then Ferdiagh arose and arrayed his body in his armour for battle and for conflict, and there they remained till they beheld the polished, bounding chariot coming rapidly and actively with its people clad in green, and with a shaking of stout spears and dexterous, blood-thirsty javelins held up, aloft, and two fleet steeds under the chariot, bounding, broad-chested, high-spirited, holding high their heads and arching their long necks, advancing with close-gathered steps under the chariot, and they active, fiery, and high-spirited, fearless, and neighing to be allowed to approach at once. One steed of them was a grey, swift in pace, with a slender tail—and he under one side; and the other was a coal-black, of good frame and figure, spirited, broad-backed, of great courage, under the other side; and they were as a hawk on a sharp blustery day, or as a whirlwind in a brisk Spring day in March in its course over the wide marshy plains, or like a beauteous excellent deer at the first starting of the hounds; such were those steeds under the chariot of Cuchullin.

Queen Meabh and her husband, Olliol, the leaders of the Conacians, desired that Ferdiagh should do battle with Cuchullin; but those two champions had been school-fellows; they had learned the arts of war and chivalry at the same establishment, and Ferdiagh therefore was unwilling to engage in deadly strife with his old friend. Meabh and Olliol then adopted the following measures to compel him thereto :—

After that Meabh and Olliol sent to the bards to make a great outcry and get up an excitement, and rise up a triple barrier of scandal and reproach against his name unless he came to them. Then came Ferdiagh to them, for it was

better for him to fall in chivalrous and martial exploit than to fall by the libels and outcries of the bards.

Those bards of the olden time in Ireland possessed a wonderful mastery over the Irish language. The shafts of their satire were more dreaded than the spears of an enemy. The fight which ensued between Ferdiagh and Cuchullin lasted several days, and in the intervals the champions embraced and kissed. The determined spirit which animated the troops of those Irish leaders in some of their encounters may be judged from the following speech :—

Then Connor addressed his household troops—the Knights of the Red Branch—and said, “Go ye to the part of the battle where I was and bring me word who it is has challenged us boastfully these three times in this manner.” “Let him dare be brought before us,” said they, “for the heavens are above us and the earth beneath us ; and unless the firmament falls down into the waves covering the face of the earth, or unless the sea bursts up to meet it, or unless the earth softens underneath us, and the ocean rushes from its desolate blue margin to take away our lives, we will not give way so much as an inch of measure before the men of Eire during duration, or during our existence, until they be either driven back by us or slain.”

And, now for a combat. The following account is from the “Battle of Magh Ieana,” edited for the Celtic Society by Eugene O’Curry, and published in 1855 :—

Then Conn marched with his battle assemblage against the men of Mumhain, and reached Magh Sinil, in the northern territory of Eile, and they sent heralds forward with a challenge of battle to the men of Mumha, on the morning of the morrow. Mogh Nuadhad gladly arose, at these words, to give battle to Conn ; and, though he were himself willing to refrain from the conflict, his father and the nobles of Mumha would not permit him until he gave battle to Conn. Deargdamhsa, the Druid, dissuaded the brave men from that battle, and prognosticated great evils to them of it ; but it was as warning the dead to warn them, until they drew up in a furious, bloody phalanx opposite Conn. Conn advanced to them to Magh Sinil, until they came into ardent contact with each other. A powerful, gallant battle-contest was fought by the champions, until men were reddened, warriors maimed, great



shields shattered, and brave combatants mutilated from that encounter. But one thing is certain : Goll, the son of Morna, and Mogh Neid, the son of Deirgthine, happened to encounter each other in that battle, and they made a manly, dreadfully furious combat ; the arms and noble shields of these high chiefs were broken, gapped, and border-shattered ; and the end of their conflict was that Mogh Neid, the son of Deirgthine, fell by the blows of Morna's son in that place. Mogh Nuadhad collected his people after the killing of Mogh Neid—for it was not weakness or timidity the killing of his father brought upon him, but greatness of spirit and hardness of heart ; and he raised his shield in the rear of the nobles of Mumha ; on perceiving which, Conall of Gruachan, King of Connacht, came in his crouched rush of a champion through the battle to Eoghan ; and Flann, the son of Fiachra, King of East Mumha, turned upon him, and couched his spear against Conall, whom he wounded dreadfully. Conall remained in the litter of death of that wound ; and Mogh Nuadhad bravely rushed forward there ; and Conall, the son of Mogh Lamha, and Maicniadh, the son of Lughaidh, went to follow up the defeat of the warriors ; and they overtook Eoghan in the South of Eile, and put him into a fearful danger there. Eoghan himself was wounded in that conflict ; but his people carried him off out of it by their valour.

Returning to Cuchullin, the hero of the *Tain Bo*, the reader will learn from the following passage that he was as careful to keep himself "in training" as any athlete or pugilist of modern times :—

Cuchullin also went forth betimes that morning to practise his chivalrous arts—viz., the ball art, and the sharp weapon art, and the feathered arrow art, and the wrestling art, and the cat art, and horsemanship, and horn-sounding, and turning somersaults, and the *Gai Bolya* (a weapon having magical properties) art, and the art of insult, and the breathing art, and the scorching art, and the fairy warrior's art, and the subjugating blow, and the reiterated blow, and the flinging his own body, and the art of the points, and the striking of hand in hand ; and Cuchullin was in the habit of practising these arts every morning lest he should forget them.

Cuchullin having received many wounds in one of his combats, he was subjected to the following medical treatment :—

And then they got one of the Ultonians to relieve Cuchullin, one of their old physicians, and, along with him, the two sons of Genidhe, and they brought him with them to the stream of Conaille Muirtheimne prosperously ; and they washed his body, his wounds, his bruises, and his sores against the stream ; and the Tuatha do Danaus brought him healing herbs of health-imparting virtue from the sea and from the rivers, until he became (sound or lively) as a trout on the surface of a green stream by means of them.

We conclude for the present by citing from various Gaelic works a number of qualifying words and phrases applied to some of the warriors of Erin by the bards and historians who celebrated their achievements :—

“A man devoid of stinginess, or jealousy, or fear.” “A dragon of battle.” “A bruise-inflicting warrior.” “A subduing chief ; a mangler of mighty armies ; with a hand scattering wealth.” “Generous and intrepid.” “A destroying hawk.” “A blow-dealing, actively dexterous hero, victorious in battle ; the lofty protector, the distributor of gory wounds.” “A thunderbolt of the Gael.” “He was accounted a cutter-off of multitudes ; and he satisfied himself in combats and routing of forces and getting the upper hand of his enemies.” “He is brave and chivalrous, and stout and valorous, and his heart never fails him.” “He had an undefiled, rosy, clear countenance ; and his dark-blue eyes lay shaded under their lashes, and he was terrible and craving for the decapitation of heads.” “A renowned competitor.” “A steadfast rock in his armour.”

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**ABSENTEE RENTS.**—The sum of money paid to absentee landlords, and spent by them out of Ireland, amounts, on the most moderate computation, to four millions sterling per annum.

## The Bivouac of the Dead.

BY COLONEL THEODORE O'HARA.

Shortly after the close of the American war, the Legislature of Kentucky enacted that the remains of those of her sons who had fallen in that struggle should be brought home and deposited beneath a monument erected to their memory by the State. The ceremony of depositing these sacred remains under the turf of the "Bloody Ground" was solemn and imposing, and is made memorable by the poem delivered on the occasion by the Irish-American soldier, Colonel Theodore O'Hara, whose body, by another act of the Kentucky Legislature, was in October, 1874, brought from Alabama and laid amongst his comrades of the Mexican campaign, whose memories he has embalmed in imperishable verse. The following is the poem referred to :—

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo ;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumour of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind,  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind ;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms,  
No braying horn, no screaming life,  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumed heads are bowed,  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud—  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are passed—  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain  
Came down the serried foe—  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath  
Know well the watchword of that day  
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its mouldered slain.  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone now wake each solemn height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground !  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air ;  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave ;  
She claims from war its richest spoil—  
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a blood shield.  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !  
Dear as the blood ye gave ;

No impious footstep here shall tread  
 The herbage of your grave ;  
 Nor shall your glory be forgot  
 While Fame her record keeps,  
 Or Honour points the hallowed spot  
 Where Valour proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
 In deathless song shall tell,  
 When many a vanished year hath flown,  
 The story how ye fell !  
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,  
 Nor time's remorseless doom,  
 Can dim one ray of holy light  
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

### Man's Mortality.

The original of the following beautiful poem is found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think it was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmuid, about 554, and was sung or chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains, and bards ever held in the famous Halls of Tara. The translation is by the learned Dr. O'Donovan :—

Like a damask rose you see,  
 Or like blossom on a tree,  
 Or like a dainty flower in May,  
 Or like the morning to the day,  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had—  
 Even such is man, whose tread is spun,  
 Drawn out and out, and so is done,  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
 The gourd consumes ; the man—he die .

Like the grass that's newly sprung,  
 Or like the tale that's new begun,  
 Or like the bird that's here to-d: y,  
 Or like the pearly dew in May,

Or like an hour, or like a span,  
 Or like the singing of the swan—  
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
 Is here, now there, in life and death.  
     The grass withers, the life is ended,  
     The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
     The hour is short, the span not long,  
     The swan's near death—man's life is done.

Like the bubble in the brook,  
 Or in a glass much like a look,  
 Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,  
 Or like the writing on the sand,  
 Or like a thought or like a dream,  
 Or like the gliding of the stream—  
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
 Is here, now there, in life and death.  
     The bubble's out, the look forgot,  
     The shuttle's flung, the writings blot,  
     The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
     The waters glide—man's life is done.

Like an arrow from the bow,  
 Or like the swift course of water flow,  
 Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,  
 Or like a spider's tender web,  
 Or like a race, or like a goal,  
 Or like the dealing of a dole—  
 Even such is man, whose brittle state  
 Is always subject unto fate.  
     The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,  
     The time no time, the web soon rent,  
     The race soon run, the goal soon won,  
     The dole soon dealt—man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,  
 Or like a post that quick doth hie,  
 Or like a quaver in a song,  
 Or like a journey three days long,  
 Or like snow when Summer's come,  
 Or like a pear, or like a plum—  
 Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,  
 Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.  
     The lightning's past, the post must go,  
     The song is short, the journey so,  
     The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,  
     The snow dissolves, and so must all.

## Scene from "The Poor Scholar."

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

It is usual for the poor scholar to go night after night, in rotation, with his schoolfellows ; he is particularly welcome in the houses of those farmers whose children are not so far advanced as himself. It is expected that he should instruct them in the evenings, and enable them to prepare their lessons for the following day—a task which he always performs with pleasure, because in teaching them he is confirming his own mind in the knowledge which he had previously acquired. Towards the end of the second year, however, he ceased to circulate in this manner. Two or three of the most independent parishioners, whose sons were only commencing their studies, agreed to keep him week about ; an agreement highly convenient to him, as by that means he was not so frequently dragged as he had been to the remotest parts of the parish. Being an expert penman, he acted also as secretary of grievances to the poor, who frequently employed him to draw up petitions to obdurate landlords, or to their more obdurate agents, and letters to soldiers in all parts of the world from their anxious and affectionate relations. All these little services he performed kindly and promptly ; many a blessing was fervently invoked upon his head ; the "good word" and "the prayer" were all they could afford, as they said, "to the *bouchal dhas oge* that tuck the world on him for sake o' the larnin', an' that hasn't the kindliness o' the mother's breath an' the mother's hand near him, the crathur."

About the middle of the third year he was once more thrown upon the general hospitality of the people. The three farmers with whom he had lived for the preceding six months emigrated to America, as did many others of that class which in this country most nearly approximates to the

substantial yeomanry of England. The little purse, too, which he had placed in the hands of the kind priest, was exhausted; a season of famine, sickness, and general distress had set in; and the master, on understanding that he was without money, became diabolically savage. In short, the boy's difficulties increased to a perplexing degree. Even Thady and his grown companions, who usually interposed in his behalf when the master became excessive in correcting him, had left the school, and now the prospect before him was dark and cheerless indeed. For a few months longer, however, he struggled on, meeting every difficulty with meek endurance. From his very boyhood he had revered the sanctity of religion, and was actuated by a strong devotional spirit. He trusted in God, and worshipped Him night and morning with a sincere heart.

At this crisis he was certainly an object of pity; his clothes, which for some time before had been reduced to tatters, he had replaced by a cast-off coat and small-clothes, a present from his friend the curate, who never abandoned him. This worthy young man could not afford him money, for, as he had but fifty pounds a year with which to clothe, subsist himself, keep a horse, and pay rent, it was hardly to be expected that his benevolence could be extensive. In addition to this, famine and contagious disease raged with formidable violence in the parish; so that the claims upon his bounty of hundreds who lay huddled together in cold cabins, in out-houses, and even behind ditches, were incessant as well as heart-rending. The number of interments that took place daily in the parish was awful; nothing could be seen but funerals attended by groups of ragged and emaciated creatures, from whose hollow eyes gleamed forth the wolfish fire of famine. The wretched mendicants were countless, and the number of coffins that lay on the public roads—where, attended by the nearest relatives of the deceased, they had been placed for the purpose of procuring charity—was greater than ever had been remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

Such was the state of the parish when our poor scholar complained one day in school of severe illness. The early symptoms of the prevailing epidemic were well known; and



on examining more closely into his situation, it was clear that, according to the phraseology of the people, he had "got the faver on his back"—had caught "a heavy load of the faver." The Irish are particularly apprehensive of contagious maladies. The moment it had been discovered that Jemmy was infected his schoolfellows avoided him with a feeling of terror scarcely credible, and the inhuman master was delighted at any circumstance, however calamitous, that might afford him a pretext for driving the friendless youth out of the school.

"Take," said he, "everything belonging to you out of my establishment; you were always a plague to me, but now more so than ever. Be quick, sarra, and nidificate for yourself somewhere else. Do you want to thranslate my siminary into an hospital, and myself into Lazarus, as president? Go off, you wild goose, and conjugate *agrote* wherever you find a convenient spot to do it in."

The poor boy silently and with difficulty arose, collected his books, and, slinging on his satchel, looked to his schoolfellows, as if he had said, "Which of you will afford me a place where to lay my aching head?" All, however, kept aloof from him; he had caught the contagion, and the contagion, they knew, had swept the people away in vast numbers.

At length he spoke. "Is there any boy among you," he inquired, "who will bring me home? You know I am a stranger, an' far from my own, God help me!"

This was followed by a profound silence. Not one of those who had so often befriended him, or who would, on any other occasion, share their bed and their last morsel with him, would even touch his person, much less allow him, when thus plague-stricken, to take shelter under their roof. Such are the effects of selfishness, when it is opposed only by the force of those natural qualities that are not elevated into a sense of duty by clear and profound views of Christian truth. It is one thing to perform a kind action from constitutional impulse, and another to perform it as a fixed duty, perhaps contrary to that impulse.

Jemmy, on finding himself avoided like a Hebrew leper of old, silently left the school, and walked on without know-

ing whither he should ultimately direct his steps. He thought of his friend the priest, but the distance between him and his place of abode was greater, he felt, than his illness would permit him to travel. He walked on, therefore, in such a state of misery as can scarcely be conceived, much less described. His head ached excessively, an intense pain shot like death-pangs through his lower back and loins, his face was flushed, and his head giddy. In this state he proceeded, without money or friends; without a house to shelter him, or a bed on which to lie, far from his own relations, and with the prospect of death, under circumstances peculiarly dreadful, before him! He tottered on, however; the earth, as he imagined, reeling under him; the heavens, he thought, streaming with fire, and the earth indistinct and discoloured. Home, the paradise of the absent—home, the heaven of the affections—with all its tenderness and blessed sympathies, rushed upon his heart. His father's deep but quiet kindness; his mother's sedulous love; his brothers, all that they had been to him—these, with their thousand heart-stirring associations, started into life before him again and again. But he was now ill, and the mother—ah! the enduring sense of that mother's love placed her brightest, and strongest, and tenderest, in the far and distant group which his imagination bodied forth.

“Mother!” he exclaimed—“O mother! why—why did I ever love you? Mother, the son you loved is dying, without a kind word, lonely and neglected in a strange land! O my own mother! why did I ever love you?”

The conflict between his illness and his affections overcame him; he staggered—he grasped, as if for assistance, at the vacant air—he fell, and lay for some time in a state of insensibility.

The season was then that of midsummer, and early meadows were falling before the scythe. As the boy sank to the earth, a few labourers were eating their scanty dinner of bread and milk so near him that only a dry low ditch ran between him and them. They had heard his words indistinctly, and one of them was putting the milk bottle to his lips when, attracted by the voice, he looked in the direction of the speaker, and saw him fall. They immediately recog-

nised "the poor scholar," and in a moment were attempting to recover him.

"Why, thin, my poor fellow, what's a *shaughran* wid you?"

Jemmy started for a moment, looked about him, and asked "Where am I?"

"Faith, thin, you're in Rory Connor's field, widin a few perches of the high road. But what ails you, poor boy? Is it sick you are?"

"It is," he replied; "I have got the faver. I had to lave school; none o' them would take me home, an' I doubt I must die in a Christian counthry under the open canopy of heaven. Oh, for God's sake don't lave me! Bring me to some hospital, or into the next town, where people may know that I'm sick, an' maybe some kind Christian will relieve me."

The moment he mentioned "faver" the men involuntarily drew back, after having laid him reclining against the green ditch.

"Thin, thunder an' turf, what's to be done?" exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. "Is the poor boy to die widout help among Christyeens like uz?"

"But hasn't he the sickness?" exclaimed another; "an' in that case, Pether, what's to be done?"

"Why, you gommoch, isn't that what I'm wantin' to know? You wor ever and always an ass, Paddy, except before you were born, an' thin you wor like Major M'Curragh, worse nor nothin'. Why the sarra do you be spakin' about the sickness, the Lord protect us, whin you know I'm so timersome of it."

"But considher," said another, edging off from Jemmy, however, "that he's a poor scholar, an' that there's a great blessin' to them that assists the likes of him."

"Ay is there that, sure enough, Dan; but you see—blur-an-age, what's to be done? He can't die this way, wid nobody wid him but himself."

"Let us help him!" exclaimed another, "for God's sake, an' we won't be apt to take it thin."

"Ay, but how can we help him, Frank? Oh, bedad, it

'ud be a murderin' shame, all out, to let the crathur die by himself, widout company, so it would."

"No one will take him in, for fraid of the sickness. Why, I'll tell you what we'll do:—Let us shkame the remainder of this day off o' the Major, an' build a shed for him on the roadside here, jist agin the ditch. It's as dhry as powdher. Thin we can go through the neighbours, an' get thim to sit near him time about, and to bring him little *dhreecniens* o' nourishment."

"Divil a purtier! Come thin, let us get a lot of the neighbours, an' set about it, poor bouchal. Who knows but it may bring down a blessin' upon us, aither in this world or the next?"

"Amin! I pray Gorra! an' so it will suro! doesn't the Cathechiz say it? 'There is but one Church,' says the Cathechiz, 'one Faith, an' one Baptism.' Bedad, there's a power 'o fine larnin' in the same Cathechiz, so there is, an' mighty improvin'."

An Irishman never works for wages with half the zeal which he displays when working for love. Ere many hours passed, a number of the neighbours had assembled, and Jemmy found himself on a bunch of clean straw, in a little shed erected for him at the edge of the road.

Perhaps it would be impossible to conceive a more gloomy state of misery than that in which young M'Evoy found himself. Stretched on the side of the public road, in a shed formed of a few loose sticks covered over with "scraws"—that is, the sward of the earth pared into thin stripes—removed above fifty perches from any human habitation—his body racked with a furious and oppressive fever—his mind conscious of all the horrors by which he was surrounded—without the comforts even of a bed and bed-clothes—and, what was worst of all, those from whom he might expect kindness afraid to approach him! Lying helpless, under these circumstances, it ought not to be wondered at if he wished that death might at once close his extraordinary sufferings, and terminate those struggles which filial piety had prompted him to encounter.

This certainly is a dark picture, but our humble hero knew that even there the power and goodness of God could support

him. The boy trusted in God ; and when removed into his little shed, and stretched upon his clean straw, he felt that his situation was, in good sooth, comfortable when contrasted with what it might have been, if left to perish behind a ditch, exposed to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the dews of heaven by night. He felt the hand of God even in this, and placed himself, with a short but fervent prayer, under His fatherly protection.

Irishmen, however, are not just that description of persons who can pursue their usual avocations, and see a fellow-creature die, without such attentions as they can afford him ; not precisely so bad as that, gentle reader ! Jemmy had not been two hours on his straw, when a second shed much larger than his own was raised within a dozen yards of it. In this a fire was lit ; a small pot was then procured, milk was sent in, and such other little comforts brought together, as they supposed necessary for the sick boy. Having accomplished these matters, a kind of guard was set to watch and nursetend him ; a pitchfork was got, on the prongs of which they intended to reach him bread across the ditch ; and a long shafted shovel was borrowed, on which to furnish him drink with safety to themselves. The inextinguishable vein of humour, which in Ireland mingles even with death and calamity, was also visible here. The ragged half-starved creatures laughed heartily at the oddity of their own inventions, and enjoyed the ingenuity with which they made shift to meet the exigencies of the occasion without in the slightest degree having their sympathy and concern for the afflicted youth lessened.

When their arrangements were completed, one of them (he of the scythe) made a little whey, which, in lieu of a spoon, he stirred with the end of his tobacco-pipe ; he then extended it across the ditch upon the shovel, after having put it in a tin porringer.

“ Do you want a tasto o’ whey, avourneen ? ”

“ Oh, I do,” replied Jemmy ; “ give me a drink, for God’s sake.”

“ There it is, a bouchal, on the shovel. Musha if myself rightly knows what side you’re lyin’ an, or I’d put it as near your lips as I could. Come, man, be stout ; don’t be cast

down at all at all ; sure, bud-an-age, we're shovelin' the whey to you, any how."

"I have it," replied the boy—"oh, I have it. May God never forget this to you, whoever you are."

"Faith, if you want to know who I am, I'm Pether Connor the mower. Be Gorra, poor boy, you mustn't let your spirits down at all at all. Sure the neighbours is all bint to watch an' take care of you—may I take away the shovel?—an' they've built a brave snug shed hero beside yours, where they'll stay wid you time about until you get well. We'll feed you wid whey enough, bekaso we've made up our minds to stale lots o' sweet milk for you. Ned Branagan an' I will milk Rody Hartigan's cows to-night, wid the help o' God. Divil a bit sin in it, so there isn't, an' if there is, too, be my sowl there's no harin in it any way—for he's but a nager himself, the same Rody. So, acushla, keep a light heart, for, be Gorra, you're sure o' the thin pair o' trowsers any how. Don't think you're desarted—for you're not. It is all in regard o' bein' afeard o' this faver, or it's not this way you'd be ; but, as I said a while ago, when you want anything, spake, for you'll still find two or three of us beside you here, night an' day. Now won't you promise to keep your mind asy, when you know that we're beside you?"

"God bless you," replied Jemmy, "you've taken a weight off of my heart. I thought I'd die wid nobody near me at at all."

"Oh, the sorra fear of it. Keep your heart up. We'll stale lots o' milk for you. Bad seran to the baste in the parish but we'll milk, sooner nor you'd want the whay, you crathur you."

The boy felt relieved, but his malady increased ; and were it not that the confidence of being thus watched and attended to supported him, it is more than probable he would have sunk under it.

When the hour of closing the day's labours arrived, Major — came down to inspect the progress which his mowers had made, and the goodness of the crop upon his meadows. No sooner was he perceived at a distance, than the scythes were instantly resumed, and the mowers pursued their em-

ployment with an appearance of zeal and honesty that could not be suspected.

On arriving at the meadows, however, he was evidently startled at the miserable day's work they had performed.

"Why, Connor," said he, addressing the nursetender, "how is this? I protest you have not performed half a day's labour! This is miserable and shameful."

"Bedad, Major, it's true for your honour, sure enough. It's a poor day's work, and never a doubt of it. But be all the books that never was opened or shut, busier men than we wor since mornin' couldn't be had for love or money. You see, Major, these meadows, bad luck to them!—God pardon me for cursin' the harmless crathurs, for sure 'tisn't their fault, sir; but you see, Major, I'll insinso you into it. Now look here, your honour. Did you ever see deeper meadow nor that same, since you war foal—hem—since you war born, your honour? Maybe your honour, Major, 'ud just take the scythe an' strive to cut a swaythe?"

"Nonsense, Connor; don't you know I cannot?"

"Thin, be Gorra, sir, I wish you could thry it. I'd kiss the book we did more labour, an' worked harder, this day, nor any day for the last fortnight. If it was light grass, sir—see here, Major, here's a light bit—now, look at how the scythe runs through it! Thin look at here agin—just obsarve this, Major—why, murder alive, don't you see how slow she goes through *that* where the grass is *heavy*! Bedad, Major, you'll be made up this season wid your hay, anyhow. Devil carry the finer meadow ever I put scythe in nor this same meadow, God bless it!"

"Yes, I see it, Connor; I agree with you as to its goodness. But the reason of that is, Connor, that I always direct my steward myself in laying it down for grass. Yes, you're right, Connor; if the meadow were light, you could certainly mow comparatively a greater space in a day."

"Be the livin' farmer, God pardon me for swearin', it's a pleasure to have dalins wid a gentleman like you, that knows things as cute as if you war a mower yourself, your honour. Bedad, I'll go bail, sir, it wouldn't be hard to tache you that same."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Connor, you have hit me off pretty well. I'm beginning to get a taste for agriculture."

"But," said Connor, scratching his head, "won't your honour allow us the price of a glass or a pint o' porter, for our hard day's work? Bad cess to me, sir, but this meadow 'll play the puck wid us afore we get it finished. Atween ourselves, sir—if it wouldn't be takin' freedoms—if you'd look to *your own farmin' yourself*. The steward, sir, is a dacent kind of a man; but, sowl, he couldn't hould a candle to your honour in seein' to the best way of doing a thing, sir. Won't you allow us glasses a-piece, your honour? Faix, we're kilt entirely, so we are."

"Here is half-a-crown among you, Connor; but don't get drunk."

"Dhrunk! Musha, long may you reign, sir! Be the seythe in my hand, I'd rather—och, faix your'e one o' the ould sort, sir, the raal Irish gentleman, your honour. An' sure your name's far and near for that, any how."

Connor's face would have done the heart of Brooke or Cruikshank good, had either of them seen it charged with humour so rich as that which beamed from it when the Major left them to enjoy their own comments upon what had happened.

"Oh, be the livin' farmer," said Connor, "are we alive at all after *doin'* the Major? Oh, thin, the curse o' the crows upon you, Major darlin', but you are a *Manus*!\* The damn' rip of the world, that wouldn't give the breath he breathes to the poor for God's sake, and he'll *throw* a man half-a-crown that'll blarney him for farmin', and him doesn't know the differ atween a Cork-red an' a Yallow-Leg."†

"Faith, he's the boy that knows how to make a Judy of himself any way, Pethur," exclaimed another.

"The divil a hapurth asier nor to give these quality the bag to hould, so there isn't. An' they think themselves so cute, too!"

"Augh!" said a third, "couldn't a man find the soft side o' them as asy as make out the way to his own nose, wid-out being led to it? Divil a sin it is to *do them*, any way. Sure he thinks we wor tooth an' nail at the meadow all day; an' me thought I'd never recover it, to see Pethur here—the rise he tuck out of him! Ha, ha, ha—och, och, murder, oh!"

\* A soft booby easily hoaxed. † Different kinds of potatoes.



"Faith," exclaimed Connor, "'twas good, you see, to help the poor scholar; only for it we couldn't get shkamin' the half-crown out of him. I think we ought to give the crathur half of it, an' him so sick; he'll be wantin' it worse nor ourselves."

"Oh, be Gorra, he's fairly entitled to that. I vote him fifteen pince."

"Surely!" they exclaimed unanimously. "'Tundher-an'-turf! wasn't he manes of gettin' it for us!"

"Jemmy, a bouchal," said Connor, across the ditch to McEvoy, "are you sleepin'?"

"Sleepin'! Oh, no," replied Jemmy; "I 'ud give the wide world for one wink of asy sleep."

"Well, aroon, here's fifteen pince for you, that we shkam—will I tell him how we got it?"

"No don't," replied his neighbours; "the boy's given to devotion, an' maybe he might scruple to take it."

"Here's fifteen pince, avourneen, on the shovel, that we're givin' you *for God's sake*. If you *over* this, won't you offer up a prayer for us? Won't you, avick?"

"I can never forget your kindness," replied Jemmy; "I will always pray for you, and may God for ever bless you and yours!"

"Poor crathur! May the heavens above have prosthra-tion on him! Upon my sowl, it's good to have his blessin' an' his prayer. Now, don't fret, Jemmy; we're lavin' you wid a lot o' neighbours here. They'll watch you time about, so that whin you want anything, call, avourneen, and there'll still be someone here to answer. God bless you, an' restore you, till we come wid the milk we'll stalo for you, wid the help o' God. Bad cess to me, but it 'ud be a mortual sin, so it would, to let the poor boy die at all, an' him so far from home. For, as the Cathechiz says, 'There is but one Faith, one Church, and one Baptism!' Well, the readin' that's in the Cathechiz is mighty improvin', glory be to God!"

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## The Widow's Story.

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BY THOMAS FURLONG.

"Sir, I once held' the cosy farm  
That lies upon that green hillside ;  
It was not large, but snug and warm :  
Indeed it was my pride.  
I and my boys, as all can tell,  
Did till it, and we tilled it well.

"We let no corner go astray :  
We picked and planted here and there ;  
And everyone who went the way  
Praised and admired us for our care.  
I paid my way from year to year,  
And kept from debts and trouble clear,  
Till Bony far away was sent ;  
And then, when corn was not so dear,  
I found it hard to make the rent :  
I fell behind a year or two,  
And didn't well know what to do.

"My two poor boys worked day and night ;  
They worked, God knows, with all their might,  
And thought their labour sweet ;  
They took no sport—no fun had they—  
They laboured first our debts to pay :  
Their shirts were worn, their coats were bad—  
In truth, good sir, they hardly had  
A stitch upon their feet ;  
They wanted all demands to meet ;  
They wished the little farm to clear.  
And would have done it in a year.

"Just then that 'Rock' began his trade  
Of murdering, burning, and of riot ;  
And Acts on Acts, you know, were made,  
To keep the people quiet.

For me, I felt quite easy then,  
For my two sons, though nearly men,  
Were never known to rake, or roam  
At night—they always stayed at home ;  
And, when our little meal was done,  
Talked until sleeping-time came on.

“ One night they left me all alone ;  
They went but half a mile away,  
To see a man they long had known,  
That on his death-bed lay.  
I knew that there they would not wait,  
To keep their mother sitting late ;  
Still for the time some care I had,  
Though wondering what could make me sad.

“ And how, indeed, could I be gay,  
Upon that weary, woful night ?  
The boys were back upon their way—  
The house was in their sight—  
When on their rounds the night-guard came,  
And asked their business and their name.  
They stayed from home beyond their time,  
And this was then a heavy crime.

“ For one long month they drooped in jail,  
At last the day of trial came,  
And my poor boys stood, sad and pale,  
Within the dock—the dock of shame.  
I little, little dreamt that they  
Should ever stand in such a way ;  
I thought I'd never rear a son  
That should be placed a moment there ;  
But Heaven's good will must still be done—  
'Tis ours to suffer and to bear.

“ I searched the court in doubt and fear,  
I looked around with heavy heart,  
To see if any friend were near,  
To take my children's part.  
Oh ! no, each friend, it was decreed,  
Should leave me in the day of need,  
One, that a character could give,  
Had lately gone to France to live ;  
Sick in his bed another lay ;  
The third to town was called away.

One lawyer spoke with right intent,  
He spoke as well as lawyer could ;  
But through the place a whisper went,  
That all he said had done no good.  
I looked up to the judges then,  
And cried, but no kind look was shown.  
Oh ! sir, your high-born gentlemen,  
In their strange pride and dignity,  
Almost appear to think that we  
Have not got hearts made like their own !

"No hope remained—no chance I saw—  
My boys were sentenced to my face ;  
I heard their doom, I cursed the law,  
And faint and frantic left the place."  
In three days more the worst was past—  
I met them, and I looked my last ;  
Took the last kiss I'll ever get,  
For five long years are on them yet ;  
And low and bare these bones will lie  
Before e'en half the time goes by :  
Ay ! long before they cross the sea,  
The cold, cold worm will feed on me.

"I strove for months to work my way—  
I thought to hold the little spot ;  
But it was close on Lady-day,  
And my small rent I could not pay,  
For all I had the lawyers got.  
The landlord came, he made no rout,  
But said at once he'd cant me out :  
I heard it, and I thought that he  
Said this just then to frighten me.  
But faith, dear sir, he sold me out—  
He sold for all the rent I owed ;  
My little things were tossed about,  
And I was turned upon the road.  
I begged about my native place—  
I asked for shelter far and near ;  
I saw dislike in every face—  
I had no spot to hide my head,  
Till some good boys built up this shed ;  
And now at last I'm settled here !"

The creature wept, and wept again,  
When her long tale of grief was done ;

It moved me much in age to see  
 So much of unearned misery ;  
 It was to me a sight of pain,  
     Sad as I ever looked upon.  
 I gave the little I could spare,  
 And left the poor old mourner there.

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To the Musc.

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"You found me poor at first, and kept me so."—*Goldsmith.*

Sweet Song ! I own I cannot tell  
     What won you from the starry sky ;  
 I know not why you choose to dwell  
     With one so poor and sad as I.  
 Whene'er you roam the fields with me,  
     Whene'er we walk the busy street,  
 How many a grander home you see,  
     How many a finer form you meet  
         Than these of mine.  
     But, Song divine !  
 We've loved too long and well to part  
     In haste to-night ;  
     My treasure bright,  
 Come closer to my weary heart !

What though we hold no parchment scrolls  
     To claim those trees, those fields, and flow'rs ?  
 Sweet Song ! perhaps they glad the souls  
     Of those who own them, less than ours.  
 You read their lessons sweet for me,  
     You fill my heart with happy thought ;  
 The glories you alone can see  
     You whisper to me—and you ought ;  
         For, Song divine—  
         But voice of mine  
 Shall blame thee not—we will not part  
     In haste to-night ;  
     My vision bright,  
 Come closer to my weary heart !

The earth is wet with heavy dews,  
Come, let us climb our crooked stairs,  
And take again our lofty views  
Of mortals, and their small affairs.  
From glaring rooms below, arise  
The noisy laugh, the jangling tune,  
We'll hear the music of the skies,  
We're nearer to the smiling moon !  
And, Song divine,  
That voice of thine  
Shall sweeten all ; we will not part  
In haste to-night ;  
My own delight,  
Come closer to my weary heart !

I've but a plain and humble board,  
I feel no wine-excited mirth—  
My scanty purse will scarce afford  
Those few bright embers on my hearth ;  
No merry friends surround me here ;  
No loved one smiles—I sit alone ;  
Come, thou, to soothe me and to cheer—  
The fault, you know, is half your own !  
But, Song divine !  
I'll not repine ;  
We've loved too long and well to part  
In haste to-night ;  
My vision bright,  
Come closer to my weary heart !

Yes, sit beside me. Ever stay !  
I've met with who could boast them all,  
And often heard them sigh and say  
That friends depart and pleasures pall.  
But unto me *thy* beaming brow  
Was never dimmed or darkened yet ;  
Thy starry eyes are smiling now  
As on the eve when first we met.  
Sweet Song divine,  
Be ever mine !  
We've loved too long and well to part ;  
My own delight,  
My vision bright,  
Come closer to my weary heart !

Yes, fold me in your downy wings,  
And sing some old enchanting strain ;

And I will dream of brighter things  
Than ever filled a waking brain !  
Let Power and Wealth, howe'er they may,  
Enjoy the world ; in after years  
We'll look along the past, and say  
We've had a time as sweet as theirs.  
Sweet Song divine !  
Be ever mine ;  
I've loved thee long, we'll never part ;  
My vision bright,  
My own delight,  
Sing sweetly to my weary heart !

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### Bayonets for Ireland.

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(FROM THE NATION, JULY 6TH, 1850.)

So it turns out, after all, that England holds Ireland but by terror and the sword. Statesmen have been deceiving themselves. Benevolent Whigs who flung us soft words, and blarneyed about legislative identification and community of interests and power, are hypocrites or dupes. We are yet without the pale of the constitution. We must be held by force. The two capitals have been approximated to no purpose. Centralisation is a cheat. It has no conjuration for disaffected Ireland. Concession is a quack's nostrum. It is weak as a rope of sand. There is no bond to secure "the integrity of the empire" but an iron chain. The authority of England here is the rule of the bayonet. So says the Duke of Wellington.

"His Grace," with candid indiscreetness, which is likely to checkmate the Whigs in the measure which they designed to signalise the present session as their profoundest scheme of policy, repudiates all connection with this country but by

military operation. Constitutional privileges ; royal visits ; commemorative christenings ; all are moonshine. Military operations ; Horse-Guard tactics ; cavalry, cannon, and courts-martial ; these are the *regime* for Ireland. The vice-royalty is a garrison. The viceroy is an aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief.

"Look," said the "F.M."—"look to the history of the last fifty years, and more especially at the history of the last ten years, we shall find a continued series of military operations carried on at every period of that time."

And thus it must continue. Ireland is to be "operated" on (bellicose) till all native feeling shall be subdued ; till the men born upon this land (like his Grace) learned to transfer their love for it to the rival wooer across the Channel. When the bayonet civilises us—when we believe Irish nationality to be an insane dream or criminal treason—then we shall be qualified to be governed by the civil power, to rank as British citizens. We are still the savage, discontent, Irish enemy. Trust to the bayonet's point and efficacy, and "after some time"—how long, Irishmen?—England may rule us with a distaff or a sheriff's wand.

Your Grace will pardon us, but we do not believe a word of this. We know full well that if you stationed a British guard in every house in Ireland, and paraded us each morning according to the Articles of War, you could not discipline us into consent to the rule of the British Parliament—into a renunciation of our national rights. We more than doubt you, my lord. We tell you openly that one hundred years, or five hundred years, of military operations cannot, and shall not, seduce or intimidate this country of ours—shall not Saxonise her—shall not further degrade her. Your Grace has lived a long life. You have had much experience. You have gained much eminence, high rank, vast revenues, and numberless equestrian statues. But the meanest beggar here is richer than you in one thing. You have no country. We have nothing in common with you save the accident of your birth, of which we are not in the least proud. And we care not one rush what you think on Irish subjects. We despise your imperialism and your enmity. And illustrious, though you be, as a captain and warrior, we hold with the people of



this country a faith in her destiny that scoffs at your strategy, and which will work her freedom in despite of you, the Horse Guards, and fuglemen Lords Lieutenant.

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### The Felons of our Land.

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BY ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

Fill up once more, we'll drink a toast  
To comrades far away,  
No nation upon earth can boast  
Of braver hearts than they.  
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,  
Or flee, outlawed and banned,  
We love them yet, we can't forget  
The felons of our land.

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride,  
Foredoomed by alien laws,  
Some on the scaffold proudly died  
For sainted Ireland's cause.  
And, brothers, say, shall we to-day,  
Unmoved, like cowards stand,  
Whilst traitors shame and foes defame  
The felons of our land.

Some in the convict's dreary cell  
Have found a living tomb,  
And some unseen, unfriended fell  
Within the dungeon's gloom.  
Yet, what care we although it be  
Trod by a ruffian band—  
God bless the clay where rest to-day  
The felons of our land.

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,  
Oh, little do we care,  
A felon's cap's the noblest crown  
An Irish head can wear.  
And every Gael in Innisfail  
Who scorns the serf's vile brand  
From Lee to Boyne would gladly join  
The felons of our land.

## Dr. Doyle on Education.

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In a letter to Daniel O'Connell, written in 1829, the illustrious Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, thus expressed himself on the subject of education for the Irish people :—

A BOLD peasantry, 'tis true, is a nation's strength and pride ; but an educated people will be free, and bold, and opulent. The country possessed by such a people will have within her a fund of virtue, of invention, of energy, and power, which never can be exhausted. Hence we find that all those great men who created empires, organised governments, framed useful laws, and, as it were, founded on a firm basis public morality and divine worship, considered the establishment of literary institutions as the glory of their age, and the most lasting advantages conferred by them upon their people. Free cities and republics identified with their very constitutions the encouragement of the arts, and of those sciences on which the arts themselves depend. And why not ? for how can liberty be secure, conquests or discoveries made, commerce extend herself and flourish, or how can religion be enlightened, pure, or undefiled, unless science diffuse her lights, and compel men to exchange their animal propensities for her holy pleasures ? But passing to the Continent, you find all the science of England surrounded by the arts, and ministering, not only to the above purposes, but also to the pleasures of taste. The Netherlands, and north-west of France, the only portion of that happy country which I saw, appear like a well-cultivated garden, teeming with every luxury which the earth in a genial climate can produce. The towns and cities swarming with inhabitants—their buildings improving, or being extended—comfort or abundance everywhere apparent, and the poor, either collected in charitable institutions, or exhibiting even in their relative poverty no signs of squalid misery, of shameless nakedness, or

extreme distress. In all their cities, and they are many, a magistracy and police are found, not apparently to terrify or punish, but to preserve order and protect the good. Places of public recreation or amusement encompass or embellish every city, and schools of public instruction, galleries of paintings, museums, literary institutions, are intermixed with the seats of justice, the temples of divine worship, or the asylums of the sick, the indigent, the orphan, or of the invalid resting from the toil of defending his country. How often, while my heart swelled with feelings not to be described, did I turn to Ireland, and ruminate upon her misfortunes ! How often did I wish that the Almighty had placed her in some position where she could enjoy those blessings, which His providence seems to have destined for all the nations of the earth ! How much and how bitterly did I lament her sufferings—how earnestly did I pray that He who holds in his hands the destinies of nations and hearts of men would bring them to a close. It is, however, vain to indulge in such reflections, or to be impelled by them either to desert one's country, or seek for her improvement by impracticable means. It is better, dear sir, to exert, as you are doing, all the energies of mind, and all the labours which the body can sustain, in seeking to lay at least some foundation for her future happiness.

We may, indeed, plant what only a future generation can gather—but then the earth would lie lightly on our remains should we secure for those who will tread it some portion of that happiness which other nations enjoy. Nor are we permitted to relax in our efforts for our country's good, even when those whom nature or compact appointed to protect her interests, either desert her altogether, or virtually abdicate those duties towards her which in justice and sound policy they are bound to fulfil. If, then, all of us who dwell in Ireland, and whose fame and fortunes and interests and affections are indissolubly connected with the country of our birth, are truly anxious to contribute something towards laying the foundation of her future welfare, we should not overlook the means we have of doing so by opening to all her children the living fountains of knowledge, and rendering those fountains accessible to all. The



"O land of sorrows, Innisfail ! the saddest, still the fairest !  
Though ever fruitful are thy fields—though green the garb thou  
wearest,  
In vain thy children seek thy gifts, and fondly gather round  
thee ;  
They live as strangers 'midst thy vales since dark oppression  
bound thee.

"My own old home beside the glen !—how could I cease to love  
thee ?  
The yellow thatch was o'er thy walls, the beeches were above  
thee ;  
Thy sides were like the sea-gull's wings, of purest snowy white-  
ness—  
They wooed the sun till round thy porch he flung his silvery  
brightness.

"Methinks I now behold thy smoke ascend from yonder  
thicket,  
Methinks I see my aged sire beside thy open wicket,  
And hear my brothers' notes of mirth along the valleys  
ringing,  
Where maidens o'er the milking pails the rural songs are  
singing.

"Around thy hearth at day's decline arose the voice of  
gladness ;  
The fleeting years, as on they sped, flung in no seeds of  
sadness ;  
And though the swelling tide of care oft rolled its waves beside  
us,  
We clung in hope around our home—no perils could divide us.

"But ah ! on sudden, Famine's breath brought direful deso-  
lation ;  
Whilst tyrants cast their cruel laws around the dying nation,  
And spurned the wasting, withered poor, for help, for mercy  
crying—  
And smiled with cruel joy to hear that Erin's sons were dying.

"My God, it came—the fearful gale !—against our happy  
dwelling ;  
We stood the fearful shock awhile, though waves of care were  
swelling :

Whilst, like a monster 'midst the deep which loves the tempest's  
thunder,  
The lords who owned our land desired to see us sinking under.

"In vain the hopes we fed awhile!—in vain each dear  
endeavour!—  
My father's father's natal home was lost to us for ever ;  
And cosy roof, and porch, and walls were cast to earth together,  
'And we, in woe, were forced to face the Winter's direful  
weather.

Alanna! 'neath their native soil my parents' hearts are sleep-  
ing—  
Across their lonely grassy graves the shamrock leaves are creep-  
ing ;  
And we are here amidst those wilds, where tyrants ne'er can  
bind us,  
With lands as fertile—not so fair—as those we've left behind us.

"Yes ; true, my son!—thy father dear has drunk the bitter  
potion ;  
Yet often 'midst those lonely woods he thinks, with fond emo-  
tion,  
That yonder billows seek our isle—that gentle zephyrs fan her ;  
Oh ! may her exiles seek her too, to raise her drooping banner !"

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O'CONNELL'S ESTIMATE OF HENRY GRATTAN.—The splen-  
dour of Grattan's talents had been eclipsed by the noble in-  
tegrity of his heart ; and he was the brightest ornament of  
his native land, which he had so eminently served. If she  
had fallen again, and had again to commence the career of  
national freedom, no fault could be attributed to Henry  
Grattan, who had waked her first to independence, and fought  
the manly and the good fight for her liberties. His elo-  
quence could never have been equalled ; but if the other  
anti-Unionists had equalled him in other points—if they had  
caught one spark of his valour—Ireland would not now be a  
province, nor would stupidity and heavy ignorance have  
battled their way to judicial station, and profited by the ex-  
tinction of our country !

## The Defence of Limerick.

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(FROM "THE BOYNE WATER," A NOVEL; BY JOHN BANIM.)

WILLIAM was not to be turned from his purpose even by a loss and a disappointment so considerable as that which Sarsfield's adventure (the blowing up of William's siege-train at Ballyneety) entailed upon him. To the surprise and alarm of the furnishing garrison, he still kept his encampment on Singlands; received, in a short time, a second battering train from Waterford; and planted it on a height called Penny-well. While the soldiers and citizens of Limerick sparingly shared their raw beans—the only food they had—it seemed that a formidable breach would soon be made in the bulwarks of Ireland's strongest citadel.

While, day after day, the battering at this one point continued, the garrison made a desperate midnight sortie upon the besiegers. Taken by surprise; thrown into such confusion as to be unable to discern friend from foe, they attacked each other; and (the Irish having retreated unperceived) so continued, until the morning light showed them their mistake, and the shocking havoc that resulted from it.

At last, from the Penny-well battery, a breach about twenty feet wide was indeed made. Evelyn, standing along with Sarsfield upon the walls, almost over it, saw all the grenadiers in William's army form in a dense and threatening mass on the side of the descent from Cromwell's fort, evidently preparing to storm the city. The whole Danish force, and some English, moved to support them, at the left; an equal number of Dutch, Brandenburgians, and other English regiments, slowly, and with the soldier's regular movement, took their right, or appeared as a reserve. The bellowing of the cannon at Penny-well ceased:—there was a moment's pause. As Evelyn stood, Penny-well faced him, at about

the distance of half a mile, and William's camp, with Cromwell's fort in front, lay to his right.

There was a moment's pause, during which Evelyn glanced along the walls, and behind him, into the city, to note the preparations made for the welcoming of this formidable array. To his astonishment, no soldiers manned the breach ; although at either side of it, ranks of horse and foot pressed close, in silence and in action. Immediately facing the yawn in the wall, some guns had been mounted, on a hastily-constructed battery of stones, woolsocks, earth, and timber. Beyond this battery, in the street that turned towards Ball's-bridge, was a crowd of citizens, men and women, some rudely armed, some defenceless ; but all determined, and, like the soldiers, all silent. Sarsfield alone seemed the waking genius of the scene. Evelyn saw him pacing from point to point, earnestly impressing his commands. He would stop, and sometimes rest his sword across his arm, sometimes move it round his head, as if triumph had already resulted from his measures. Ever and anon he sprang to the wall, took a view of the approaching enemy, and then hastened down to complete his arrangements. Such were the only visible dispositions to receive the assault within the city. Without, bodies of men filled the trenches between the counterscarp and the breach, mostly invisible to the enemy.

As Evelyn's eye recurred to the scene abroad, he saw that the grenadiers had advanced to the last angle of their own trenches, supported on the right and on the left, and by a reserve, as before described. Three field pieces were discharged at Cromwell's fort ; this was the signal they awaited. They leaped their trenches, and ran on cheering gallantly to the counterscarp ; their right, left, and reserve keeping up with them. Ere they reached the counterscarp, a tremendous fire of great and small shot was poured upon them from the curtain of wall at either side of Evelyn, and hundreds fell—the cannon making lanes through the dense bodies of grenadiers. But all this range of battery, being in a direct line with Cromwell's fort, was instantly enfiladed from it : such showers of balls swept along the top of the wall as soon promised to clear it of its garrison. For some time, however, the Irish returned, on the enemy under them, the



salutes received from their right. And while the united roar of the hostile cannons rent the sunny Autumn sky, the walls were encumbered, and the approach of the breach strowed, with the dead and the dying.

The mighty interest of the contest had, till this moment, kept Evelyn insensible to the peril of his situation. With his eye fixed on the approaching grenadiers, as, each moment, the cloud from which death was belched, wafted aside and left them visible ; with his ears diuned, and his senses confused by the near bellowing of the guns ; with his young and ardent spirit mixing, too, in the conflict ; he had no time to reflect that, standing where he did, he was only a spectator. But a group of those who worked the battery, close by him, were now tumbled from the walls into the ditch below, and he awoke to his danger. At the same moment the voice of Sarsfield sounded through the uproar :

"Give them the walls, comrades, give them the walls ! Descend and follow me where we can fairly meet them !"

Doubly warned, Evelyn hastened down, along with the men thus exhorted, whom Sarsfield instantly added to the crouching force already stationed at either side of the breach. All grew silent on the walls. William simultaneously suspended his entilading from Cromwell's fort. Even abroad, before the breach, and among the trenches, there ensued a silence which seemed to argue that the assailants had paused to muster breath for a second effort, now unmolested by shot from the city. The dead and voiceless inaction grew horrible. The clouds of smoke that the double cannonading had congregated over the town rolled from it towards a hill some miles off. An unblotted and scorching sky once more expanded above the scene of havoc.

"*Mostha musha, thaun galore*" (full time) "for honest bodies to have a guard o' themselves. One o' them balls has no more regard for a poor simple boy, sich as me, nor for a roarin' mad sodger," said a voice close by Evelyn. He turned, and knew the Whisperer ; the words were indeed addressed to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Rory continued : "Though I'm no great things to brag of, making a noise wid your guns, or shkiverin' wid your soords, aften's the time we can do a sarvice, afther a manner of our own,

an' accordin', to the little janius God gave us. Keep an eye upon poor Rory, avick ; an' if he doesn't show you some *spudlock*\*—simpering with his usual graciousness, till a score of cunning wrinkles diverged from the corners of his eyes downward, and met as many branching upwards from the corners of his spacious mouth—"if he doesn't show you a fleck of Sassenachs nearer to Heaven's gate nor they think we wish to send 'em, you may jest call me *muddhaun more*† till the tongue swells in your cheek." And he shuffled off among the crowd behind the masked battery, rubbing his hands, in ecstacy, over his embryo project, and hanging his head more than usual towards the side to which it curved.

Renewed cheers broke from the assaulters ; the explosions of their hand-grenades were heard ; and then the dropping fire from the Irish who lay in the trenches, answered by volleys from William's right. Field-pieces, at some distance to the left of the town, also joined the roar ; and Evelyn heard Sarsfield say to Grace, as they stood by the breach, mustering, along with their men, full effort for a planned purpose : "Our little battery from King's Island plays merrily on their right, John."

Shouts, groans, trampling, the discharge of musketry, and the explosion of hand-grenades, all formed a confused din without, but Evelyn could see nothing of what passed until the Irish foot, posted in the trenches, jumped, covered with blood, in confusion upon the breach.

"Where now, cowards?" asked Sarsfield, in a vehement whisper.

"The counterscarp is carried," answered one, who seemed an officer ; "half our men killed in the trenches, and"—

"In then, in !" continued Sarsfield. The defeated trenchmen jumped into the street of the town, and looked round, in panic, to continue their retreat. The pikes and bayonets at either side of the breach opposed them ; while, opposite, the revilings of men and women kept them stationary. Under Sarsfield's command they rallied, and joined their seemingly inactive brethren. While in the very act of doing so, the shout of the brave English grenadiers burst just

\* Sport.

† Big Fool.

outside. In came a shower of their hand-grenades ; and, almost simultaneously, they themselves sprang into the breach. A murderous volley of grape instantly saluted them from the masked battery inside the walls. Another ; and those who did not fall dead or wounded, jumped back. Still Sarsfield and his reserve remained quiet.

Evelyn stood to the right of the breach, in the rear of the portion of the reserve there posted, a crowd of citizens around him. More than once, while the contest raged without, the Whisperer passed and re-passed him, adroitly piercing through the throng ; looking the very fiend of the strife ; chuckling over his intended mischief ; and ever saying, in a low bland tone, as he came near his old friend :

"You'll soon see the *spuddoch*, a-chorra machree ; you'll soon see the *spuddoch*." In his latest transits he was followed by a female in a flowing mantle, who seemed a confidant in his plans, whatever they might be. Evelyn once heard him whisper her, as he clapped her on the shoulder : "Have a care upon you, alanna. Don't let such a fine *spurt* as God is sendin' us be for little good. Let 'em be perched as thick as swarmin' bees afore you beckon." Immediately upon the repulse of the grenadiers, he again passed to some distance, with a lighted match, and seemed to make certain preparation, of which Evelyn could not discern the meaning, or even the process. Once more, as he sidled through the crowd, in increasing glee—"The *spuddoch* 'ill soon be now, avick," he said ; "mind the *pechauns*\* that 'll come getherin' in the shky afther a while."

There was another short pause in the conflict ; then another reinforced assault from the grenadiers ; another discharge from the battery into their faces ; and though many again fell, none flinched. Down from the breach they scrambled and jumped, in hundreds into the town. Ran on, seized, and silenced the masked battery ; cheered in the reserve. But now their fate, and the fate of Limerick, drew near.

"Charge ! for Limerick ! for Ireland !" roared Sarsfield. The ambushed soldiers, at either side, instantly filled the

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\* The crows.

breach. They met the reserve, with the shock of torrent against torrent. Madly shouting, half their force repelled them beyond the trenches, abroad ; half turned upon the foe, cut off in the streets in the town. Extermination of these gallant fellows followed. To a man they refused to give or take quarter—to a man they were slain. Assailed by the soldiers in front, and by the people in rear, their destruction was the work of but a few minutes. Even the women of Limerick mixed in the deadly struggle. Many a beautiful girl and staid matron rolled among the dead ; others seized the arms of the slaughtered grenadiers, or, supplied with sharp stones from the breach, or with whatever missile chance afforded, set an example of desperate courage to their brothers, lovers, or husbands. And while a furious sortie, headed by Sarsfield and supported by a gallant Scotsman, Wauhup, was made after the assailants, the crowd of women scrambled to the breach, their attire rent and blood-stained, their hair flowing, and there brandishing their chance weapons, sent a frantic scream of triumph and defiance after their discomfited foe.

• In the midst of this scene of uproar, slaughter, and horror, Evelyn's eye was attracted by a woman in the window of a house next to him. His regards fixed on her face ; for he thought he recognised Onagh of Red Bay. She held in her hand a stick, to which was attached a torn fragment of a red-handkerchief ; her look was fastened on a certain part of the walls. Evelyn glanced in the same direction. He saw a regiment, which he knew, by the uniform, to be Brandenburgian, gallantly scaling the Black battery, one of the defences near the breach. At this instant Sarsfield, his face and person stained with blood and dust, sprang back into the crowd, crying out :

"Limerick is safe ! they fly at every point ! To the walls, Irishmen, and give them a farewell greeting ! But, hah ! there be some saucy fellows before us," his eyes catching the Brandenburgians.

"Lave *them* to me, gineral honey," said the Whisperer, from the remote station where he had previously been making some arrangements. "An' stop a bit, just where you are, for your own darlin' sake. Gossip," elevating his voice

to Onagh, who still held her place in the window, "is it time to fly my flock yet I wondher?"

There was a cry from Onagh—she dropped her flag—the whole regiment had now ascended the Black battery. Rory touched the ground near him with a lighted match. A train fizzed towards the wall, under and along it, till it reached the tower of the battery, which was full of gunpowder, and, with a horrid explosion, up went the tower in fragments, and with it the fragments of men. And this Evelyn now comprehended to be the "*spudbeck*" which Master Rory-na-chopple had promised him.

Amid deafening shouts, the walls were again manned. With the roar of triumph, volleys of grape, still destructive, reached the flying army. Dalrymple authorises the statement that William lost, this day, two thousand of the flower of his soldiers. It may be added that, under all the circumstances, unequal in numbers, undisciplined, unsupported by regular allies, starving, and against the terror of the name of a great general, Limerick made a struggle, and accomplished a triumph, not unlike or inferior to the struggle and triumph which has since immortalised the walls of Saragossa.

"And now, sirs," said King William, who, like James at the Boyne, and a greater man than either at Waterloo, had watched the chances of the day from the height of Cromwell's fort, and who, immediately after the defeat, collected around him his drooping generals and followers—"now, sirs, I am for England; perhaps for the Low Countries. Affairs go on as ill there as here. I leave you, Solmes, in full command of my Irish army; Ginkle to succeed you, whenever it may be needed; with my commands to both to finish this Irish war on any terms."

"My liege!" cried many voices, amongst which were those of Colonel Lloyd, of the Fenniskilleeners, and Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath. "Your gracious majesty cannot ask us to consider a foe so contemptible and pernicious," added Colonel Lloyd.

"I came into Ireland too much depending on such views, sir," answered William, sullenly and bitterly, "for the which I was indebted to you, and those of your mind. But it were well we all brought ourselves to regard, more

calmly and truly, the enemy we seek to understand, as well as subdue. Listen, then. Upon the first attempt for my crown in Ireland this contemptible foe beat you—you, the Protestant strength of Ireland—in a few weeks, out of eight northern counties. Beat you in four battles—one at Dro-more, one at Hillsborough, one on the banks of the Bann, and one at Clady Ford. Reduced you to a confused remnant, and shut you up between the four walls of Derry. There you starved, truly; more because you dreaded the consequences than dared the principle of a surrender. Until at last, upon the very threshold of a treaty with Hamilton, you were saved—not by yourselves, or aught you could do—but by a few English regiments. Against this contemptible foe I then sent twenty thousand English and foreigners, headed by a great general; you gave him and them your help. I will say little of his gratitude for your alliance, or his testimony of your character. Enough that between you all you were out-manœuvred, cowed, and consigned to destruction by this contemptible foe; and that your campaign terminated without a battle, yet with the loss of half my army. Mark still! I came among you in person, to retrieve the disgraces of my cause and my arms. The first battle with this insignificant foe was twice nearly lost. Once, Colonel Enniskillener, by *your* corps deserting me in the second charge at Sheephouse, and running merrily, though with your king at your head, from the face of this insignificant foe. Immediately after, a handful of them repulsed, with some loss, ten thousand of my troops at Ath-lone. This day they have repulsed my whole army, headed by myself, and greatly seconded by the native zeal of the Enniskilleners. Sirs," he continued, more than usually roused, "you witness the first real defeat, except one in my youth, at Maestricht, which I have ever suffered. As I am a soldier and a king, Limerick has been bravely defended. And yet you hear it said that men who can so demean themselves merit not the consideration due to a fair enemy. Harken to my parting orders. Finish, I repeat, this Irish war upon any terms. Should the future give you a promising advantage, propose then, as well as now, full protection in property, and civil privileges

with religious freedom. If the Irish enemy at last fall, offer, to all who will willingly comply, place and rank in my British armies. I should care for such soldiers as they would make. I have now done. Farewell!"

"My gracious liege," said the Bishop of Meath, as William turned away, "remember the creed of the rebels you would thus propose to patronise. Deign, sire, tenderly to remember our loyalty, our sufferings, and our lawful expectations of redress. Deign"—

"Bishop of Meath, attend. While holding up my right hand, in the face of Heaven and of men, to repeat and swear my coronation oath, a clause was proposed to me that I should 'root out heretics.' At these words I stopped my Lord of Argyle, who administered the oath, and declared I did not mean to oblige myself to become a persecutor. The commissioner explained that such, surely, was not the meaning of the oath, and then I bid him note that in such a sense only I took it. The same, Bishop of Meath, do I now desire you to note. And so, an end. Let the siege be raised, and the army retire on Clonmel. Solmes and Ginkle, remember my orders, and give them all effect."

"We promise to do so," they answered, equally indifferent with William to the petty Irish divisions upon which alone Irishmen could contemplate a great struggle.

"Be it so," whispered Dr. Dopping to Colonel Lloyd, who smiled at the allusion that followed; "we may yet have our own audience, and our own day for it."

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DR. DOYLE ON A FEDERAL UNION.—The Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, the famous "J.K.L." (James of Kildare and Leighlin), wrote as follows in one of his letters, dated Nov. 24, 1830:—"I could prove that a federal union of these islands, under one Crown, would be more lasting than that which now exists, and that the agriculture, commerce, and consequently the strength of both countries would be greatly increased by the Repeal of the Union, and by the reforms in England and Ireland which should necessarily attend or follow such repeal."

## A Life Picture.

BY JOHN K. CASEY.

Far out upon the heaving sea  
The young moon looks in stillness fair ;  
And wild and sad and mournfully  
Fresh breezes haunt the Autumn air.  
All lonely at the window pane  
A watcher sits, while, one by one,  
The scenes of years steal in again,  
Like hues of a departed sun—  
The pictured dreams of olden times  
Rolled in the light of scattered climes.

Full fifty years, and boyhood's space  
Comes back arrayed in sunsets brown—  
The merry songs, the ancient place,  
And gray-arched bridge below the town—  
The "inch" girt by the Inny's wave,  
Where sword-leaves hid the wild duck's nest—  
The snow-white rock, the fairy's cave,  
The meadows sloping to the West—  
The prayer beside the mother's knee—  
The legends of the *vanithee*.

They enter in from spirit lands,  
As leaves borne on a rushing stream :  
He clasps again the friendly hands—  
The loving glances on him beam.  
He hears, far o'er the dewy hill,  
The hunting horn's wild melody ;  
He sees the "hedge-school," where the rill  
Mimicked the schoolboys' careless glee ;  
And strays along the violet path  
That circled Creevagh's haunted rath.

O gray old bridge ! what shadows slide  
Down from thy battlements so lone !  
O home upon the white hill-side,  
Are all thy owners dead and gone ?



"Dead, dead and gone," a voice replies  
 Low from the cascades' echoed song—  
 Dead, dead and gone!—but in the skies  
 They mingle with the seraph throng;  
 One wanderer treads the earthly land  
 Of all the loved and loving band.

Weave, weave the web, O Memory!  
 A dim bark skims the moonlit foam,  
 And bears to beauteous Italy  
 A bright boy from his Irish home.  
 He stands upon the deck, his eye  
 Rests on a stilly western star—  
*Mon mur!* the yearning heart must fly  
 To that sweet resting-spot afar—  
 The old white rock, the island brown,  
 The bridge of Ballymahon town.

The halls of Rome are grand and fair,  
 And flashed with purple light and gold;  
 But oh! to breathe the Summer air  
 That blew through Ballymulvey's wold.  
 All day the weariness and hum,  
 But evening brings the vesper chimes,  
 And all the bursts of feeling come  
 That filled the breast in vanished times—  
 This memoried spot, life's changeful dream,  
 That home beside the Inny's stream.

To pray and labour, work and win,  
 And learn God's holy eloquence,  
 To measure blades with death and sin  
 In all the trust of innocence,  
 To dwell amid the glorious past,  
 And keep youth's pulses firmly strung,  
 And hold with memory firm and fast  
 The lessons of his earliest tongue—  
 So lived the boy till manhood came,  
 Crowned with the wreath of truth and fame.

Weave, weave the web, O Memory!  
 The threads knit closer, one by one:  
 Again a bright barque skims the sea,  
 With prow bent to the setting sun;  
 The wanderer on the brown deck stands,  
 And gazes on the far sea rim;

He thinks no more of foreign lands—  
 That wild expanse holds all for him—  
 The star that blossomed in the sky,  
 To which his heart would ever fly.

He steps upon his native soil—  
 Where was the light that filled his years ?  
 Still, still the ceaseless weight of toil,  
 The prayer, the hope, the lonely tears.  
 The decades roll in girded space—  
 Time adds fresh flowers to every grave—  
 He may not see the olden place,  
 Or stand beside the olden wave ;  
 The Saviour's work must yet be done—  
 The glorious crown is still unwon.

And so, as winds steal from the sea,  
 And Autumn's moon is pacing slow,  
 All sad and sweet and mournfully  
 The treasured visions inward flow.  
 He sits beside the window frame,  
 And dreams a dream of sunsets brown ;  
 He sees the gray-arched bridge again,  
 The lonely inch, the silent town,  
 And every fond and loving face  
 That lit life's only resting place.

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### A Christmas Reberie.

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BY DENIS D. SULLIVAN.

Three score and ten—could I miss the years ?  
 Three score and ten, and I not dead ;  
 Well, God is good, and perhaps He spares  
 My helpless frame and my old grey hairs,  
 That prayers for the childer may still be said.

Forty long years this blessed night,  
 Forty long years since we left the strand—  
 Mother of God ! if my aching sight—  
 But no, 'twas a start ; sure my head is light—  
 I must die like the rest in the stranger's land. .

No, never again shall I see your shore,  
Home of my heart! and God's will be done.  
But sometimes I think—I was told before  
'Twas an old man's fancy, and *they* know more  
Than one with the lease of a long life to run—

But sometimes I think, as I'm thinking now,  
Sitting alone by the Christmas fire,  
That there in the light of the embers' glow,  
There where the tall shadows come and go,  
I see them again till my eyeballs tire.

I see the faces I know are dead,  
I see the friends that are far away,  
I see the fields I shall never tread,  
The old grey church where we two were wed,  
Mary and I, on that happy day.

And there, far away from the smoky town,  
With its warm-thatched roof and its earthen floor,  
And its ivied walls and its chimneys brown—  
Your heart broke, *agra*, when they tore it down—  
But the law was hard on the weak and poor—

There, in that nook, the old homestead stands ;  
But it fades, and the grave my dim vision fills,  
Where we laid you, love, with despairing hands,  
When your pure soul left for the happier lands  
Where no roof-trees blaze and no famine kills.

And Willy and Pat, they too are dead ;  
And Eddy, the fearless, his mother's pride ;  
And golden-haired Katie, her spirit fled  
On the day that, for hating the Saxon red,  
They murdered her boy on the green hill-side.

But I see them again in the flickering light,  
And many a scene from the buried past  
Steals dimly back on my failing sight ;  
And the old man's prayer this Christmas night—  
Hearken, O God, to that prayer at last !—

Is that He who came upon Earth to save,  
Who died on the Cross to set mortals free,  
May smile on you, Ireland, beyond the wave,  
And gladden the hearts of the true and brave  
With plenty and peace and liberty !

## Talk by the Blackwater.

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BY "MARY" OF THE "NATION."

Faint are the breezes and pure is the tide,  
 Soft is the sunshine and you by my side ;  
 'Tis just such an evening to dream of in sleep—  
 'Tis just such a joy to remember and weep ;  
 Never before, since you called me your own,  
 Were you, I, and Nature so proudly alone—  
     Cushlamachree,  
     'Tis blessed to be

All the long Summer eve talking to thee.

Dear are the green banks we wander upon—  
 Dear is our own river, glancing along—  
 Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be  
 The tides of the future for you and for me—  
 Dearest the thought that, come weal or come woe,  
 Through storm or through sunshine together they'll flow—  
     Cushlamachree,  
     'Tis blessed to be

All the long Summer eve thinking of thee.

Yon bark, o'er the waters how swiftly it glides !—  
 My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides ;  
 As little I know what the future brings near,  
 But our bark is the same, and I harbour no fear ;  
 Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true—  
 Wherever the stream flows, 'twill bear me with you—  
     Cushlamachree,  
     'Tis blessed to be  
 Summer and Winter time clinging to thee.

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The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms and minutest particles without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.—*Swift*.

## Creatures of the Castle.

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Lady Morgan, in her admirable novel, "Florence M'Carthy," published so long ago as 1817, pictures with great fidelity and skill in the following passages a class of persons well-known and numerous in Ireland at that time, and scarcely less numerous, less mean, or less detested at the present day :—

If ever there was a period in the history of a country when it might be said that

" Crime gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence,"

it was that period in the history of Ireland when rebellion, excited for the purpose of effecting an unwelcome Union, called forth all the worst passions of humanity, and armed petty power with the rod of extermination. The wealth, influence, and importance of the Crawley family took their date from that memorable and frightful epoch in the tragedy of Irish history, which produced both moral and political ruin to a long-devoted country, under every form of degradation of which civilised society is susceptible. Previous to that period the three brothers had remained buried in the obscurity which belonged to their social and intellectual mediocrity. The eldest, Darby Crawley, the country attorney, found his highest dignity in being the factotum of the two Barons Fitzadelm, the agents of their embarrassed property, on which he lent them money saved by his father in their service, until the little that had remained of the estate fell into his hands. Through the interest of his employer he had been put into the commission of the peace ; the year 1798 found him a magistrate, and fortune and his *merits* had done the rest.

The second brother, whose gravity was mistaken for ability by his father (the illiterate land-bailiff of the Fitzadelms), was made a gentleman by the patent of a college education, and the legal degree of barrister-at-law. He had plied in

the courts with an empty green bag, and more empty head, year after year, with fruitless vigilance, till his energy in the melancholy prosecutions produced by the rebellion obtained him notice, patronage, place, and a silk gown.

The third brother, at once pompous and officious, servile and oppressive, and formed to alike tyrannise or cringe, had been placed as a clerk in a Government office, where, by his pliancy and industry, he made himself useful to a personage of shallow endowments and official importance, whose political views and flimsy attainments rendered agents thus qualified necessary to his purposes. The dull but zealous commissioner, who could not be daunted because he could not feel, was deemed a proper person to represent a Government borough in the Union Parliament; and, having effected "his most filthy bargain," was rewarded with the place of first commissioner of a particular board, instituted and perpetuated for the purpose of paying such debts to such creditors as the members of the Crawley family.

Mr. Commissioner, like his elder brothers, characteristically represented the *bureaucratic* or office tyranny by which Ireland has been for so long governed; whose members, arrogating to themselves exclusively the virtue of loyalty, and boldly assuming its insignia and device, have become formidable and oppressive to all who thwarted their career, or insinuated that their loyalty lies more in their places than their principles. The elder brother Darby was inferior in acquirements, and destitute of that education which his father's increasing prosperity had enabled him to bestow upon his younger sons; his success, however, was equal to theirs, and his places and avocations were still more numerous. He had been a Crown Solicitor at a moment when that place was the most inordinately lucrative; he was Treasurer of a county, and he united to these trustworthy situations those three capacities, whose unity is named in the country parts of Ireland "the triple tyranny of the land"—he was agent to an absentee nobleman, an active magistrate, and captain of a yeomanry corps.

As agent he kept off the landlord by misrepresentations of the political and local state of the country; and he worried the tenants by obliging them to labour for his own personal benefit.

As a magistrate, and the representative of his employer, he packed juries, domineered at sessions, corresponded with the State secretaries, became an organ of intelligence to the Irish Government, and obtained the name of the most loyal man in his county.

As captain of yeomanry he clubbed his own tenants and labourers of the dominant persuasion, made his returns full to the Government, distributed some of the money at his own discretion, pocketed the surplus, kept the neighbourhood in terror, and apprehended and committed to prison whom he pleased, and with more regard to prejudice and private feeling than to justice or public peace ; for he was a man of constitutional timidity, and believing himself an object of popular execration, he acted as if he was its victim.

Though in his magnificent house in Dublin, and his seat at Mount Crawley, he received and entertained persons of the first distinction, the society he frequented, the circle in which he moved, had produced no influence on his mind or manners. The stubborn, intractable, incorrigible vulgarity, which distinguished both, was accompanied by a low native humour, giving a peculiar expression to his shrewd, leering eye, and screwed-up, puckered mouth. Though all refinement, all mental illumination were placed beyond the possibility of his acquirement, he had still that species of natural sagacity, that subtlety of littleness, which, operating like instinct, in small circles, attains to a precision proportionate to its circumscription—which has been so well styled by Bacon a “left-handed wisdom.” He possessed a faculty, too, a certain cheerfulness of temperament, a constitutional hilarity, which hid out the darker qualities of his character, and rendered even the contempt he inspired free from the asperity of fixed aversion—in those, at least, who were not the perpetual victims of his cruel malversations. The laughter he excited blinded many to the injuries he had committed ; his blunders and humour kept his designs out of sight ; and his ridicules were so prominent, and stood so broadly on the surface, that if they did not conceal his vices, they gave, even to his arts, the air of simplicity.

At the period when the genius and worth of Ireland, combining with all that remained of public spirit, stood

forward in the cause of its independence,\* when the Irish Parliament and the Irish law courts shone with a splendour soon eclipsed, but never surpassed, it was the fashion of the ruling party to turn loose upon the scene of legal or senatorial action some ruffianly humourist, some professional buffoon, whose vulgarity might overbear, and whose unfeeling impudence might elude, the wit and the argument it could neither vanquish nor refute. Low jests, coarseness that passed the bounds of decency, blunders that bordered on fatuity (sometimes the products of intellectual confusion, more commonly the results of a long-sighted affectation), were then put in requisition, along with many other debasing schemes for violating public taste, for corrupting principles, blunting feelings, and subduing the spirit of a regenerating and awakening people.

In this school, and at this period, Darby Crawley had studied deeply. He estimated everything by its success. Genius and patriotism (or, according to his own accentuation, gianius and pathretism) with him meant folly and disloyalty. But while his experience taught him the danger of possessing the one, or of cherishing the other, he had a high and reverential approbation for purchased acquirements, for that education which wealth can obtain. Education had made gentlemen of his brothers; education had made a fine lady of his sister; education had made his sons wiser than their father; and want of education had left himself upon the last degree of the family scale, whom Nature had allotted to the first. To supply his early deficiencies he became therefore a close copyist of the sentimental jargon and foreign slip-slop of his sister; and even attempted the fluent verbosity and college pedantry of his youngest and most admired son. But the double treachery of a bad memory and a false ear plunged him into inaccuracies and mistakes, which the reprehension of those two leading members of his family were in vain applied to correct.

It was, however, curious to observe his natural sagacity, and the intuitive ability of his low, creeping, sordid self-interest, occasionally assuming their superiority over the

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\* In the year 1782.



flimsy attainments of his brothers and children ; whose accomplishments he was wont to admire, and who, in return, while they revered his success in life, and availed themselves of its advantage, blushed, and looked down on the ignorance and vulgarity by which it was accompanied.

A wet evening in the country, during the long vacation, would frequently afford him an opportunity of displaying his intuitive views of advancement in life, for the benefit of those who stood indebted to education alone for their distinctions. Then, released from the necessity of representation, and indulging to its full extent his natural vulgarity, he might, as he sat seated over his "sup of hot" (a tumbler of punch), be said to be truly in his element. Then, surrounded by his family, his sister presiding at the tea-table—his three sons lounging in different parts of the room—his intellect quickened by his potations—his feelings softened into maudlin tenderness—his eyes half-closed—his punch half drunk—his hands half clasped—and his thumbs in twirling motion, he would begin his customary exhortations to his sons.

These domestic lectures usually commenced with drinking the health of his children, to call their attention ; then reproving, then advising, and at last becoming pathetic as he grew fuddled, he usually concluded with his own death and the family ruin, which must ensue if his advice was neglected and forgotten. "Tim, Con, Thady, your healths ! Anne Clotworthy, my sarvice to you ! Well, then, Clotty dear, will never you send away that water bewitched ? It's little the tay ever your mother drank at your age, though she got to be the taydrinkingist sowl in the barony before she died, poor woman. Why, then, Tim dear, have you nothing to do but to lie stretched on the broad of your back along my new hair-bottoms, with your arm dangling down, and surprising them innocent animals of flies on the carpet, that's strewn with their corpses ? Upon my word, Tim, it would be fitter for you to be raiding the 'Hints for a Magistrate,' or 'MacNally's Justice of Pace,' you that will be in the commission, and high sheriff of the county, by promise since the Union. I wonder, Tim, but you'd send them game to the bishop you brought home last night, instead of giving them to your

crony, the surveyor; and the bishop brother to a Minister! and he that likes a bit of grouse above the world. There is nothing better bestowed than that which we give to them that want nothing; mind my words, Tim. Why, then, captain, I wish you'd quit with your rattan against my illigant Northumberland table, and get off it intirely. What use is the cheers but to sit on? and if you had gone, as I bid you, to make your compliments to the ginerol of the district the day, you wouldn't be playing your devil's tattoo, and spoiling my Northumberland. I've often told you the ginerol might make a man of you with the Duke of York. Is it by whistling and rapping my stick against the table for the length of a wet evening, that I got on in the world? No; but night or day, wet or dry, Summer or Winter, watching the main chance, Thady; and when I hadn't as much for myself as 'cuddy would you taste,' I had still always a bit of dewshure for the great, a Wicklow pebble, or a lump of Irish diamond, or a hundred of Puldoody oysters, or a cask of Waterford sprats, or some sort of a pretty *bougie* for my friends."

"*Bijou*," interrupted Miss Crawley.

"Well, *bijou*, then. But *apropos de bot*, Thady, in regard of your flopping fat Miss O'Flaherty, of Dunore, on your fine mare, and riding her round the country, when you couldn't plaze the Ginerol's lady more than giving her that very mare, which only just lies here doing nothing at all but aiting my hay and corn, while you are with your regiment eleven months in the year; for the great likes a present, every man Jack of them; and fat Miss O'Flaherty's a Papist, and was a marked man in the rebellion—that's her father; and her brother this day in America: and is it by lending a mare to fat Miss O'Flaherty I got your ensigncy from the Secretary of War, and made a captain of you over the heads of them that might be your father? No, faith, it was the Puldoodies that did it, and being a good friend to Government, through thick and thin. What is it you're writing there in them short lines, Conway Townshend? Is it rhymes? Why, then, I wish you'd lave off with your poethry and your gianius: mind my words, Con dear, your gianius will play you a dirty trick yet; for sorrow good gianius ever did for man

or boast. What was it brought the country into jeopardy, and bull-veasied the Government in the year '82? Why, gianius. What was it that set the world wild with the Irish Volunteers, the free trade, and the Catholic Bill, and Counsellor Curran, and ould Lord Charlemont, with his statues, and his pictures, and his popularity; and Mr. Grattan, with his people, and his Irish eloquence? Why, sir, wasn't it gianius? Och, sir, times is changed since then, since a man should talk eloquence and pathretism, and all that Gally-my-jaw, as the French call it, to get on in the world."

"*Galimathias*," lisped Miss Crawley.

"Well, Gally-matchaw, then; and not all as one as now, when a man has only to follow his nose, and walk into place or pension, just by sticking to the main chance. Och, sir, the Irish bar is another thing since them days. Tell me, Con, dear, is it independence will get you a silk gown? Will gianins make you first counsel to the commissioners, with your eight thousand a year for doing nothing at all at all? Will it make you a deputy remembrancer, with your nate four thousand, which is the true remembrancer? Or would gianius, poethry, and pathretism, with the aristocracy at their head (that is, barring the Union Lords), get you at this moment to be one of the thirty county sessions chairmen, all made since the year eighty-nine, for the encouragement of the rising young barristers; or even a magistrate of police, or a seneschal of the Dubin Liberties, or a missionary to explore disturbed districts? Troth and faith they wouldn't! And I could do more this day myself for you than the whole boiling of them, in respect of pushing you up the stick, Con, at the bar; that's if you lave off bothering us with your poethry. For see here, the thing's as plain as pais (peas). Sure there's spectacles for all ages, as well as wigs and gowns. Thanks to him that served the country well when he was in it, and does to this day, for all he butters them up with the Catholic question, and votes on it with his tongue in his cheek; and it's only for him the Crawleys wouldn't be where they are the day. And there's a little bonebush in store for you all round, if you will just be aisy and mind your hits, and drive on the ball when it comes to you, and be ready for your turn.

For there is two hundred of yez, great and small, ould and young, walking the hall, with your wigs and your bags, and there is three hundred places to divide among yez—make money of that, Con; and not one of you but may be a loyal man, and an *enfant trouve* of Government, as the French say, if he plazes.”

“*Enfant cheri*,” interrupted Miss Crawley.

“Well, enfant cherry—if yez will just mind your P’s and Q’s; and so now you know the ways of the place; there’s neither twining nor turning, but straight forward. So let’s have no more of your rhymes and your gianius, and your satirical perigams, Counsellor Con.”

“Epigrams, my dear Darby.”

“Well, epigrams, then; but can’t you mind what I think, and not what I say? for you’re not beholden to them, Con, with your college education, and your speaking French like a Nabob. Now, just ask yourself, is the Chief Baron a gianius? or the Counsel to the Commissioners a gianius? or was it poethry made a sergeant of your uncle? No; but wiggings\* all the Chancellors that ever were created, and offering to kick a Catholic barrister, which he didn’t after all, for a raison he had; but the will, sir, was taken for the deed. So come to your tay, Con, and be aisy with your poethry.”

“Well, boys, dear, I’ll see the day yet, when I’m dead and buried, God help me! and in my new moleseum in Dunore church, when my words will come to pass, and you will be thinking of your ould father, Darby Crawley, when some of yez may have titles, which, if ever there comes another rebellion, as I expect there will, plaze God—but that’s neither here nor there—only, just as I was saying, when I am dead and buried, and Clotty there places an epithet over me, from his affectionate sister, and the pew hung with black, like the Dunore’s, I’ll see my words come to pass, and you’ll remember your poor father that worked night and day to make gentlemen and loyal men of you; for we must all die, boys, honey, great as we are. *Momenti mori*, as the tombstone says, and the yeomanry corps fire over us, the Lord help us; for dirt we are, and to dirt we must return; the Crawleys like the rest.”

\* Ear-wiggings—i.e., whispering.

As this compound idea of death and supremacy rounded off the admonitory peroration of Mr. Crawley, snuff and punch had usually wound up his whining sensibility to its utmost excitement ; and the tears which he shed for his own death were commonly followed by that profound sleep which images it.

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### Hopeless.

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BY "FION BARRA"—(REV. J. J. MURPHY).

Hopeless ! The fields are fair again, and the flowers begin to blow,  
 The birds are learning the songs they lost in the nights of the frost and snow ;  
 Don't you see the trees, when they hear the breeze rushing on in the front of Spring,  
 Have buds to show, to be leaves, you know, where the thrushes will love to sing ?  
 And here, at our feet, is the leaf of leaves that our Saint in the days of old  
 Set for a sign that our land is God's, nor made to be bought and sold !  
 And look, old mother ! God's own blue isles are thronging the skies in crowds,  
 Growing and growing from hour to hour in face of the angry clouds !

Hopeless ! Who cares if a son or two you suckled should come to shame !  
 We're better now that our house is clear of the dumb and the blind and lame !  
 The thirty pieces are quick to go, but hurrah for your curse, that stays  
 Fierce as fate in their tracks for aye to torture their nights and days !

And so God help your traitor sons. But look to your children  
here  
Who would drain the blood of their hearts in drops for the love  
of you, mother dear—  
Who will live to laugh many days with you till their sweet dead  
brothers call,  
Or, if you must die, will die with you, to answer to God for  
all !

Hopeless ! Hurrah for the Irish race, that holds in its con-  
quering hands  
The nations' strength and the nations' fate and the fatness of all  
the lands !  
O seas, you worship us well, I know, with the wonder of all  
your waves !  
O shores, you are safe and sacred now with the glory of Irish  
graves !  
And all the echoes have heard your name—will hear it, mother  
dear,  
Chanted by poets through all the earth with the strength of a  
charging cheer !  
And the lands are bright with the fiery light that shoots from  
your soldiers' scars ;  
Hopeless ! Hurrah for the Southern Cross ! Hurrah for the  
Stripes and Stars !

Hopeless ! Ah, do you remember the days when your body, all  
gashed and tore,  
Lay like death through the ghastly night when Owen\* could  
strike no more ;  
Hell let loose to trample you down, Heaven all blank and bare  
As its face was found, till the stars stood out to brighten its  
blackness there !  
But God was living—(He lives to-day)—had pity on all your  
pain,  
Sending you sons who were known for kings by right of the  
kingly brain ;  
By right of the kingly presence too ; by right of the kingly  
deeds—  
The great grim valour whose eyes are dry while the heart in its  
bosom bleeds !

Hopeless ! Will this be the end of all ? Is God to be brought  
to shame ?

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\* Owen Roe O'Neill.

He proved you long, is proving you still, in the red-hot furnace flame.

Do you think, old mother, it's all for naught that the gold to the furnace goes ?

That the iron (which holds the steel, you know) is under the sledge's blows ?

Does the path of the desert lead no more to the pleasant Promised Land ?

Is our God, like Bel, asleep, do you think ? or shortened His holy hand ?

We wait, you know, for our thunder, long ; we wait for our lightning leaps ;

But it comes at last, hurrah ! hurrah ! from the Lord that never sleeps !

Rise up, old mother ! No grave for you till the seas give up their dead :

We kiss the tears from your cheeks to-day, with our hands on your holy head !

Perhaps our restless feet would range if your cheeks were fresh and fair,

But cursed be our hearts if we fail you now, when the furrows are deepening there !

We ask no more than your right to-day in the face of the nations all—

We call no God but the Justice-God, on whom the nations call !

But the fields are white and the reapers few, and our sickles are here at hand,

Hopeless ! we'll crown you a queen as yet, and lady of all the land !

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THE PILLARS OF INDEPENDENCE.—If Ireland were in national health, her history would be familiar by books, pictures, statuary, and music, to every cabin and shop in the land ; her resources as an agricultural, manufacturing, and trading people would be equally known ; and every young man would be trained, and every grown man able to defend her coast, her plains, her towns, and her hills—not with his right arm merely, but by his disciplined habits and military accomplishments. These are the pillars of independence.—*Thomas Davis.*

## Two Old Men.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

"My native land ! how does it fare  
Since last I saw its shore ?"  
"Alas ! alas ! my exiled frère,  
It aileth more and more.  
God curse the knaves who yearly steal  
The produce of its plains ;  
Who for the poor man never feel,  
Yet gorge on labour's gains !

"We both can well recall the time  
When Ireland yet was gay ;  
It needed then no wayside sign  
To show us where to stay.  
A stranger sat by ev'ry hearth,  
At ev'ry board he fed ;  
It was a work of maiden mirth  
To make the wanderer's bed.

"'Tis altered times : at every turn  
A shiftless gang you meet ;  
The hutless peasants starve and mourn,  
Camped starkly in the street.  
The warm old homes that we have known  
Went down like ships at sea ;  
The gateless pier, the cold hearth-stone,  
Their sole memorials be.

"We two are old in years and woes,  
And age has powers to dread ;  
And now, before our eyes we close,  
Our malison be said :  
The curse of two gray-headed men  
Be on the cruel crew  
Who've made our land a wild-beast's den—  
And God's curse on them too."



## Evils of Intoxication.

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[From a Review by Lady Wilde of Mrs. S. C. Hall's Novel, "Digging a Grave with a Wine-glass,"]

WE hear too much of the vileness and degradation of human nature ; too little of its grandeur and the glorious destiny of our race. A man will not so readily and recklessly debase himself to the brute if he is conscious that he has powers to lift him to the angel. And if he is taught to reverence moral worth, as what alone gives true dignity to manners and life, he will learn to bear with calmer resignation those accidents of penury and privation which so often goad the poor and overworked into seeking a respite from the anxieties and weariness of daily cares and toil in the stupefaction of intoxication. The combat with temptation may be long and difficult, but the victory is not impossible, although of all difficult tasks set before humanity the most difficult is to conquer temptation, for the senses are powerful auxiliaries to sin—alluring, and beguiling, and deceiving—so that the divine reason within each soul can scarcely hold her place and stand secure and steadfast against adversaries so constant and so fatally attractive to the lower instincts of the nature. Philosophy and religion, Pagan and Christian writers, Seneca as well as St. Paul, all agree in this, that to conquer sin we must strive against it. The ancients felt that this combat between the reason and the senses was such a stern reality that they gave to Wisdom, or the divine reason, a spear and shield to symbolise that her destiny and office was eternal war against an ever-present foe. But the human heart is so prone to self-deception, so ready to follow in place of combating the instincts of the animal nature, that the degradation and vileness of sin is not felt or recognised while the soul is under the glamour of the temptation. Besides, sin is so glossed over by the world,

called by such pretty euphemistic names, so caressed by the senses, so beautified by the poets, that the conscience is lulled as by a siren voice, and wakes only when too late to find that shipwreck, ruin, and desolation have been the result. The sin of drunkenness or love of wine has, above all other frailties of humanity, been extolled by the singers of all ages, and even at the present day it is thought indispensable and a praiseworthy duty to inaugurate every pleasant gathering of friends, even for the highest intellectual intercourse, by "a drinking song," though it is, perhaps, rather a sad than a pleasant sight to behold the assembled sages, elders, prophets, and leaders of the people assuring each other and the world at large, with uplifted wine-glass in their hands, that "there's no glass half so dear to a true man as the wine-glass when filled to the brink." A true man ought to repudiate such a thought, for, however beautiful may be the rhythm and music of the favourite drinking songs of society, the sentiments they express are generally low, sensuous, and derogatory to the intellect of cultivated man. It is time, indeed, for this old echo of the dithyrambics of Bacchus to die out amongst us. Strange that it should have existed so long when the vice it celebrates is of all others the one that most completely brutalises ; the grandeur of rank and fashion and wealth but intensifies the disgust it inspires. We look for models of noble lives from "the guarded blood of centuries." And if the aristocracy fail in their duty as guides and leaders, if we see altars to the unclean thing set up in the high places and in the palaces of the great, can we wonder at finding in the dens and hovels of the ignorant, overworked poor so many besotted wrecks of men and women, so many blighted children, so many wasted lives and ruined souls ? Even under the trappings of luxury we see that a life desecrated by this sin becomes turbulent and foul, brief, base, and worthless ; while the children born of such parents have entailed on them the heritage of a weak intellect and a feeble frame. But to the poor, born to no wealth but such as strong frames, clear heads, and skilful hands can carve out of life, this sin means ruin and famine, the deadliest death to body and soul, a helpless fall into that gulf of misery from which few ever rise again to the

light. Looking down on that great seething mass of toil and torture we call the people—when the effects of this sin, this maddening demoniacal sin, adds moral degradation to physical evils, and intellect is turned to idiocy—a great French writer thus describes his impressions:—"I saw," he said, "their pale faces lifted to Heaven branded and disfigured by vice and crime, the disinherited of God, nature, and society, of all the rights of manhood meant for angelhood; squalid with filth, brutalised by ignorance to crime, degraded from civilised man to the savage, from the savage to the animal, from the animal to the reptile, which every foot spurns and crushes in disgust."

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### The Taking of Armagh.

A.D. 1569.

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BY R. D. JOYCE.

'Twas fast by grey Killoter we made the Saxons run,  
We hewed them with the claymore and smote them with the  
gun.

"Armagh! Armagh!" cried Norris, as wild he spurred away,  
And, sore beset and scattered, they reached its walls that day

Alas! we had no cannon to batter down the gate,  
To level fosse and rampart, so we were forced to wait,  
And 'leaguer late and early that place of old renown,  
By dint of plague and famine to bring the foeman down.

Then up and spake our general, the great and fearless Hugh:  
"We'll give them fit amusement while we've naught else to  
do;  
Then deftly ply your bullets, and pick the warders down,  
And we'll watch pass and togher that none may leave the  
town."

We camped within the valleys and bonnie woods about,  
But, spite of all our watching, one gallant wight got out,  
Till far Dundalk he entered by spurring day and night,  
And told them of our leaguer, and all their woeful plight.

Then Norris raised his gauntlet, and smote his mailed breast,  
"God curse these Northern rebels with fire, and plague, and pest !

"Ho ! captain of the arsenal, send food and succour forth,  
For if we lose that stronghold, the queen must lose the North !"

'Twas on a stormy twilight, when wildly roared the blast,  
Up to our prince's standard a scout came spurring fast,  
And told him how that convoy—four hundred stalworth men—  
Had pitched their camp at sunset by Gartan's woody glen.

"Then let them take their slumber," said our great prince that night—

"God wot, they'll sleep far sounder before the morning's light :  
My son, thou'rt ever yearning to win one meed—renown ;  
Go ! if thou slay'st the convoy, then we will take the town !"

He sprang upon his charger, our prince's gallant son,  
And fast his path we followed till Gartan's glen we won ;  
And there beside the torrent, with watch-fires burning low,  
Deep in their fatal slumber, we spied the Saxon foe.

When booms the Autumn thunder, and thickly pours the rain,  
From Mourne's great mountain valley the flood sweeps o'er the plain ;

While up our drums we rattled, and loud our trumpets blew,  
Like that wild torrent swept we upon the Saxon crew !

We swept upon their vanguard, we rushed on rere and flank,  
Like corn before the sickle we mowed them rank on rank,  
And ere the ghostly midnight we'd slain them every one—  
I trow they slept far sounder before the morrow's dawn !

"Now, don the convoy's garments, and take their standard too"—

'Twas thus at blink of morning outspake our gallant Hugh—  
"And march ye toward the city, with baggage, arms, and all,  
With all their promised succour, and see what shall befall !"

We donned their blood-red garments, and shook their banner free,

We marched us toward the city, a gallant sight to see ;  
Upon their drums we rattled the Saxon point of war,  
And soon the foemen heard us, and answered from afar.

From dreams of lordly banquets that morn the Saxons woke,  
When on their ears our clamour of drums and trumpets broke ;  
And up they sprang full blithely, and crowded one and all,  
Like lank wolves, gazing greedily from loop-hole, gate, and wall.

There was an ancient abbey, a pile of ruined stone,  
Two gun-shots from the ramparts, amid the wild woods lone ;  
And there he lay in ambush—our tanist brave and young—  
And as we neared the city, upon our flank he sprung !

With all his rushing troopers out from the wood he sped,  
Their matchlocks filled with powder—they did not want the lead—

And well they feigned the onset with shot and sabre stroke,  
And deftly too we met them with clouds of harmless smoke !

Some tossed them from their saddles to imitate the slain ;  
Whole ranks fell at each volley along the bloodless plain ;  
And groans and hollow murmurs of well-feigned woe and fear  
From that strange fight rang mournfully upon the foeman's ear !

Up heaved the huge portcullis, round swang the ponderous gate,

Out rushed the foe to rescue, or share their comrades' fate ;  
And fiercely waved their banners, and bright their lances shone,

And, " George for merry England !" they cried as they fell on.

Saint Columb ! the storm of laughter that from our ranks arose.  
As up the corpses started, and fell upon our foes ;  
As we, the routed convoy, closed up our thick ranks well,  
And met the foe with claymore, red pike, and petronel !

'Twas then from out the forest our mighty chieftain came,  
Like a fierce Autumn tempest of roaring wind and flame—  
So loud his horsemen thundered and rang their slogan free,  
And swept upon th' affrighted foe with all his chivalrie !

Yet stout retired the Saxon, though he was sore distrait,  
Till with his ranks commingled in burst we through the gate ;  
Then soon the Red Hand fluttered upon their highest tow'rs,  
And wild we raised our triumph shout, for old Armagh was  
ours !

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### The Government and its Informers.

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(From Curran's Speech in defence of the *Press* newspaper,  
December 22nd, 1797.)

BUT the learned gentleman is further pleased to say that the traverser has charged the Government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country that the Government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know, by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation for informers, with a promise of secrecy, and of extravagant reward ; I speak not of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory ; I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting ; the number of horrid miscreants who acknowledged upon their oaths that they had come from the seat of government—from the very chambers of the Castle—where they had been worked upon, by the fear of death and the hope of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows ; that the mild, the wholesome, and the merciful councils, of this

Government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness!

Is this a picture created by a hag-ridden fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and death, and the supreme arbiter of both? have you not marked, when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not seen how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? how his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave; while his voice warned the devoted wretch of life and death—a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote—a juror's oath!—but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and molten in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim—

*“Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,  
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.”*

Informers are worshipped in the temple of justice, even as the devil has been worshipped by Pagans and savages—even so in this wicked country is the informer an object of judicial idolatry—even so is he soothed by the music of human groans—even so is he placated and incensed by the fumes and by the blood of human sacrifice.

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**CURRAN'S PATRIOTISM.**—Ireland should never forget Curran. He was true to her to the last. The night the Irish Parliament was dissolved, he was standing, wrapped up in a

large cloak, close to one of the great pillars of the portico. One of the United Irishmen was passing near him ; Curran seized him by the arm, and looking him wildly and fiercely in the face, asked him, " Where are now your three hundred thousand armed men ? " The echo of the voice has not yet died in Ireland.—*From a Lecture by Thomas F. Meagher.*

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### Erin's Flag.

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(Supposed to be recited in the Camp of the Irish Brigade.)

BY FATHER RYAN.

Unroll Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze !  
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas ;  
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,  
When the chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore  
That never—no !—never, while God gave them life,  
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,  
That never !—no !—never, that Banner would yield  
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield—  
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,  
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up ! wave it high !—'tis as bright as of old !  
Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its Gold,  
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years  
Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears ;  
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,  
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.  
Look aloft ! look aloft ! to the clouds drifting by !  
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.  
'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high !  
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh !

Lift it up ! lift it up ! the old banner of green !  
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen !  
What though the tyrant has trampled it down ?  
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown ?



What though for ages it droops in the dust ?  
 Shall it droop thus for ever ? No ! no ! God is just !  
 Take it up ! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,  
 Let him tear the green flag—we will snatch its last shred,  
 And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,  
 And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,  
 And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,  
 And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,  
 And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,  
 Died down in the ditches—wild howling for bread,  
 And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,  
 And we'll swear by the bones of each coffinless bed,  
 That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread—  
 That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,  
 Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead  
 Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—  
 That we'll lift up the Green and we'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the green flag ! oh ! it wants to go home ;  
 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam ;  
 It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,  
 But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded or furled ;  
 Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West  
 It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,  
 Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,  
 And speeds to the shores of its old home again,  
 Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,  
 Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar—  
 That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;  
 Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,  
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die ;  
 And shout to the clans, scattered far o'er the earth,  
 To join in the march to the land of their birth ;  
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,  
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam,  
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam  
 They'll march to the music of " Home, sweet home ! "

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THE COST OF SUBJECTION.—Rely on it that Ireland, like every enslaved country, will ultimately be compelled to pay for her own subjugation ; robbery and taxes ever follow conquest ; the nation that loses her liberty loses her revenues.  
 —Grattan.

## The Literature of Ireland.

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At a banquet of the '82 Club, held in the Pillar Room of the Rotundo, Dublin, on the 17th of February, 1846, the following eloquent speech was delivered by Denis Florence M'Carthy, Esq., in proposing the toast of "The Advancement of Irish Literature":—

MR. VICE-PRESIDENT and Brothers, among the many subjects of interest to which you have done honour on the present occasion, perhaps there is not one of greater importance, one more calculated to advance the interests of the country, and more conducive to general and individual happiness, than the subject of our literature. To my mind, next to the religion of a country the most important consideration is its literature. If the former realises to the eye of faith all the wonders of the invisible world, and the glories of futurity, the latter almost renders them palpable to the sense, by proving the immortality of man in the indestructible creations of his mind. If the one teaches us that the spirit world is a reality—an existent thing, above us, around us, and within us—the latter comes to its assistance by showing the mysterious and irresistible magnetism of mind. The soul that is fed upon the nectar and ambrosia—the thoughts and works of deathless minds—is of a kin to the gods! The gross material film of mere human nature is removed from his eyes, and, like the Grecian chief, he goes forth into the battle of human life, and sees the immortals mingling in the combat; the cloudy summits of Olympus are revealed, and he beholds the solemn conclave of the gods watching over the struggles of men! To him the commonest appearances of nature are mysteries and wonders—the rising and the setting of the sun, the awakening of life after "the slumber of the year," the unfolding of the leaf in the reviving trees, the daisies that now sparkle, few and far between, in the freshening fields, like stars in the twilight, fill his heart with ecstasy and

gratitude, and awaken within him "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." In his most solitary moments he is never alone; whether he sits in the solitude of his chamber or wanders by the "ribbed sea sand," or paces the wild and desolate heath, or wends his lonely way along the pathless mountains, he is for ever attended by a band of ministering spirits, the heroes, the sages, and the teachers of the past. And though his heart, perhaps, may be depressed by the casualties of human life, and the necessities of the present, he has ever some "dainty Ariel" to call upon who can "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," and who can bring from the remotest regions of space and time some pleasant memory, some great example, some divine truth, to strengthen and console his heart—

"Yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From his dark spirit."

But it is not in the mere pleasurable emotions of the heart, or its adaptation to individual wants, that the value of literature consists; it has much higher objects and much greater results. A great literature is either the creation or the creator of a great people. When Homer wandered from hamlet to hamlet, and sang "the tale of Troy divine" to listening shepherds and rude wayfaring men, he was as a lark singing "from heaven, or near it," and proclaiming a brilliant day of glory and of greatness to Greece. The forms of loveliness and strength which he created assumed afterwards but a dress of ivory or marble beneath the hands of a Phidias, and when—

"Athens arose, a city such as vision  
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers  
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision  
Of kingliest masonry,"

it was but a realisation and embodiment of those principles of magnificence and consummate beauty—those plans of the sublime architect which his songs had rendered familiar to all Greece. Let us look nearer home—let us look to England. Of the countless millions of human beings who have inhabited that country from the creation to the present hour, what one man is singled from out the crowd as its greatest

treasure and its greatest ornament, the fame and greatness of whom England would not barter for her sunny Indias or her snowy Canadas—her Australias or her sugar islands! Was he a king? "Ay, every inch a king"—whose lofty brow "doth wear the round and top of sovereignty"—a king of willing subjects, whose territory is extending in every point, round even to "the flaming walls of the world." And yet he was, for some thirty years of human life, but the poor player of Stratford, or the struggling manager of the Globe (the Globe!—prophetic name!), who from the exhaustless riches of his mind drew some thirty-five pieces of countless value, and, flinging them carelessly into the treasury of human intellect, to supply the wants of the coming ages, he retired to his native town, and the companions of his boyhood, and lived with them as a friend and a brother; and yet this strolling Greek ballad-singer, and this strolling English player, are the greatest boast of their respective countries.

"Still the ghost of Homer clings  
Round Scamander's wasting springs;  
And divinest Shakespeare's might  
Fills Avon and the world with light."

It is so in other countries. Cervantes, the maimed soldier of Lepanto, and Calderon, the secluded priest of Toledo, have given greater glory and more lasting possessions to Spain than the conquest of her Cortes or her Cid; and even "Wallace wight, and Bruce the brave," have done less for the permanent fame and greatness of Scotland than the songs of her peasant Burns and the romance and chivalry of her Scott. "And Ireland!" to use the language of the French historian, Michelet, "Ireland—poor, old, first-born of the Celtic race—the Isle of Saints!—the Emerald Gem of the sea!—all-fruitful Ireland, where men sprout up like grass to the dismay of England, on whose ears the cry jars every day—*they are a million more!*—the native land of poets, of bold thinkers, of Johannes Erigena, of Berkley, of Toland—the country of Moore, the country of O'Connell!—a people of brilliant speech and rapid sword, which still preserves in this, the old age of the world, the power and the glow of poetry!" And now, after our thousand years of suffering, what do we

retain? We look back through that troubled vista, and beyond, in the clear serene light of the elder day, we behold the glories of Tara and of Emania, and the white-robed Druids amid the circling oaks!—and we listen to the voice of song and the holy harmony of harps!—and the clouds close in and we see that sight no more! Again the cloudy veil is rent, and we behold a new and a fairer scene: amid the sheltering woods and on the sloping hills, venerable monastic walls and grey cathedral spires point to heaven; and the cross, the symbol of Divine love as of human suffering, stands revealed in the clear azure light! And all within our ocean wall is peace! And these bands of bloodless crusaders who crowd our shores, whither are they bound? Oh! seek for a reply amid the ruins of Iona, and in the calendars and martyrologies of Europe. But this vision, too, must have an end, and with it vanishes for countless years all that our memories would wish to treasure, and our eyes behold. True men, doubtless, arose; great chiefs, whose fame has not equalled their deserts—who thought and fought bravely in the service of their country; but not until the Avatar of Swift was the seed of our literature, as of our independence, committed to the ground. The former has produced many a golden harvest, the latter is ripening with a healthy ear, and will be garnered in God's good time. It is unnecessary in this assembly to do more than allude to the name of Swift—he is the apostle of our freedom, and one of the greatest names in our literature; and we would be unworthy of that freedom, and guilty of treason against that literature, if we for a moment forgot the debt of gratitude we owe to him. I shall not weary you by dwelling at any length on the merits of our illustrious writers—the brilliancy of Congreve—the gaiety of Farquhar—the tragic power of Southern—the gentle pathos of Goldsmith—the sparkling wit of Sheridan—the facetiousness of O'Keefe—the philosophical and sublime eloquence of Burke—the inspired enthusiasm of Curran—the glory of Grattan—the genius of Moore—the dramatic power and thrilling interest of Griffin—the reality blended with the Salvator touches of Banim—the promise of Dermody—the patriotism of Furlong—the harmony of Callanan—the De Foe-like minuteness, added to

the rich poetical colouring and characterisation, of Carleton—the flower-like graces of Knowles, whose plays smack of mine host's canary, and seem to have been “done at the Mermaid”—the tragedy and eloquence of Shiel—the terrific grandeur of Maturin—the miraculous rhythm of Mangan—the taste and acquirements of Anster—the antiquarian research and chastened enthusiasm of Petric—the historic lore of Dalton—the household lyrics of Lover—the Petrarchan delicacy of Shannon—and the ballad power of Ferguson (the Schiller of our living poets). With all these and many others (some of whom, from obvious motives, I forbear to mention) you are familiar, and it would be unpardonable in me on this festive occasion to do more than briefly allude to them. But there is one name, sir, that cannot be omitted—a name lately used by us in the familiar intercourse of life—a name now glorious and sacred as that of a saint, and only mentioned in the hushed pauses of respect, and with the trembling tones of admiration—the illustrious name of Thomas Davis! When I think of the last time that I sat in this room—when I think of the bright glow of enthusiasm that shone in his earnest face, and the admiration with which he gazed on that assembly, and listened to the generous sentiments that were then uttered—when I think that that eye is now closed, and that heart now cold in death, I own I feel a grief, a depression, and a despair, which I cannot shake off. On the other hand, when I recollect the union of parties over his grave, and that greater advances to fraternisation were occasioned by his death than might have been gained by years of labour—when I believe that, young as he was, he had almost fulfilled his mission, that his example will be followed by the young men of Ireland, and that the new life which he infused into our literature will not speedily perish, I cannot be so selfish as to regret that he received from Heaven one of the choicest blessings it has to bestow—an early grave!

“He has outsoared the shadow of our night,  
Envy and calumny, and hate, and pain;  
And that unrest, which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not, and torture not again.

From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold—a head grown grey in vain ;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self had ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

The literary remains of Davis are the rapid harvests of two or three years. They have all the energy, enthusiasm, and poetic tenderness of his character. There may be some of them perhaps less perfect than the rest ; but who amongst us—what number of living men—could add to them a single beauty ? If they are in any respect defective, they may be compared to the unfinished window in the palace of Aladdin, which the united stores of all the jewellers of the East could not make equal to the others. Gentlemen, I have detained you too long ; one word and I shall have done. I have alluded to the advantage that literature confers upon a country. The literary men of Ireland should think of this. They should be content for a time with a less extended celebrity, and with more moderate rewards ; they should endeavour to do for Ireland what Scott has done for Scotland, and what Schiller, and Goethe, and Richter, and the rest of the German writers have done for Germany. Why should not the Barrow or the Bann be as celebrated as the Clyde ? And why should not the majestic Shannon, or the wild Blackwater, which rivals the Rhine in beauty, also rival it in fame ? The work has been begun—may it prosper ! Let every mountain be sung—let every valley, and lake, and river have its legend and its history. Let the beautiful face of the country be illuminated, like Undine's, with the soul of poetry. Let the spirit that came into Eri speak out in accents of a thousand tongues ; then the clouds will disappear, and before the admiring gaze of Europe and the world

"The star of the West will arise in its glory,  
 And the land that was darkest be brightest in story."

Gentlemen, I give you—"The Advancement of Irish Literature."

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## The Poor Poet to his Verses.

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BY T. C. IRWIN.

Come to my fireside. Sing to me to-night,  
 Poor Verses, echoes of my vanished years ;  
 Though all unknown to fame and fortune's light,  
 My heart still guards you with its smiles and tears.  
 Old memories, though in jarring music sung,  
 And rough to other ears, still sweet to mine !  
 Your voice recalls the days when I was young,  
 And morning makes the dullest things divine.  
 Sing, Verses, sing ! the night is dark and cold ;  
 Sing, though your voices gain but little gold.

Rise, Scenes of Banquet, flashing far and wide,  
 Your chambers silvered from the fountain's rain !  
 Pace proudly forward, Prince and beaming Bride !  
 And let the Minstrels sound their richest strain !—  
 Alas ! that feast, so fragrant and so prime,  
 With meats and wines was coloured hue on hue,  
 When one good dinner in the Lenten time  
 Made me plethoric for a day or two !  
 Sing by my fireside, as in days of old,  
 Poor Singing Children gain but little gold.

Come, Faery Fancies, breathing of the moon !  
 Dance, little Elves, through your enchanted bowers !  
 In some dim garret rose the airy tune  
 That timed your tiny footataps o'er the flowers.  
 Soar, daring songs of Liberty and Right !  
 Let tyrants tremble !—but awhile be still,  
 For in the landlady's sour face to-night  
 The rent seemed scrawled as blank as in her bill :  
 Sing by my ear—but be not loud or bold—  
 Poor Singing Children gain but little gold.

Rise, Strains of Passion from the twilight land  
 Where Lovers pace along the glimmering stream,  
 And whisper low, and press the parting hand,  
 And homeward wander in a happy dream.



Ah, where is she who woke my earliest lay—  
 Whose fearless faith was mine for woe or weal ?  
 Along the noisy streets but yesterday  
 Her carriage splashed me o'er from head to heel :  
 Sing, Verses, by my hearth—*that* tale is old ;  
 Poor Singing Children gain but little gold.

Dear lonely offspring of a lonely heart,  
 No rich saloon resounds with your acclaim ;  
 No eager student wafts you from the mart,  
 Or critic stings you with an epigram ;  
 Beside me rest, concealed from stranger minds,  
 Content if some old comrade, loved and known,  
 Lists to your lay by evening light, and finds  
 Within your soul some tremblings of his own.  
 Sing, Little Ones, and round me closer fold,  
 Such Singing Children gain but little gold.

Yes, we have wandered heart by heart, unseen,  
 Round foreign shores, and through the ocean's blast,  
 Far from the memoried isle whose fields of green  
 Sleep in the spectral stillness of the past :  
 Oft, oft, when far away, I've looked through tears  
 Into the dying light that o'er them shone ;  
 Where all I loved amid the happier years,  
 Where all, save you who sing of them, are gone.  
 Sing, Memories, sing—the heart that can behold  
 Heaven in the sunset little heeds its gold.

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CATHOLIC TOLERANCE.—The restoration of the old religion (in the reign of Queen Mary) was effected without violence ; no persecution of the Protestants was attempted ; and several of the English who fled from the furious zeal of Mary's inquisitors found a safe retreat among the Catholics of Ireland. It is but justice to this maligned body to add that, on three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand, they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a religion different from their own.—*Taylor's History of the Civil Wars of Ireland.* [The historian was a Protestant.]

## The Coercion Bill---O'Connell and Lord Derby.

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FROM "IRELAND AND HER AGITATORS," BY O'NEILL DAUNT.

THE Irish agitation in 1831-2 was not opposed by the Whig Government so long as it could be considered auxiliary to the English agitation for Reform. But as soon as the triumph of Reform was certain, and the Irish agitators were no longer required to subserve English purposes, prosecutions were threatened; Lord Anglesea proclaimed down meetings; and the sailor-king was instructed by his Ministers in 1833 to express from the throne his "surprise" and "indignation" at the efforts of the Irish to obtain a restoration of the national legislature of which they had been deprived by a system of Machiavellian fraud and diabolic crime.

O'Connell denounced the king's speech as "a brutal and bloody speech—a declaration of war against Ireland." The address, echoing the royal speech, was of course carried by an enormous majority. The Coercion Bill, for restricting the people of Ireland from meeting to petition Parliament, was shortly afterwards introduced. There was a very full muster of Irish and English members on the night of its introduction. Expectation was on tiptoe; it had been announced that disclosures of an appalling nature would be made to justify its enactment. Lord Althorp (afterwards Earl Spencer) opened the case for the Government. His delivery was heavy, hesitating, and unimpressive. He laboured under a disadvantage which in an impartial assembly would have been fatal—namely, that of requiring implicit belief in a tale of Irish outrages and horrors in which the names of the informers were to a great extent suppressed. The House was called upon to ground coercive legislation upon unauthenticated charges; and the pretext for withholding the authentication was, that to publish the names of the informers would expose them to personal outrage from their lawless neighbours.

The House was perfectly ready to ground coercive legislation for Ireland upon anonymous information. It was not nice as to pretexts. It was boldly alleged that prædial outrages were the result of political agitation, and that in order to put down the former the latter should be suppressed. Any other origin of prædial outrages than political agitation appeared to be ignored by the friends of coercion.

Lord Althorp's speech was a failure. O'Connell left the House immediately on its conclusion, and remained for some minutes in the lobby, offering triumphant congratulations to all the anti-coercion members whom he met on the wretched exhibition of his lordship. "Did you ever hear anything more miserable? Why, the Government have literally got no case at all. Bad as the House is, it will be impossible to get them to pass the bill on such statements. Hurrah!" Thus did the great Dan cheer his followers and his friends in general, expressing in the most sanguine terms his conviction that the Government must be defeated.

By-and-by Mr. Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) rose. He enjoyed one great advantage—he had an audience strongly predisposed in his favour. But in other respects he laboured under difficulties. He had, in fact, to repair Lord Althorp's failure. He had to restate a series of allegations which had fallen, feeble and dull, from the incompetent lips of the blundering leader. And well did he perform his task. Before he had spoken for five minutes, the attention of friend and foe alike was riveted in admiration of the orator's abilities. Clear, rapid, and animated, he scathed the Liberals with the fire of his sarcasm, and combated their arguments with his showy and plausible Parliamentary logic. The natural graces of his unconstrained and easy action, the vivid glances of his eagle eye, the air of bold and well-sustained defiance which no one could better assume, greatly enhanced the effect of his eloquence. He had gathered up some of the unconsidered sayings of his Irish antagonists, and paraded them before the House with wicked ingenuity as indicative of seditious intentions. He closed with a ferocious invective against O'Connell personally, and sat down amidst thunders of Whig and Tory plaudits. Well did he merit the cheers of his party. The rickety and

misshapen bantling of Lord Althorp was moulded by the plastic powers of Mr. Stanley into showy proportions and apparent strength.

The bill was obstinately contested. Mr. O'Connell led the opposition, and displayed all the qualities of a great Parliamentary debater. An Irish Conservative exclaimed with astonishment to the present writer, as the House adjourned one night, "How stoutly Dan battles it out among these English!" O'Connell had, in the course of the evening, thus concluded a fiery invective against the Whigs: "You have brains of lead, and hearts of stone, and fangs of iron." He displayed inimitable tact and dexterity in defence, promptitude and vigour in assault, and knocked about Whigs and Tories with an easy exercise of strength which astonished the members who had not previously witnessed such a brilliant display of his abilities.

Despite the opposition of the friends of Ireland, the bill finally passed, and the constitutional privileges that yet remained to the Irish people were temporarily invaded—ostensibly to check prædial disturbances, but in reality to thwart the agitation for Repeal. Mr. Stanley had boasted that he would make his Government feared before it should be loved. He did not make it either feared or loved—he only succeeded in making it hated.

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### Song.

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BY UNA (MRS. A. FORD).

This life's too brief to waste its light  
In dreams of some ideal;  
The future is a phantom bright,  
The present stern and real.  
Behold the nations marching on!  
No kingly power can bind them;  
Oh, shall we dream till they have gone,  
And we are left behind them?

Alas, our hapless Irish land !  
In vain we say we love her—  
Her streams and plains, her ruins grand,  
The radiant blue above her—  
While with our causeless hate and war  
We but more firmly bind her  
Beneath the tyrant's crushing car,  
And banish hope behind her.

Oh, shame on him who breathes a word  
'Gainst one who loves our sireland !  
His tongue is as a dagger keen  
That stabs the heart of Ireland.  
Too long we quaffed the poisoned draught  
Our rulers mixed to blind us ;  
They laughed to see how madly we  
Flung brotherhood behind us.

Regard not all as foes whose words  
Are not your echo, brother ;  
Two human minds are seldom found  
Precisely like each other ;  
Your creed or shrine may not be mine,  
Yet love of land should bind us  
In freedom's holy cause to join,  
And cast distrust behind us.

We'll hate but wrong, and most of all  
Hate Britain's base aggression,  
And rise, a mighty human wall,  
To face and crush oppression,  
To hurl the foe from off our shore  
Who to the dust would grind us,  
To live in friendship evermore,  
With faction far behind us.

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THE CAUSE OF THE QUARREL.—It is manifest that such as had the government of Ireland under the Crown of England did intend to make a perpetual separation and enmity between the English and the Irish, intending, no doubt, that the English should in the end root out the Irish ; which the English not being able to do, caused a perpetual war between the nations, which continued four hundred and odd years.—*Sir John Davies, Attorney-General for James the First, A.D. 1612.*

## Irish Convicts.

FROM JOHN MITCHEL'S "JAIL JOURNAL."

On board the Neptune, steering for the coast of Africa, August, 1849.)

THERE are nearly two hundred Irish amongst these prisoners—the famine-struck Irish of the special commission; many who have not a word of English, and most of them so shattered in constitution by mere hunger and hardship that all the deaths amongst the prisoners ever since we embarked have been Irish. As I am far removed, however, from their part of the ship, I seldom hear their voices, except when they sing at night on deck. And such singing is mournful beyond all *caoines*, *caronachs*, and *nenie*. What a fate—what a dreary doom has been spun and woven for you, my countrymen! They were born, these men, to a heritage of unquenched hunger, amidst the teeming plenty of their motherland—hunted like noxious beasts from all shelter on her hospitable bosom—driven to stay their gnawing enemy with what certain respectable fed men call their “property.” And so now they are traversing the deep under bayonet-points, to be shot out like rubbish on a bare foreign strand, and told to seek their fortune there amongst a people whose very language they know not. Many of them, I believe, being without families, are glad of this escape, as they might be glad of any escape, from the circle of hunters that chased them for life at home. But then there are many others, boys from twelve to seventeen years of age, and some of them very handsome boys, with fine open countenances, and a laugh so clear and ringing—whom it is a real pain to look upon. They hardly know what troops of fell foes, with quivers full of arrows, are hunting for their young souls and bodies; they hardly know, and—so much the more pity for them—hardly feel it; but, in poor frail huts on many an Irish hill-side their fathers and mothers dwell with poverty, and labour,

and sorrow, and mourn for their children with a mourning that will know no comfort till they are gathered to their people in the chapel-yard. For indeed these convict boys were not born of the rock or the oak tree—human mothers bore them, sung them asleep in lowly cradles, wept and prayed for them. But Ireland was under the amelioration of British statesmen in those days, getting her resources developed by them; and so the sons of those woful Irish mothers were rocked and suckled for the British hulks, to be ameliorated amongst London burglars, and reformed by the swell-mob, that they might help to carry British civilisation to distant continents and isles.

Thoughts like these often come upon me when I hear at night, rising from the ship's fore-castle, some Irish air that carries me back to the old days when I heard the same to the humming accompaniment of the spinning-wheel; and then I curse, oh! how fervently, the British empire. Empire of hell! when will thy cup of abominations be full? But I always check myself in this cursing; for there is small comfort in unpacking the full heart with indignant words. Indignant thoughts must be stifled and hushed to rest for the time. "These things must not be thought after these ways. So it will make us mad."

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### English Factions.

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(FROM THE NATION, DECEMBER 27, 1845.)

Come let us once again repeat  
The truth that cheered our gloomiest hour,  
No faction's name can e'er make sweet  
The blood-stained rose of English power—  
Or be it white, or be it gory,  
As Cromwell's sword, or Lyndhurst's wig—  
• What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
.. What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

We scorn, despise, and beard you both,  
 Whate'er your mood, or wild or tame—  
 Ye mongrel breed of alien growth,  
 Saxon in all things but your name!  
 On English ground go fight for glory,  
 We rate the issue just—a fig—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

We've nailed our colours to the mast—  
 They'll win a wreath—perhaps a grave;  
 But, by our land! while life shall last,  
 That flag above our heads shall wave.  
 My friends, it is no novel story,  
 So do not look so *very* big—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

No English Russell—English Peel—  
 Shall lead our ranks against the foe,  
 While history leaves us Hugh O'Neil,  
 Or Sarsfield's shade, or Owen Roe,  
 Or brave O'More, the gallant Rory—  
 These are not leaders *infra dig.*—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

Lord Whig, Sir Tory, ye are both,  
 We have no doubt, a worthy pair,  
 Although, much like a dicer's oath,  
 You've grown somewhat the worse for wear.  
 We grant you're old, and sage, and hoary,  
 "Respectable," and "keep a gig!"—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

But ye are foes to us and ours,  
 Who frown on smile as faction suits,  
 And only join your hostile powers  
 To keep us down to rags and roots.  
 Now famine sings, "*memento mori*,"  
 As music for death's spectral jig—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

You took our food—you crushed our trade—  
 You stole the springs of trade and food;



Whate'er your words, your actions said,  
 "Ye must be slaves and hew our wood  
 (Like those renowned in sacred story)—  
 For us ye plough, and sow, and dig"—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

The house of bondage and of wo,  
 We've sworn to leave it, young and old,  
 Even though the sea through which we go  
 Be red as Egypt's sea of old—  
 We tell it now *rotundo ore*  
 (Here's work enow for Follett's wig)—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?]

'Tis better "let the people go"—  
 For us a land of promise shines,  
 Where streams of milk and honey flow,  
 And golden corn and purple wines.  
 For that we'll struggle *con amore*—  
 The road how long, the hill how big—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

Come, comrades, man our island boat,  
 It beareth Freedom, holiest ark;  
 Our sails are set, our flag's afloat,  
 A blessing on that gallant bark!  
 Stand to your guns!—look out before ye!  
 Yon pirate wears a rakish rig!—  
 What do you say to that, Sir Tory?  
 What do you say to that, Lord Whig?

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### An Author and his Critics.

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FROM "THE CRITIC," A COMEDY, BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Dangle—Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. Dangle—I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer—Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dang.—But, 'egad ! he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

Sneer—Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty ; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dang.—Very true, 'egad !—though he's my friend.

Sneer—Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures, though at the same time he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism.

Dang.—There's no denying it—though he's my friend.

Sneer—You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you ?

Dang.—Oh, yes ! he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer—Well, and you think it execrable, don't you ?

Dang.—Why, between ourselves, 'egad ! I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—*(aside)* He's here—*(aloud)* finished and most admirable performance—

Sir F. *(without)*—Mr. Sneer with him, did you say ?

*[Enter Sir Fretful.]*

Dang.—Ah, my dear friend ! 'Egad ! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful—admirable !

Sneer—You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir F.—You make me extremely happy ; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. D.—They are *only* laughing at you, Sir Fretful ; for it was but just now that—

Dang.—Mrs. Dangle ! Ah ! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and—

Sir F.—Oh, lud ! I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to— *(aside)* A d—d double-faced fellow !

Dans.—Yes, yes—Sneer will jest, but a better-humoured——

Sir F.—Oh, I know——

Dang.—He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. (*aside*)—No, 'egad, or I should wonder how he came by it!

Dang.—But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F.—No, no, I thank you; I sent to the manager of Covent Garden theatre this morning.

Sneer—I should have thought, now, that it might have been cast—as the actors call it—better at Drury Lane.

Sir F.—Oh, lud! no; never send a play there while I live. Hark ye! (*whispers Sneer*).

Sneer—Writes himself!—I know he does.

Sir F.—I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—but this I will say—through all my knowledge of life I have observed that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as enmity.

Sneer—I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F.—Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer—What! they steal them—eh, my dear Plagiary?

Sir F.—Steal!—to be sure they may; and, 'egad, serve your best thoughts, as gipsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer—But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and he, you know, never——

Sir F.—That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer—That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F.—And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assurance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole——

Dang.—If it succeeds.

Sir F.—Ay ; but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer—I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir F.—How ?

Sneer—Swear he wrote it.

Sir F.—Plague on't, now, Sneer, I shall take it ill. I believe you want to take away my character as an author.

Sneer—Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me

Sir F.—Hey, sir !

Dang.—Oh, you know he never means what he says.

Sir F.—Sincerely, then—you do like the piece ?

Sneer—Wonderfully.

Sir F.—But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey ? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you ?

Dang.—Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir F.—With most authors it is just so, indeed ; they are in general strangely tenacious. But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me ; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion ?

Sneer—Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F.—Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer—I think it wants incident.

Sir F.—Good Gad ! you surprise me. Wants incident ?

Sneer—Yes. I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F.—Good Gad ! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference ; but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you ?

Dang.—Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient, and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F.—Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dang.—No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir F.—Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul. It certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no, it don't fall off!

Dang.—Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light.

Mrs. D.—No, indeed, I did not; I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F.—Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all.

Mrs. D.—Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F.—Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time, or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. D.—Oh, lud, no? I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F.—Then I am very happy—very happy, indeed! because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. D.—Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F.—Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair. But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a-half I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. D.—I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*]

Dang.—Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F.—The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal! Not that I ever read them—no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dang.—You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F.—No; quite the contrary. Their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support

Sneer—Why, that's true, and that attack, now, on you, the other day——

Sir F.—What—where?

Dang.—Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F.—Oh, so much the better—ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dang.—Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for——

Sir F.—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said—do you?

Sneer—Pray, Dangle, Sir Fretful seems a little anxious.

Sir F.—Oh, lud, no! Anxious? Not I—not in the least. I—but we may as well hear, you know.

Dang.—Sneer, do you recollect? (*aside*) Make out something.

Sneer (*aside to Dangle*)—I will. (*aloud*) Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F.—Well, and pray you now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer—Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F.—Ha, ha, ha!—very good!

Sneer—That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost-and-stolen office.

Sir F.—Ha, ha, ha! Very pleasant.

Sneer—Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worse wine.

Sir F.—Ha, ha!

Sneer—In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir F.—Ha, ha !

Sneer—That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-wolsey ; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F.—Ha !

Sneer—In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you ; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like heaps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what is not in their power to fertilise.

Sir F. (*after great agitation*)—Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer—Oh, but I wouldn't have told you only to divert you.

Sir F.—I know it—I am diverted. Ha, ha, ha ! Not the least invention ? Ha, ha, ha ! Very good—very good.

Sneer—Yes, no genius. Ha, ha, ha !

Dang.—A severe rogue. Ha, ha, ha ! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F.—To be sure ; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it ; and if it is abuse—why, one is always sure to hear it from one damned good-natured friend or another.

Dang.—Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer, 'egad, Mr. Puff's your man.

Sir F.—Pshaw, sir ! Why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it ?

Dang.—True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr. Sneer—

Sir F.—Zounds ! No, Mr. Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least ?

Dang.—Nay, I only thought—

Sir F.—And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damned affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer—But why so warm, Sir Fretful ?

Sir F.—Gadslife ! Mr. Sneer, you are as' absurd as

Dangle. How often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the d—d nonsense you have been repeating to me. And let me tell you, if you continue to believe this you must mean to insult me, gentlemen ; and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms, and I shall treat it with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt—and so, your servant.

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### On a Dead Poet.

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LINES BY R. D WILLIAMS ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS DAVIS.

Hast thou fallen from our band,  
Purest spirit of the land ?  
Hast thou perished while thy glory yet was young ?  
While more than mortal fire  
Flashed intensely from thy lyre,  
And love and wisdom flowed from thy tongue ?

Oh ! think, with grief and pride,  
How he laboured, thought, and died,  
To knit our souls together in love's chain ;  
And shall the nations say,  
Reproachful o'er his clay,  
That his great heart throbbed, and broke at last, in vain ?

Ah ! could his gentle eyes  
E'er know sorrow in the skies,  
This—this would mar his glory in the spheres ;  
His crown would grow less bright,  
And before the angels' sight  
For once would Eden's floor be dewed with tears !

No ! humbly kneeling here,  
Around his early bier,  
His spirit smiling o'er us from above,



With clasped souls and hands,  
Where our hero's marble stands,  
We'll rear a lasting shrine to him and love !

Arise ! spread shamrocks round—  
This earth is holy ground ;  
May seraphim watch fondly o'er his grave,  
And curses scourge away  
From this consecrated clay  
The hypocrite, the tyrant, and the slave.

Let him sleep in Irish ground,  
At his feet the Irish hound,  
The harp of battle broken by his side,  
And let his willing hand  
Embrace the half-drawn brand—  
Oh ! had he but unsheathed it ere he died !

With laurel shade his clay  
From the amber light of day,  
And be thou his ceaseless *caoiner*, mournful wind ;  
For ne'er a nobler heart,  
" World-seeing " though thou art,  
In all thy boundless kingdom shalt thou find.

But his deathless name shall be  
Still a rainbow to the free—  
A promise slavery's deluge to control ;  
And our children yet, in strife  
For love, liberty, and life,  
Shall feel the inspiration of his soul.

The morning's golden hair  
Shall be grey, with time, in air—  
The constellated host pass away—  
The angel-bearing spheres  
Shall grow sterile in their years,  
And the pillars of the universe decay ;

But natures all divine,  
Bard and Patriot ! like thine  
Pure spirit of imperishable flame !  
Exult in native light,  
Inextinguishably bright,  
Immortal as the source whence they came !

## The Irish Exiles.

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BY MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas  
hearth,  
That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and  
mirth !  
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sor-  
rows o'er,  
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once  
more—  
Oh ! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice would  
say—  
“ Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles far away ! ”

Alas, for them ! this morning's sun saw many a moist eye pour  
Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er ;  
And when he turned his lion eye this evening from the West,  
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his  
couchèd crest ;  
But not to share his glory then, or gladden in his ray,  
*They* bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles far away !

It was—oh ! how the heart will cheat ! because they thought,  
beyond  
His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts  
were fond ;  
And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,  
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it  
like a sigh !  
'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them  
down to pray  
For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor exiles far away !

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,  
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the whilst he  
prayed ;

And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as Summer  
 rose,  
 And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes ;  
 And, oh ! but then warm vows were breathed, that, come what  
 might or may,  
 They'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles far  
 away !

And some there were around that board, like loving brothers  
 met,  
 The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget ;  
 They pledged, " The girls we left at home, God bless them !"   
 and they gave,  
 " The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the brave !"  
 Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip—hurrah !  
 Drank, " *Erin slanthea gal go bragh* !"—those exiles far away.

Then, oh ! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,  
 Like gushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,  
 Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,  
 The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine—  
 Oh ! don't these old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—  
 Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles far away !

But, Heavens ! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these strains,  
 Tired wanderers, who sought repose through Europe's battle  
 plains—  
 In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go down in  
 storms ;  
 They fell—and *human* whirlwinds swept across their shattered  
 forms !  
 No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round ; nor prayer nor tear  
 had they,  
 Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles far  
 away.

And might the singer claim a sigh, he too could tell how, tossed  
 Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were  
 lost ;  
 How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,  
 And pined to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,  
 And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst *his own* to stay—  
 Alas ! it is so sad to be an exile far away !

Then, oh ! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christ-  
 mas hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and mirth!

When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,

And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more—

In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps some woman's voice would say—

“Think, think on those who weep to-night—poor exiles far away!”

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### A Plea for Irish Patriotism.

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The speech of which the following formed the concluding portion was delivered in the Commission Court, Green-street, on the 26th of May, 1848, by Robert Holmes, in defence of John Mitchel, then on his trial for treason-felony:—

GENTLEMEN, my client may be statutably guilty, but I say he is not morally guilty. I vindicate his character here, which ought to be dearer to him, and I honestly believe is dearer to him, than his life. Now, Blackstone lays it down distinctly that a people have a right, the English people had a right (you will find it in volume the first, page 147), to have arms, and to use them against oppression. He lays that down distinctly and I am not wantonly or wildly here preaching doctrines of my own. They are founded on lawful and constitutional grounds, and I would not presume to address your lordships on any other, but I have sound authority and historical facts for every word I utter. Oh! but surely we find these doctrines of Mitchel condemned. Yes, condemned by the high and the wealthy. Do we not find every day addresses upon addresses, and are not the number of loyal addresses to the Lord Lieutenant, declaring their unalterable attachment to the institutions of this country, proof that

those who signed them are friendly to Repeal? Yes, there are men, and they are chiefly to be found among what are called the better ranks of society—excellent men, religious men, moral men, kind men, courteous men; and yet, if all mankind were like them we should have no such thing as liberty in the world. Peace in their time is their first prayer and their highest aspiration. They enjoy the good things of this life with gratitude—they are consoled for the misfortunes of others by the reflection that the sufferer here is only in a state of trial on his passage to another and a better world, where the tyrant must account for his oppression, and where the slave will be released from his bondage. Oh! Ireland, Ireland, Ireland! thousands, and thousands, and thousands of thy children have for ages been obliged to look to that other world alone as a release from their bondage. If from the past times we turn to the present, what do we find? An attorney-general, an able lawyer, and, under special commissions, a most successful prosecutor—death, death, death has followed his footsteps. Ought not the assassin to suffer for his crime? Yes; but in the history of the world no civilised free nation has ever yet been a nation of assassins. Assassination is the crime of the untutored savage or the brutalised slave. Ought not the assassin to suffer for his crime? Yes; but deep, deep, deep is the guilt of those who have made Irishmen slaves, and slaves assassins, instead of leaving brave men free. Deep, deep, deep is the guilt of England, which, by an unprovoked and unjust invasion, obtained dominion in Ireland, and at the close of seven centuries of that dominion, at the close of seven centuries of wasting wars, wasting laws, and still more wasting policy, finds it necessary to maintain that dominion by special commissions, State prosecutions, and military force, by the gibbet, by the jail, and by the sword. I hear much, and I read much, in praise of the present chief governor of this country, of his good intentions, his great abilities, and his firm purposes. It is neither my province nor my wish to say anything in derogation of that praise. I move in a higher orbit. But this I will say, that were the noble lord the best of the good, the wisest of the wise, and the bravest of the brave, he could not long maintain a connection between Great Britain and Ireland,

under a common crown, by the gibbet, the jail, and the sword. The law of eternal justice forbids it. How is this connection to be preserved? By justice. By giving to Ireland her rights—her rights by nature, and her rights by compact. By giving to Ireland her own Parliament. Thus the connection between the two countries may be preserved for ages, founded on a community of interest and equality of rights, mutual affection, and reciprocal respect. But if for this you substitute a connection founded on the triumph of strength over weakness, you will have jealousy, and distrust, and fear, and hate, and vengeful thoughts, and bloody deeds, the sure and never-failing effects of tyranny. Give to Ireland her own Parliament—not the Parliament of '82. That was a meteor light which flashed across the welkin; the deceptive vapour vanished quickly. Ireland wants a fixed star, bright and lasting, the reflected radiance and genial influence of which may be seen and felt in a glorious union of liberty, happiness, and peace. But this, it is said by Lord Althorpe, will lead to a separation between Great Britain and Ireland—to the erection of Ireland into an independent State, and thus produce a dismemberment of the empire. What then? Suppose it should, what is the cause? England. What right has England, what right has any country, to build and peril its greatness upon the slavery, the degradation, and wretchedness of another country? Where is the right? Strip the case of the disguise which ambition, and pride, and the love of power, and the love of wealth, and the corrupt passions of the human heart, which the sophistry of conquerors, and princes, and statesmen, and courtiers, and lawyers cast around it, and what is it? It is this. A strong man, because he is strong, enslaves his brother man because his brother man is weak. The slave struggles to be free, and the enslaver kills him—kills him because he struggles to be free.

“The offence is rank. It smells to Heaven;  
It hath the primal oldest curse upon it—  
A brother's murder!”

Yet this is British invasion in Ireland, this is British domination in Ireland, this is British legislation in Ireland. Pass the Act of Union—pass the Act of Union in violation of

every principle of justice, in violation of every principle of honour, in violation of solemn pledges. Pass the Act of Union by terror, by deceit, by fraud, by breach of faith, by bribery, by corruption. Pass the Act of Union, and declare that any attempt to repeal that Act of Union shall be deemed rebellion, and then kill, kill, kill the rebels. This is British justice in Ireland, this is British morality in Ireland, this is British Christianity in Ireland. A Russell once bled on the scaffold ; he bled in the cause of liberty. May his name be for ever embalmed in the memory of the virtuous and the brave. A Russell of the present day supports power against right, prefers war to peace, slaughter to justice. A Russell of the present day calls on the men of Waterloo to stain the laurels which now encircle their brows with brothers' blood. A Russell of the present day calls on the men of Waterloo to steep in brothers' blood the swords which saved England and conquered France. Should the battle thus provoked by England come, in that struggle to the death Ireland may fall. The noise of her song may cease, and the sound of her harp no more be heard. Her cities may be wasted ; her habitations left without man ; her fertile valleys may be left desolate, and her green fields may be crimsoned with blood. But should the victory belong to England, so will the guilt. The actions of men are not to be judged of by events, by success, or by defeat. Had the liberties of Greece perished with Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Spartan glory would have been the same. Had the days of Marathon, Salamsi, and Platea been days of defeat instead of victory to Greece, the orator might still have sworn by the sacred memory of the dead. He who dies in battle for liberty and his country, dies the death of a soldier, and sleeps in a hero's grave. Gentlemen of the jury, I speak not here for my client merely ; I speak for you and your children, and your children's children ; I speak not here for myself ; my lamp of life is flickering, and must soon be extinguished ; but were I now standing on the brink of the grave, and uttering the last words of expiring nature, I would say, "May Ireland be happy ; may Ireland be free." It rests with you, gentlemen of the jury, as far as in you lies, by your verdict of acquittal this day, to contribute your part towards making Ireland happy and free. I call upon you, as you

value liberty, as you value justice, as you value public good, as you value public peace, as you value and love the country of your birth and the land of your fathers—I call upon you by your verdict of acquittal this day to contribute your parts towards making Ireland happy and free.

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### The First.

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BY FRANCES BROWN (THE BLIND POETESS OF DONEGAL).

The first, the first!—oh ! naught like it  
 Our after years can bring—  
 For Summer hath no flowers so sweet  
 As those of early Spring.  
 The earliest storm that strips the tree  
 Still wildest seems and worst ;  
 Whate'er hath been again may be—  
 But never as at first.

For many a bitter blast may blow  
 O'er life's uncertain wave,  
 And many a thorny thicket grow  
 Between us and the grave ;  
 But darker still the spot appears  
 Where thunder-clouds have burst  
 Upon our green unblighted years—  
 No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy—perchance 'twas vain—  
 Yet, that brief lightning o'er,  
 The heart, indeed, may hope again,  
 But can rejoice no more ;  
 Life hath no glory to bestow  
 Like it, unfallen, uncurs'd ;  
 There may be many an after glow,  
 But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on  
 Through manhood's toil and strife,



But never can they shine as shone  
 The morning stars of life ;  
 Though bright as Summer's rosy wreath,  
 Though long and fondly nursed,  
 Yet still they want the fearless faith  
 Of those that blessed us first.

Its first love deep in memory  
 The heart for ever bears ;  
 For that was early given and free—  
 Life's wheat without the tares.  
 It may be death hath buried deep—  
 It may be fate hath cursed—  
 But yet no later love can keep  
 The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,  
 The lights and shadows cast  
 Upon the dawning of our day  
 Are with us to the last.  
 But, ah! the morning breaks no more  
 On us, as once it burst—  
 For future Springs can ne'er restore  
 The freshness of the first.

### Isaac Butt in Defence of William Smith O'Brien.

On Monday, May 15th, 1848, William Smith O'Brien was put on his trial in the Commission Court, Green-street, for that he, being a "wicked, turbulent, malicious, and seditious person," had wickedly and maliciously spoken a wicked and seditious speech at a meeting of the Irish Confederation held on the 15th of the preceding March. On the following day Thomas Francis Meagher was tried on a similar charge. Both gentlemen were ably defended by Isaac Butt, Q.C., and in both cases the juries disagreed. The *Nation* of May 20th, 1848, in an article on the trials, said—"Mr. Butt performed his task nobly. His second speech is a model of clear, close, and sustained argument, elevated by passion and by the utterance of lofty principles in adequate language. No man since Grattan has a greater career open to him if he be true to the principles himself has taught." The following is a portion of Mr. Butt's speech for Mr. O'Brien :—

FROM the days when the barons of Runnymede won Magna

Charta down to the present, English liberty has been asserted by the use of the bold and independent language of freemen. Gentlemen, set an example of that spirit here to-day. No matter what your opinions on Repeal may be, prove that you are the advocates of free discussion. As the guardians of popular liberty, express it as your opinion that Irishmen may speak as boldly as Englishmen. Tell that the system must be abandoned which treats this country as a conquered province—proclaim that it can no longer be governed in utter defiance of the wishes of every class of its inhabitants. Let the English Minister know that the best way to promote the peace and prosperity of this country is to concede the just demands of its inhabitants—to develop its resources—and by that means take away the causes of discontent. The attorney-general tells you that the consequence of your verdict of Not Guilty will be to give loose to rapine. Absurd. I tell you that the real question is, whether the government of Ireland is to be the government of a nation relying on the Irish people themselves—and when I speak of them, I speak not of a rabble or a mob, but of its aristocracy, its gentry, its middle classes, its educated professional men, now slighted, trampled on, and despised. Find your verdict of Not Guilty, and it will tell the British Government that this system can no longer exist.

The learned counsel here read an extract from a speech of Lord Plunket's in the Irish House of Commons, declaring his respect for the British soldiery while their duties were confined within the proper exercise of the military obligations of a national army, and thus continued:—

And what is Mr. O'Brien charged with, but for expressing the same sentiment in language which, it is no disparagement to say, was not half so eloquent as that of Lord Plunket, who, when he made this speech, held the highest judicial situation in your country, and whom history will look upon as one whose eminent ability and eloquence has maintained the character of this country. And was this sedition? Well, gentlemen of the jury, I fear you may consider I am trespassing too long upon your time; but I earnestly implore your attention—and I would not earnestly and solemnly appeal to you if I did not feel that

the liberties of this country are involved in your verdict to-day. Look at some of the declarations made by the Volunteers in 1782. At the time these resolutions were passed, which I am now about to read to you, the right of the English Parliament to make laws for Ireland was as unquestioned law as the right of the Imperial Parliament is now. Judges told juries that the English Parliament had the power to make laws for Ireland; but, in 1782, Ireland did assume the attitude which my client has counselled she should be prepared again to assume. Armed associations of Volunteers covered the land, and they proclaimed that that right was a usurpation. Let me read to you some of these, and compare them with the language now used. Here is a resolution adopted at a meeting of the nobility, representatives, freeholders, and inhabitants of the county Tyrone, held at Omagh, on the 22nd March, 1782—Lord Belmore in the chair:—

"We, the nobility, representatives, freeholders, and inhabitants of the county of Tyrone, thinking it now particularly necessary to declare our sentiments respecting the fundamental and undoubted rights of this nation, and desirous, by a *seasonable* explanation, to terminate any anxious jealousy, and to prevent the possibility of any future contest, do declare we will in every situation in life, *and with all the means in our power*, assert and maintain the constitutional rights of this kingdom to be governed by such laws *only* as are enacted by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; and that we will, in every instance, uniformly and strenuously oppose the execution of any statute, except such as derive authority from said Parliament, pledging ourselves to our country and to each other to support with our lives and fortunes this our solemn declaration."

Do we not look back to the period of these resolutions of the Volunteers as perhaps the most glorious epoch in the history of Ireland? I have now, gentlemen, given you language used equally strong with this charged against my client, and it was not prosecuted as sedition. And what use do I make of it? Why, this: that you are to look to the circumstances of the country; you are to judge of the circumstances under which the language was spoken, and say whether in reality it was the language of a man who sought to imperil his country in the horrors of civil war, or of a man who was ready even with his life to assert his country's rights. This is the question you have to try. And

now I ask you, with reference to the circumstances under which this language was spoken, are you satisfied with the present state of this country? Is there a man in that box—I ask it boldly—I don't ask you are you Repealers—but is there a man in that box satisfied with the relations of this country to the empire at large? I don't believe there is. What has been the course of legislation for this country?—and I shall not shrink from my duty to my client or to my country in touching upon this part of the case. Has the United Parliament done justice to this country? Do you not feel, do you not know, that Irish questions are disposed of, not with reference to their merits, but with reference to their benefit to England; not with reference to the public opinion of this country, but with reference to the convenience of the English Parliament. Gentlemen, this is not now said for the first time. Many years ago I heard it said by one whom you will not suspect of any truckling to a mob, or undue leaning to what are called popular opinions—I heard this language used fourteen years ago, and every hour since confirms me in its truth—“There is no government in Ireland or for Ireland.” That, gentlemen of the jury, was the language of the Rev. Charles Boyton at a meeting of the nobility and gentry of Ireland; and an experience of fourteen years has deepened the impression which those words then made upon my mind. Concession has been made to the democracy in Ireland—privileges have been taken from one class and given to another. Can you trace back the time when concessions were made except to silence an inconvenient claim, or privileges extended but to buy off some inconvenient agitation? Has the Union, as administered in the United Parliament, given security to life and property in this country? Let the murders which have disgraced your country answer it. Let the special commissions, which have brought on the people the terrible retribution of the offended law, answer. Has it advanced or destroyed your manufactures? Walk through the Liberties of your city, where once the busy hum of profitable industry was heard, and contemplate the condition of its unemployed and pauperised inhabitants. Go to the Linen Hall, once the emporium of your national manufacture, and which gave employment

and plenty to the people of Ulster, and see in it now an emblem of the state to which your country is reduced—one-half of it a barrack, and the other half a poorhouse. Has it increased the prosperity of your landlords? Ask the shopkeepers of your city, who cannot get their accounts paid from the bankrupt gentry of Ireland. Has it elevated your agricultural population? Gracious Heavens! did you read the other day that in a court of justice it was proved that in this Christian land, a mother—within a day's journey of the throne of the greatest monarch on the earth—a woman, with a mother's feeling strong in her throbbing heart, kept the corpse of her dead infant, that she might satisfy upon it the cravings of her ravenous hunger. (Great sensation in court.) Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, if this language be questionable, are you to criticise the cry of a nation in her agony of distress? The worst thing that has been said of the tyrant of old was that when he impaled his victims on the rack he interpreted their cries into treason; and are you now to sit in that box, and construe into sedition the cries of your country in the agony of her distress? Gentlemen of the jury, has the Union brought back the few absentees who were before it, or has it increased and swelled the list? Is it nothing that three millions of rents are exported from this country annually? There is no stimulus to exertion in the country, and, in the struggle through life, in which many a fondly cherished hope has been blighted, and many a gallant spirit failed, has any step been taken to encourage and assist the honest industrious man in his exertions for independence? Do you not see your country dwindling away before your eyes? Do I ask you to become Repealers? No; this is not the time nor the place, if I were about to do so; but I do ask you, if you see your country dwindling away under the system of legislation pursued towards it, not to criticise too sharply, and not to condemn too severely, the language of men who complain against it. Gentlemen, who spoke of civil war? You heard the declaration of the English Minister, that if the whole Irish people asked for Repeal England would never give it, because it would injure England. We have now, gentlemen, come to an advanced stage of this trial, and I ask you—Have you ever seen one in

which so much interest was felt more solemnly or decorously conducted? Let us see the picture which the organs of public intelligence in England present of our proceedings:—

“We speak of political trials such as they generally are. But we cannot forget that Irish State prosecutions have an idiosyncrasy of their own, and are subject to conditions and casualties unknown in the judicial atmosphere of other lands. A thousand things may occur in the Irish Courts of Queen’s Bench which could occur nowhere else. The prisoners may challenge the counsel, the counsel may challenge each other, the judges may quarrel on the bench, and then—after an interminable process, and a triumphant acquittal—the prisoners may be carried off, on the shoulders of a roaring, riotous, and exulting mob.”

I quote this from the leading journal of England. I might go through its columns and show how Irish landlords have been vilified, and show how in the English House of Commons one of its members declared this—that “if nigger wasn’t nigger, Irishman would be nigger.” That is the way we are spoken of—this the way we are despised. And now let me read you one of their declarations to show you in what light we are viewed by the journals of England:—

“To have our land overrun with *hordes of hungry white savages*, covered with dirt and rags, full of noise, falsity, and turbulence, deranging every relation between rich and poor, feeding the gibbets all along our western coasts, submerging our populations into the depths of dirt, savagery, and human degradation; here is no great share of blessedness that we should covet it, and go forth in array to vindicate it. *Nor are the gentry of Ireland*, such as we find them, with formidable whiskers and questionable outfit, drinking punch, fortune-hunting, or playing roulette at Brighton, Leamington, or other places of resort, such an entrancingly beautiful addition to our own washed classes that we should go to war for retaining possession of them. For, alas! poor English and Irish friends, do you not see these three things more or less clear in your own poor dim imaginations? 1. That Ireland is inhabited by seven or eight millions who unfortunately speak a partially intelligible dialect of the English language, cannot be prevented from circulating among us at discretion, and to all manner of lengths and breadths.”

Irish gentlemen—you with white skins and European features, but savages in all else—find a verdict in language that will be intelligible to the English Government. Now why do I mention these things? Why do I repeat these insults which have been heaped

upon our country? It is to show you that if strong language has been used it has not been unprovoked—that if men have spoken determinedly in defence of Irish rights, they have been forced to do so by the marked neglect evinced towards this country by the advocates of the Union in England. We were told when the Union was carried that if an Irishman went over to England he would be received there with great cordiality, all the distinction of race being forgotten. Is it so? You know that it is not. There are many symptoms of decay about the country, but there is one which strikes me very forcibly at the present moment. I am almost afraid to say it—but there is the gradual sure deterioration of our national character. I look back in vain to see the men of whom we were proud thirty years ago. The intellect of the country has not fallen off, but are there men to take the places of those illustrious Irishmen? Where is Plunket, Bushe, Saurin, and where are the men that should succeed them in our estimation? Since the period of the Union the character of our country has deteriorated—and Irishmen of all classes, high and low, are not treated by the English press with common respect. Does not every man see that this state of things cannot go on? And what is this prosecution for? I will tell you what it is for; it was instituted to suppress that growing conviction in the minds of the people. Do you not know that but a short time ago a declaration was signed by some of the first men in the land, alleging that the Act of Union had failed, and calling on the Queen to hold her Parliament in Dublin every three years? Does not that prove that some change is required? For my part, I will give no opinion whether the British Parliament meeting in Ireland would benefit the country or not; but I am sure my client would be satisfied with nothing short of a domestic legislature. But, gentlemen, the effect of your verdict will be, if you acquit the traverser, to tell the British Government that it is only by doing something to remedy the evils of this country they can ever hope to procure peace and prosperity in Ireland. Gentlemen, the Attorney-General has appealed to your loyalty—so do I; but I appeal to the loyalty of freemen, and not to the loyalty of slaves. I am loyal to my queen, but I am loyal as were our fathers

when within the walls of Dungannon church they passed the resolution, now immortal in the history of Ireland, that no power on earth but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland had a right to make laws to bind this kingdom. I am loyal with the loyalty of the barons who on the plains of Runnymede extorted from King John the Magna Charta of England. If we knew the sentiments that animate our sovereign's heart, I am sure she would rather accept the loyalty I proffer her than the servile loyalty of slaves. At the same time I tell them that no Minister shall dare to invade my rights ; for I execrate the slavish loyalty of those who say that, come what may, they are ready to yield up their country's liberty. I appeal to you as loyal men, and also as Irishmen, and in doing so I do not think I am doing wrong, when I recall it to your recollection that the traverser was charged with the indictment, pleaded not guilty, and, in legal phrase, "put himself upon his country." It is as his countrymen you are to try him, and not as aliens ; even the law admits that you are to be actuated by the feelings of Irishmen, and as Irishmen you will speak by your verdict. Recollect that you are natives of the same country, Ireland, encircled by the sea, within the narrow limits that embrace all the affections of our hearts—bounded by the seas, those everlasting boundaries with which God's own hand in the morning of creation meted out the spaces allotted to the different nations of the earth ; and you are then to recollect that the law calls upon you to give your verdict to-day as Irishmen. Look around at the prostrate condition of your country, the decay of her trade, and the poverty of her people ; and while these recollections are rushing upon your heart as they do on mine, you cannot find my client guilty of sedition, because he has had the boldness and the patriotism to stand forward in defence of his long-suffering country. I have trespassed long upon your patience, but if I have done so, it was to implore of you, for the sake of your unfortunate country, and for the sake of my client, to return a verdict becoming freemen. Look back at the noble course of my client's life and career, and ask, could calumny assail his character ? Entering in life with everything that made life desirable, was he a sudden convert to the doctrine of Repeal ? No ; long before that he had strug-



gled for Ireland in the British House of Commons ; and in the year 1843 he was no Repealer, but declared he was anxious to have the rights of Ireland secured under the united legislature. At that moment, when his influence was at the highest, and when the Ministry would have been glad to purchase him with a place, he displeased his friends—he parted from his relatives—he devoted himself to a despised and forsaken cause, and from that day to this what has he gained by it except obloquy? He can bear it all, however, for calumny can have no effect on his character. And will you say that such a man is wilfully and maliciously seditious? You will not, I am sure, come to that conclusion ; and I may remark that no power on earth can control your discretion in the verdict you have to give. There was an Irish jury once who had the patriotism to stand up for the liberty of their country, and fought against (that which you shall have not to encounter) the indignant remonstrances of the judge. When the immortal Dean of St. Patrick's published his celebrated Drapier's Letters, a prosecution was instituted against him by the Attorney-General as a false, seditious, and wicked libel ; and a jury of the country, judging of the case for themselves, delivered a verdict of not guilty. Nine times did the Chief Justice of that day send back that jury, telling them they were bound upon their oaths to find a verdict of guilty ; and nine times that jury returned into court and persisted in discharging their sacred duty. The doctrines that Swift then promulgated were not realised in his lifetime ; but fifty years afterwards the Parliament of Ireland sanctioned the same doctrines for which Molyneux's book was burned by the hands of the common hangman. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland thanked the Parliament for their wise and patriotic proceeding, which 'was afterwards ratified by the solemn decision of the English legislature. I trust I have brought home conviction to your mind that this speech is not within the constitution of England a crime. Judging, then, of the whole of this speech, is it the speech of a man who sought to imperil his country in the horrors of a civil war? or, is it the speech of a man who thought the circumstances of the country required bold and daring speaking—

who thought he ought to assert the right of Ireland to resist oppression by force, and that he ought to advise the people of this country to be prepared to do so? Gentlemen of the jury, let your verdict be irrespective of party, irrespective of prejudice, and irrespective of your own opinions upon the question which my client has advocated. I ask you to decide this case as you ought by law decide it, in judging of Mr. O'Brien's intentions upon the supposition that Repeal is desirable for the country, and that the taking away of your native Parliament was a grievous wrong. If you deal with the question in that way, how can you find a verdict of guilty? If you find a verdict of guilty, it must be upon your preconceived political opinions. But again I say, and I announce it fearlessly, that you must decide the case as if Repeal was desirable for the country. The real question you have here to try is this—is the government of this country to be carried on in utter scorn and contempt of all classes in the community? Now, when I speak on public matters here, I ask you to give me credit for sincerity. It is not part of the duty of an advocate to conceal his own opinions on public matters. I dare not speak on public matters except as I feel; and I ask you, are you perfectly satisfied that the government of this country is not carried on in utter defiance of the opinions of all classes in this country? If there was one thing more calculated than another to prove that the Government is not a Government for Ireland, the military preparations which lately occupied your streets was enough to convince one. If the Lord Lieutenant meant to discharge a duty which he owed to the well-disposed people in this city, would he have stopped there? If, in reality, there was a design to create a bloody insurrection in our streets, let me ask you why did not the informations which caused those military preparations lead to the arrest of the parties who were guilty? But no; it would serve better to repress the growing spirit of Irish nationality by indicting here the man who gave it utterance. I call upon you, as that country upon which Mr. O'Brien has put himself, to find a verdict of acquittal, and, in so doing, proclaim that the time for treating Ireland as an enslaved nation has gone by, and tell the

British Minister that he is the worst enemy of the Queen and of the constitution of 1688 who would advise her Majesty to rest her throne in Ireland on any security other than the loyal affections of the Irish people.

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### Sentenced to Death.

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BY BRIGID IN THE "NATION," FEB. 19, 1876.

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead, as I kneel on the  
cowl'd dungeon floor,  
As I kneel at your feet, reverend father, with no one but God  
to the fore—  
With my heart opened out for your readin', and no hope or  
thought of relase  
From the death that at daybreak to-morrow is staring me  
sthraight in the face—  
I have told you the faults of my boyhood—the follies an' sins  
of my youth—  
An' now of this crime of my manhood I'll spake with the same  
open thruth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for ninety good years,  
an' their toil  
What first was a bare bit of mountain brought into good wheat-  
bearin' soil ;  
'Twas their hands raised the walls of the cabin, where our  
childher wor born and bred,  
Where our weddin's and christenin's wor merry, where we  
waked and keened over our dead ;  
We wor honest an' fair to the landlord—we paid him the rint  
to the day—  
An' it wasn't our fault if our hard sweat he squandered an'  
wasted away  
On the cards, an' the dice, an' the racecourse, an' often in deeper  
disgrace,  
That no tongue could relate without bringin' a blush to an  
honert man's face.

But the day came at last that they worked for, when the castles,  
 the mansions, the lands  
 They should hould but in thrust for the people, to their shame  
 passed away from their hands ;  
 An' our place, sir, too, wint to auction—by many the acres were  
 sought,  
 An' what cared the sthranger that purchased, who made 'em the  
 good soil he bought ?  
 The ould folks wor gone—thank God for it—where throuble or  
 care can't purahue,  
 But the wife an' the childher—O Father in Heaven !—what was  
 I to do ?  
 Still I thought, I'll go spake to the new man—I'll toll him of me  
 an' of mine ;  
 The thrifle that I've put together I'll place in his hands for a  
 fine—  
 The estate is worth six times his money, and maybe his heart  
 isn't cowl'd :  
 But the scoundhrel that bought the “ thief's pen'orth ” was wors  
 than the pauper that sowld.  
 I chased him to house an' to office, wherever I thought he'd be  
 met,  
 I offered him ALL he'd put on it—but no, 'twas the land ho  
 should get ;  
 I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer was spurned and  
 denied ;  
 An' what mattered how *just* my poor right was, when *he* had  
 the *law* at his side ?

I was young, an' but few years was married to one with a voice  
 like a bird—  
 When she sang the ould songs of our counthry every feeling  
 'ithin me was stirred.  
 Oh ! I see her this minnit before me, with a foot wouldn't bend  
 a *croucen*,  
 Her laughin' lips lifted to kiss me—my darlin', my bright-eyed  
 Ileen !  
 'Twas often with pride that I watched her, her soft arms fondlin'  
 our boy,  
 Until he chased the smile from her red lip, and silenced the  
 song of her joy—

Whisht, father, have patience a minnit, let me wipe the big  
 drops from my brow—  
 Whisht, father, I'll *thry* not to curse him ; but I tell you don't  
 prache to me now.

Excitin' myself? Yes, I know it; but the story is now nearly done;

An', father, your own breast is heavin'—I see the tears down from you run.

Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected; for *we* tried to cling to the place

That was *mine*—yes, far more than 'twas his, sir; I tould him so up to his face;

But the little I had melted from me in makin' a fight for my own,

An' a beggar, with three helpless childher, out on the wide world I was thrown,

And Ileen would soon have another—another that never dhrew breath—

The neighbours wor good to us always—but what could they do again death?

For my wife an' my infant before me lay dead, an' by *him* they wor kilt,

As sure as I'm kneelin' before you, to own to *my* share of the guilt.

I laughed all consolin' to scorn, I didn't mind much what I said,

With Ileen a corpse in a barn, on a bundle of sthraw for a bed;

But the blood in my veins boiled to madness—do they think that a man is a log?

I thracked him once more—'twas the last time—and shot him that night like a dog.

Yes, *I* did it; *I* shot him; but, father, let thim who make laws for the land

Look to it, whin they come to judgment, for the blood that lies red on my hand.

If I dhrew the piece, 'twas they primed it, that left him sthretched cowl'd on the sod;

An' from their bar, where I got my sintince, I appeal to the bar of my God

For the justice I never got from them, for the right in their hands that's unknown.

Still, at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took the law into my own—

That I stole out that night in the darkness, while mad with my grief and despair,

And dhruv the black sowl from his body, without givin' him time for a prayer.

Well, 'tis tould, sir; you have the whole story; God forgive him and me for our sins;

My life now is indin'—but, father, the young ones, for them life  
begins ;  
You'll look to poor Ileen's young orphans ! God bless you.  
And now I'm at paice,  
An' resigned to the death that to-morrow is starin' me sthraight  
in the face.

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### To the Memory of Father Prout.

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BY D. F. MACCARTHY.

In deep dejection, but with affection,  
I often think of those pleasant times,  
In the days of Fraser,\* ere I touched a razor,  
How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes,  
When, in wine and wassail, we to thee were vassal,  
Of Watergrass-hill, O renowned P.P. !  
May the bells of Shandon  
Toll blithe and bland on  
The pleasant waters of thy memory !

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,  
In this social city have I heard since then—  
(With the glass before me, how the dream comes o'er me,  
Of those Attic suppers, and those vanished men !)—  
But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken,  
Or hath left a token of such joy in me—  
As "The Bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—  
"Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel sword,  
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,  
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board ;  
But to me seems sweeter, with a tone completer,  
The melodious metre that we owe to thee—

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\* *Fraser's Magazine*, where the "Prout Papers" first appeared.

Of the Bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a grave that rises o'er thy sward, Devizes,  
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar,  
And a white stone flashes over Goldsmith's ashes  
In the quiet cloisters by Temple Bar ;  
So, where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest  
Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,  
While the Bells of Shandon  
Shall sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

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### Robert Holmes in Defence of the "Nation."

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In June, 1846, Mr. Duffy, as proprietor of the *Nation*, was put on his trial for an article, alleged to be seditious, which had appeared in that journal. Mr. Duffy was defended by Robert Holmes, then a very old man, but yet a barrister because he refused to accept of any favour or position from the Government on whose hands was the blood of his nephew, Robert Emmet. The *Nation* of June 20th thus referred to his magnificent speech on behalf of his client :—

"The scene of Wednesday last will be remembered by all who witnessed it as long as they live. An aged Protestant patriot—a lawyer who sits in the outer bar, and proudly wears a stuff gown, because he has all his life long scorned to rustle in the official livery of an English Government—a man who is still at the bar only because he has spurned the bench—a hoary-headed Irish gentleman who remembered when he had a country to be proud of, who volunteered in '82, who saw the struggle of '98, and the dismal eclipse of 1800—yes, and blacker sights still—and who has ever since sealed up his lips, and, as men thought, his heart also, in proud but bitter grief ; this noble old man, finding a Chief Justice and Attorney-General for once at his mercy, an occasion fitting, and a nation's cause hanging on his tongue of fire, did on Wednesday last burst upon the court with a torrent of such burning, scathing wrath, as an English Minister will be cruel if he subjects his Crown officials to again. . . . But, after all, the grandest part of that grand speech was when the orator spoke of the immeasurable worth of nationhood, the infinite value of national independence to the individual character of every citizen, the unutterable degradation of provincial inferiority, and that last and lowest stage of a nation's abasement when the iron has entered into her soul,

and she is content to receive her laws from the hands of another people—words that burn, and which our countrymen should lay to heart.”

The following is the portion of Mr. Holmes's speech referred to in those terms by the *Nation* :—

GENTLEMEN of the jury, I say, as a constitutional lawyer, that insurrection against lawful authority is rebellion—to excite to it is sedition ; but resistance to oppression is not rebellion, and to teach a people the means of successfully resisting oppression is not sedition. This is the law of nature—it is the constitutional law of the realm. Blackstone declares it—and to his honour he stated broadly that if the rights of England are invaded, Englishmen have a right to keep and to use arms for their defence against oppression. It is then for you, gentlemen, to consider well the construction to be given to this article—the only one which, in fact, it can fairly bear. That construction I contend is that resistance is only recommended in case coercion should be used—in case force should be used to put down the cry for Repeal, or any other cry that the people are constitutionally entitled to raise. If this is not wrong or unconstitutional in the people of England, the people of Ireland have a right to the same privilege ; and if the liberties and rights of the people of Ireland are assailed, resistance becomes not only justifiable, but a duty. Nearly a century and a-half ago, the case of Ireland as it then stood was stated by Molyneux, the friend of Locke. Molyneux demonstrated that conquest could give no rightful dominion to England over Ireland ; the Minister of that day could not answer the argument ; he dreaded the truth, and, like Omar, he burned the book. Since that time the population of Ireland has been more than doubled ; and now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, in an age of science and the extension of knowledge beyond anything ever known in the world before—when all the powers of nature and art seem to have been developed, and made subservient to the use and benefit of man—the great mass of the population are still dwelling in hovels, not fit habitations for the beasts that perish. Rents must be paid—taxes must be paid—what then remains to support life ? One vegetable production *only*. The recent failure in that production shows how uncertain and precarious that support of life is. Science in



vain applied to discover the cause or arrest the effect. Had that disaster extended somewhat more rapidly and more generally than it did, and in less than a week, the survivors would not have been enough to inter the dead. Would there have been aught to relieve that picture? Oh, yes! The British constitution!—the envy and admiration of the world!—might have been seen in far perspective, on which the wretched peasant perishing for want in the wilds of Connemara might be told to gaze with rapture, and exclaim with the poet—"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." If from the physical we turn to the moral and political state of Ireland, does the picture brighten? It has been said of Ireland that she has great virtues, but that she has also great vices. Her virtues are her own—her vices have been forced upon her. Ireland has not received her education from herself, she has been educated by another country, which for a long time had but little to communicate, would not impart that little, and at length studied to check the growth which she feared. Ireland, to have been well educated, ought to have been left to herself, to work her way in the world of science, and government, and trade, by her own talents, her own spirit, and her own industry. But, instead of this, she was rudely seized in an age of weakness, and thrust out of the sphere of light she could neither create nor imitate—she could neither give birth to a Solon, nor send for her twelve tables to Greece. The education of a people is not the changing of a garb, the cutting of a beard, or the invitation of a chieftain to a court; it is not the substitution of English for Brehon law—the gibbet for the eric; it is not to be found in Protestant charter schools, or in Popish seminaries—in the University of Dublin, or in the College of Maynooth. The education of a people is the formation of its intellectual, its moral, and its political character, measured by its advancement in government, in laws, in manners, in arts, in science, in literature, in manufactures, in trade, in commerce—by the general diffusion of knowledge and virtue, and the comforts, the conveniences, and the refinements of life. Nature is the volume, and experience is the school. The benefits of laws and policy, of arts and science, of manufactures and trade,

are the effect of individual talent and united labour ; but genius and industry, the minds of the few and the hands of the many, combined for a common end, can only exist where there is some common invigorating principle of life and action. What is this common invigorating principle ? Country—the proud feeling of national independent existence—by means of which every useful action is reflected from the individual to the State, and from the State to the individual, and virtue, and fame, and emolument are enjoyed by the possessor in the two-fold character of man and citizen. A free State and its members are one. The rulers and the ruled have no contrasted interests—the public and the private energies are intimately connected ; a sense of national glory—of high national character—a love of the common weal, the fruitful source of generous sentiments and noble deeds—inspire, and animate, and dignify the selfish affections, develop the powers of the understanding, give birth and vigour to lofty thoughts, and, if they sometimes arouse the ambitious and destructive, they more uniformly call forth and exercise the benevolent and the useful passions of the human breast. But where this common invigorating principle is wanting—where a people is subservient to the will, mocked by the pride, and ruled by the caprice, the prejudice, the passions, and the interests of another State—the character and conduct of that people will inevitably betray the vileness of its condition. National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness ; but reason and experience demonstrate that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of provincial subjection. The very consciousness of being dependent on another power for advancement in the scale of national being weighs down the spirit of a people, manacles the efforts of genius, depresses the energies of virtue, blunts the sense of common glory and common good, and produces an insulated selfishness of character, the surest mark of debasement in the individual and mortality in the State. In contrasting the nation with the province, let us take an instance—industry ! And let us look to Ireland. In Ireland we have labour—hard labour—incessant labour—unrequited labour ; but we have not in

Ireland industry ; we have industrial resources, but we have not industry itself. Can you wonder ? The industry of man arises not from the mere impulse of instinct ; the industry of man arises from his instincts and his reason—from his wants and his aspirations—from a sense of duty and a love of fame ; the industry of man embraces the material and the intellectual worlds—is impelled by the sordid and animated by the generous affections—is connected with everything mean and everything noble in the human breast—with the miser and the slave it grovels on the earth—with philosophy and liberty it mounts to heaven. The gross portion of its nature may exist in any clime where the animal can breathe, but every celestial particle will perish where the mind is not conscious of freedom, where the heart is not confident in the protection and enjoyment of independent legislation, and equal rights and equal laws. The soil of Attica is still visited by the same sun which warmed the genius of Pericles and shone on the works of Phydias, but there his beams no longer illumine a land of liberty whose alchemic power purifies and transmutes whatever it touches into gold. The Republic of Athens is no more, and the genius, and the spirit, and the virtue which once covered that scanty and rugged soil with glory now only live in the records of her fame. “ Nothing can be more advantageous to the commonwealth than what Themistocles proposes,” said Aristides, “ but nothing can be more unjust.” It must not be done, was the instantaneous and unanimous resolution of a free people. Will the actions of a free people be always just ? No ; but the actions of an enslaved people will never be sublime. Slavery, in every form which it can assume, is destructive of the genius, the spirit, and the virtue of man ; and of all species of slavery provincial servitude is the worst ; and in the history of provincial servitude no instance can be found so striking, so afflicting, and so humiliating as Ireland—of the influence of moral causes in counteracting the physical aptitudes of nature, and producing weakness, and want, and ignorance, and wretchedness, where all the outlines of creation seem formed for power and happiness. Do you know the history of your country ? It is a tale of suffering and sorrow—the sad tones

of her music but echo the wailings of her griefs. There is not even greatness in her fall. When a nation which will not bend is broken by the tempest, its fame is measured by the storm ; but in the dark picture of her destruction Ireland exhibits not the majestic ruins of a nation. Before Ireland could be a nation she was made a province ; before Ireland could have a people, her inhabitants, brave among the brave, suffered the penalty of disunion, and have remained attached, not to their country—they have had none—but to its soil. As individuals, or as clans, or as sects they have wandered for many a long century through a dreary existence, without any central principle of attraction, and light, and warmth. For many a long century Ireland has been schooled and scourged as a province, and she exhibits all the evils of her education. It had been well for Ireland if English invasion had been confined to the ravages of war. The ravages of war may be repaired—fields may be again cultivated—cities may be rebuilt and re peopled. War is a hurricane which sweeps before it man and the works of man, but it spares enough to cover the face of nature again with new abundance and new beauty. It is not the sword by which her people were slaughtered that Ireland deplores—it is that sword which cut the charter of King John to pieces. It is not the sword which destroyed the body—it is the policy which laid waste the mind that Ireland deplores. For many a long century a deep and blighting gloom has covered this fair and fertile land, on which the benignant gifts of heaven seem to have been poured forth in vain. A light once shone across that gloom—bright and glorious was that light, but short and transient, serving but to show the darkness that had gone before, and the deeper darkness that followed after. Yes, a light once shone across that gloom—that light was extinguished by the foulest means that ever fraud or injustice practised, and now it seems that every attempt to rekindle that light is to be crushed as sedition, and the sentence of dependence and degradation pronounced against Ireland is to be confirmed and made perpetual. Against this sentence my client has raised his voice ; and I, not on his behalf alone, but on behalf of an injured and insulted people, raise my voice, and I call

upon you, gentlemen of the jury, by your verdict of acquittal this day, to aid in averting that sentence. If the spirit of freedom dwells within you—if it warms your hearts and illumines your intellects—I call upon you by your verdict of acquittal this day to avert that sentence. By every generous sentiment which can actuate the noble—by every principle of right which can direct and animate the just—I call upon you by your verdict of acquittal this day to avert that sentence. I ask for your verdict of acquittal not as the boon of mercy—not as the safety-valve of doubt—but as the clear, unequivocal, decisive expression of your regard for the rights of nature and the welfare and the honour of your native land. I ask for your verdict of acquittal in the cause of country—that cause in which “Wallace fought and Hampden bled,” and our own Borhoime conquered—that cause ever dear to the bravest, the wisest, and the best—unfelt and abandoned only by the recreant and the vile. Did I now address the recreant and the vile, I should indeed despair; but addressing as I do the high-minded and the just, I feel the buoyancy of hope, and the confidence of right. I have done. I have appealed to your unprejudiced understandings. I have appealed to the honest, to the manly feelings of your hearts; and unless the strength of the cause has been lost in the weakness of the advocate, I have not appealed in vain.

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### The Irish Chiefs.

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BY C. G. DUFFY.

Oh! to have lived like an Irish chief, when hearts were fresh  
and true,  
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them  
through and through;  
And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery action  
grew,  
And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed  
to do.

Oh! the iron grasp,  
 And the kindly clasp,  
 And the laugh so fond and gay;  
 And the roaring board,  
 And the ready sword,  
 Were the types of that vanished day.

Oh! to have lived as Brian lived, and to die as Brian died;  
 His land to win with the sword, and smile, as a warrior wins  
 his bride;  
 To knit its force in a kingly host, and rule it with kingly pride,  
 And still in the girt of its guardian swords over victor fields to  
 ride;

And when age was past,  
 And when death came fast,  
 To look with a softened eye  
 On a happy race  
 Who had loved his face,  
 And to die as a king should die!

Oh! to have lived dear Owen's life—to live for a solemn end,  
 To strive for the ruling strength and skill God's saints to the  
 Chosen send;  
 And to come at length, with that holy strength, the bondage of  
 fraud to rend,  
 And pour the light of God's freedom in where tyrants and  
 slaves were denned;

And to bear the brand  
 With an equal hand,  
 Like a soldier of Truth and Right,  
 And, O saints! to die  
 While our flag flew high,  
 Nor to look on its fall or flight!

Oh! to have lived as Grattan lived, in the glow of his manly  
 years,  
 To thunder again those iron words that thrill like the clash of  
 spears;  
 Once more to blend, for a holy end, our peasants, and priests,  
 and peers,  
 Till England raged, like a baffled fiend, at the tramp of our  
 Volunteers.

And, oh! best of all,  
 Far rather to fall  
 '(With a blessed fate than he)

On a conquering field,  
Than one right to yield  
Of the island so proud and free !

Yet scorn to cry on the days of old, when hearts were fresh and  
true—

If hearts be weak, oh ! chiefly *then* the Missioned their work  
must do ;

Nor wants our day its own fit way—the want is in *you* and *you* ;  
For these eyes have seen as kingly a king as ever dear Erin  
knew,

And with Brian's will,  
And with Owen's skill,  
And with glorious Grattan's love,  
He had freed us soon—  
But death darkened his noon,  
And he sits with the saints above.

Oh ! could you live as Davis lived—kind heaven be his bed !—  
With an eye to guide, and a hand to rule, and a calm and kingly  
head,

And a heart from whence, like a holy well, the soul of his land  
was fed—

No need to cry on the days of old that your holiest hope be  
sped.

Then scorn to pray  
For a by-past day—  
The whine of the sightless dumb !  
To the true and wise  
Let a king arise,  
And a holier day is come !

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LEGAL DISPOSSESSION OF THE IRISH.—When the English  
Pale was first planted by Henry the Second and his imme-  
diate successors, all the natives were so clearly expelled that  
not one Irish family had as much as an acre of freehold in  
all the five counties of the Pale.—*Sir John Davies's "Letter  
to Lord Salisbury."*

## To Kathleen.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

My Kathleen dearest ! in truth or seeming  
No brighter vision ere blessed mine eyes  
Than she for whom, in Elysian dreaming,  
Thy tranced lover too fondly sighs.  
O Kathleen fairest ! if elfin splendour  
Hath ever broken my heart's repose,  
'Twas in the darkness, ere, purely tender,  
Thy smile, like moonlight o'er ocean, rose.

Since first I met thee thou knowest thine are  
This passion-music, each pulse's thrill—  
The flowers seem brighter, the stars diviner,  
And God and Nature more glorious still ;  
I see around me new fountains gushing—  
More jewels spangle the robes of night ;  
Strange harps are pealing—fresh roses blushing—  
Young worlds emerging in purer light.

No more thy song-bird in clouds shall hover—  
Oh ! give him shelter upon thy breast,  
And bid him swiftly, his long flight over,  
From Heaven drop into that love-built nest.  
Like fairy flowerets is love, thou fearest,  
At once that springeth like mine from earth—  
'Tis friendship's ivy grows slowly, dearest,  
But love and lightning have instant birth.

Thy mirthful fancy and artful gesture,  
Hair black as tempest, and swan-like breast,  
More graceful folded in simplest verdure  
Than proudest bosoms in diamonds drest—  
Not these, the varied and rare possession .  
Love gave to conquer, are thine alone ;  
But, oh ! there crowns thee divine expression,  
As saint's, a halo that's all thine own.

Thou art as poets in olden story  
Have pictured woman before the fall—



Her angel beauty's divinest glory,  
 The pure soul, shining, like God, through all.  
 But vainly, humblest of leaflets springing,  
 I sing the queenliest flower of love :  
 Thus soars the sky-lark, presumptuous singing  
 The orient morning enthroned above.

Yet hear propitious, belovèd-maiden !  
 The minstrel's passion is pure as strong,  
 Though Nature fated his heart, love laden,  
 Must break, or utter its woes in song.  
 Farewell ! if never my soul may cherish  
 The dreams that bade me to love aspire,  
 By memory's altar ! thou shalt not perish,  
 First Irish pearl of my Irish lyre !

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### An Irish Ecdition.

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FROM "VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY, THE IRISH AGENT," BY W. CARLETON.

WINTER had now arrived in all its severity, and the very day selected for the removal of these poor people was that which fills, or was designed to fill, every Christian heart with hope, charity, affection for our kind, and the innocent enjoyment of that festive spirit which gives to the season a charm that throws the memory back upon the sweetest recollections of life—I mean Christmas Eve. The morning, however, was ushered in by storm. There had been above a fortnight's snow, accompanied by hard frost, and to this was added now the force of a piercing wind, and a tremendous down-pouring of hard dry drift, against which it is at any time almost impossible even to walk, unless when supported by health, youth, and uncommon strength.

In O'Regan's house there was, indeed, the terrible union of a most bitter and two-fold misery. The boy was literally dying, and to this was added the consciousness that M'Clutchy would work his way in spite of storm, tempest, and sickness, nay, even of death itself. A few of the inhabitants of this wild mountain village, which, by the way, was

named Drum Dhu, from its black and desolate look, had too much the fear of M'Clutchy before their eyes to await his measures, and accordingly sought out some other shelter. It was said, however, and generally supposed by several of the neighbouring gentry, that even M'Clutchy himself would scarcely dare to take such a step in defiance of common humanity, public opinion, and the laws both of God and—we were about to add, man, but the word cannot be written. Every step he took was strictly and perfectly legal, and the consequence was that he had that strong argument, "*I am supported by the laws of the land,*" to enable him to trample upon all the principles of humanity and justice—to gratify political rancour, personal hatred—to oppress, persecute, and ruin.

Removal, however, in Torley O'Regan's case, would have been instant death. Motion or effort of any kind were strictly forbidden, as was conversation, except in the calmest and lowest tones, and everything at all approaching to excitement. Still the terror lest this inhuman agent might carry his resolution into effect on such a day, and under such circumstances, gave to their pitiable sense of his loss a dark and deadly hue of misery, at which the heart actually sickens. From the hour of nine o'clock on that ominous morning, the inhabitants of Drum Dhu were passing, despite the storm, from cabin to cabin, discussing the probable events of the day, and asking each other if it could be possible that M'Clutchy would turn them out under such a tempest. Nor was this all. The scene, indeed, was one which ought never to be witnessed in any country. Misery in all its shapes was there—suffering in its severest pangs—sickness, disease, famine, and death—to all which was to be added bleak, houseless, homeless, roofless desolation. Had the season been Summer they might have slept in the fields, made themselves temporary sheds, or carried their sick and aged and helpless to distant places, where humanity might aid and relieve them. But no—here were the elements of God, as it were, called in by the malignity and wickedness of man to war against old age, infancy, and disease.

For a day or two preceding this, poor Torley thought he

felt a little better—that is to say, his usual symptoms of suffering were mitigated, as is sometimes the case where human weakness literally sinks below the reach of pain itself. Ten o'clock had arrived and he had not yet awoke, having only fallen asleep a little before daybreak. His father went to his bedside, and looking down saw that he was still asleep, with a peaceful smile irradiating his features, as it were with a sense of inward happiness and tranquillity. He beckoned to his mother, who approached the bed, and contemplated him with that tearless agony which sears the heart and brain, until the feeling would be gladly exchanged for madness. The conversation which followed was in Irish, a circumstance that accounts for its figurative style and tenderness of expression.

“What is that smile?” said the father.

“It's the peace of God,” said the mother, “shining from an innocent and happy heart. O Torley! my son, my son!”

“Yes,” replied the father, “he is going to meet happy hearts, but he will leave none in this house behind him—even little Brian that he loved so well—but where was there a heart so loving as his?” This, we need scarcely observe, was all said in whispers.

“Ah!” said his mother, “you may well ask—but don't you remember this day week, when we were talking of M'Clutchy—‘I hope,’ says he, ‘that if he should come, I'll be where no agent can turn me out—that is, in heaven—for I wouldn't wish to live to see you both and little Brian put from the place that we all loved so well’—and then he wiped away the tears from his pale cheeks. O Torley! my son, my son—are you laving us!—laving us for ever?”

The father sat down quietly upon a chair, and put his hand upon his forehead, as if to keep the upper part of his head from flying off—for such, he said, were the sensations he felt. He then wrung his hands until the joints cracked, and gave one short convulsive sob, which no effort of his could repress. The boy soon afterwards opened his eyes and fixed them with the same peaceful and affectionate smile upon his parents.

“Torley,” said his mother, kissing him, “how do you feel, our flower?”

"Aisier," said he, "but I think weaker. I had a dream," he continued; "I thought I was looking in through a great gate at the most beautiful place that ever was—and I said to myself, what country can that be, that's so full of light, and music, and green trees, and beautiful rivers? 'That is heaven,' said a sweet voice beside me, but I could see no one. I looked again, and then I thought I saw my three little brothers standin' inside the gate smilin'—and I said, 'Aren't you my brothers that died when you were young?' 'Yes,' said they, 'and we are come to welcome you here.' I then was goin' to go in, when I thought I saw my father and little Brian runnin' hand in hand towards the gate, and as I was goin' in I thought they called after me—'Wait, Torley dear, for we will follow you soon.'"

"And I hope we all will, our blessed treasure; for when you lave us, son of our hearts, what temptation will we have to stay afther you? Your voice, achora, will be in our ears, and your sweet looks in our eyes—but that is all that will be left of you—and your father and I will never have a day's happiness more. Oh, never—never!"

"You both know I wouldn't lave you if I could help it, but it's the will of God that I should go; then, when I'll be so happy, won't it take the edge off your grief? Bring Brian here. He and I were all that was left you since Ned went to England—and now you will have only him. I needn't bid you to love him, for I know that you loved both of us, maybe more than you ought, or more than I desarved; but not surely more than Brian does. Brian, my darling, come and kiss your own Torley that kept you sleeping every night in his bosom, and never was properly happy without you—kiss me when I can feel you, for I know that before long you will kiss me when I can't kiss you. Brian, my darling life, how loth I am to lave you, and to lave you all—to lave you all, mother."

As he spoke, and paused from time to time, the tumult of the storm without, and the fury with which it swept against the roof, door, and windows of the house, made a terrible diapason to the sweet and affecting tones of feeling which pervaded the remarks of the dying boy. His father, however, who felt an irrepressible dread of what

was expected to take place, started at the close of the last words, and, with a heart divided between the two terrors, stood in that stupefaction which is only the resting-place of misery, where it takes breath and strengthens itself for its greatest trials. He stood with one hand, as before, pressed upon his forehead, and pointed with the other to the door. The wife, too, paused, for she could not doubt for a moment that she heard sounds mingling with those of the storm which belonged not to it. *It was Christmas Eve.*

"Stop, Mary," said he, the very current of his heart stilled—its beating pulses frozen, as it were, by the terrible apprehension—"stop, Mary; you can open the door, but in such a morning as this you couldn't shut it, and the wind and drift would come in and fill the house, and be the death of our boy. No, I must open the door myself, and it will require all my strength to shut it."

"I hear it all now," said Torley, "the cries and the shoutings, the screechings and the——well, you need not be afraid; put poor Brian in with me, for I know there is no Irishman but will respect a death-bed, be it landlord or agent—ay, or bayley. Oh, no, father, the hand of God is upon us, and if they respect nothing else, they will surely respect *that*. They won't move me, mother, when they see me; for they would kill me—that would be to murder a dying man."

The father made no reply, but rushed toward the door, which he opened and closed after him with more ease than he had expected. The storm, in fact, was subsiding; the small, hard drift had ceased, and it was evident from the appearance of the sky that there was likely to be a change for the better.

It would, indeed, appear as if the Divine Being actually restrained and checked the elements, on witnessing the cruel, heartless, and oppressive purposes of man. But what a scene presented itself to O'Regan on going forth to witness the proceedings which were about to take place on this woe-ful day!

Entering the northern end of this wild collection of shielings was seen a *posse* of bailiffs, drivers, constables, keepers,

and all that hard-hearted class of ruffians that constitute the staff of a land agent upon occasions similar to this. Immediately behind this followed a body of Orange yeomanry, dressed in regimentals, and with firearms—each man carrying thirty rounds of ball cartridge. We say Orange yeomen advisedly, because, at the period we speak of, Roman Catholics were not admitted into the yeomanry, unless, perhaps, one in a corps; and even out of ten corps, perhaps, you might not find the ten exceptions. When we add to this the fact that every Protestant young man was then an Orangeman, and that a strong, relentless feeling of religious and political hatred subsisted between them and the Catholic party, we think that there are few, even among our strongest Conservatives, if any, who would attempt to defend the inhuman policy of allowing one party of Irishmen, stimulated by the worst passions, to be let loose thus armed upon defenceless men, whom, besides, they looked upon and treated as enemies.

The men in question, who were known by the *soubriquet* of Deaker's Dashers, were, in point of fact, the terror of every one in the country who was not an Orangeman, no matter what his creed or country might be. They were to a man guided by the true Tory principle, not only of supporting Protestantism, but of putting down Popery; and yet, with a singular inconsistency, they were seldom or never seen within a church door, all their religion consisting in giving violent and offensive toasts, and their loyalty in playing party tunes, singing Orange songs, meeting in Orange lodges, and executing the will of some such oppressor as M'Clutchy, who was by no means an exaggerated specimen of the Orange Tory.

Deaker's Dashers were commanded on this occasion by a little squat figure, all belly, with a short pair of legs at one end, and a little, red, fiery face, that looked as, if it would explode, at the other. The figure was mounted, on horse-back, and as it and its party gallantly entered this city of cabins, it clapped its hand on its outside, to impress the enemy, no doubt, with a due sense of its military character and prowess. Behind the whole procession, at a little distance, rode M'Clutchy and M'Slime, graceful Phil having

declined the honour of the expedition altogether, principally, he said, in consequence of the shortness of the days, and the consequent very sudden approach of night. We cannot omit to state that Darby O'Drive was full of consequence and importance, and led on his followers, with a roll of paper, containing a list of all those who were to be expelled, rolled up his hand, somewhat like a baton of office. Opposed to this display stood a crowd of poor shivering wretches, with all the marks of poverty and struggle, and, in many cases, of famine and extreme destitution, about them and upon them. Women with their half-starved children in their arms, many of them without shoes or stockings—labouring care-worn men, their heads bound up in cotton handkerchiefs, as intimating illness or recovery from illness—old men bent over their staves, some with long white hair streaming to the breeze, and all with haggard looks of terror, produced by the well-known presence among them of Deaker's Dashers.

*And this was Christmas Eve—a time of joy and festivity!*

Other features were also presented, which gave to this miserable scene a still more depressing character. The voice of lamentation was loud, especially from the females, both young and old—all of whom, with some exceptions, were in tears. Many were rending their hair, others clapping their hands in distraction—some were kneeling to Heaven to implore its protection, and not a few to call down its vengeance upon their oppressors. From many of the men, especially the young and healthy, came stifled curses and smothered determinations of deep and fearful vengeance. Brows darkened, eyes gleamed, and teeth were ground with a spirit that could neither be mistaken nor scarcely condemned. M'Clutchy was then sowing the wind; but whether at a future day to reap the whirlwind, we are not now prepared to state.

At length it was deemed time that the ceremony should commence; and M'Clutchy, armed also with a case of pistols, rode up to Darby.

"O'Drive, you scoundrel," he shouted—for he saw his enemy, and got courageous, especially since he had a body of his father's Dashers at his back—"O'Drive, your scoundrel,

do you mean to keep us here all day? Why don't you commence? Whose is the first name on the list? The ejection must proceed," he added, addressing the poor people as much as Darby—"it must proceed. Everything we do is by Lord Cumber's orders, and strictly according to the law of the land. Every attempt at refusing to give up peaceable possession makes you liable to be punished; and punished, by h—n, you shall be."

"Do not swear, my dear friend," interposed McSlime; "swear not at all; but let thy yea be yea, and thy nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. My good friends," he added, addressing himself to the people, "I could not feel justified in losing this opportunity to throw in a word in season for your sakes. I need scarcely tell you that Mr. McClutchy, whose character for benevolence and humanity is perfectly well known—and I would allude to his strong sense of religion, and its practical influence on his conduct, were I not afraid of giving rise to a feeling of spiritual pride in the heart of any fellow creature, however humble—I need not tell you, I say, that he and I are here as your true friends. I, a frail and unworthy sinner, avow myself as your friend; at least it is the most anxious and sincere wish of my heart to do good to you; for I trust I can honestly say that I love my Catholic—I mean my Roman Catholic friends, and desire to meet them in the bonds of Christ. Yes, we are your friends. You know it is true that God loveth whom he chasteneth, and that it is always good to pass through the furnace of tribulation. What are we, then, but the instruments of His chastisement of you, and of bringing you through that furnace for your own good and for His honour? Be truly grateful, then, for this instance of His interposition in your favour. It is only a blessing in disguise, my friends—*strongly* disguised, I grant you—but still a blessing. And now, my friends, to prove my own sincerity—my affectionate, and, I trust, Christian interest in your welfare—I say unto you that if such among you as lack bread will come to me, when this dispensation in your favour is concluded, I will give that which shall truly nourish them."

McClutchy could not stand this, but went down to the little squat Dasher, who joined him in a loud fit of laughter



at M'Slime's little word in season ; so that the poor dismayed people had the bitter reflection to add to their other convictions, that their misery, their cares, and their sorrows, were made a mockery of by those who were actually inflicting them.

When Darby, on whose face there was a heartless smirk of satisfaction at this opportunity of gratifying M'Clutchy, was about to enter the first cabin, there arose from the trembling creatures a loud murmur of wild and unregulated lamentation, which actually startled the bailiffs, who looked as if they were about to be assaulted. An old man then approached M'Clutchy, bent with age and infirmity, and whose white hair hung far down his shoulders.

"Sir," said he, taking off his hat, and standing before him uncovered, severe and still bitter as was the day—"I stand here in the name of these poor creatures you see about us, to beg you, for the sake of God—of Christ who redeemed us – and of the Holy Spirit that gives kindness and charity to the heart—not on this blake hill, undher sich a sky, and on sich a day, to turn us out of the only shelter we have on earth ! There's people here that will die if they're brought outside the door. We did not, at laist the most part of all you see before you, think you had any thought of houldin' good your threat in sich a time of cowl'd, and storm, and disolation. Look at us; sir, then, and have pity on us ! Make it your own case, if you can, and maybe that will bring our distitution nearer you—and besides, sir, there's a great number of us that thought betther about vothin' with you, and surely you won't think of putting *them* out."

"It's too late now," said M'Clutchy ; "if you had promised me your votes in time, it was not my intention to have disturbed you—at present I am acting altogether by Lord Cumber's orders, who desires that every one refusing to vote for him shall be made an example of, and removed from the property. O'Drive, you scoundrel, do your duty."

At this moment there rushed forth from the again agitated crowd an old woman, whose grizzled locks had escaped from under her dowl cap, and were blown in confusion about her head. She wore a druggat gown that had once been yellow, and a deep blue petticoat of the same stuff ; a circumstance

which, joined to the excitement, gave to her appearance a good deal of picturesque effect.

"Low-born tyrant," she shouted, kneeling rapidly down and holding up her clasped hands, but not in supplication—"low-born tyrant," she shouted, "stop—spawn of blaspheming Deaker, stop—bastard of the notorious Kate Clank, hould your hand! You see we know you and yours well. You were a bad son to a bad mother, and the curse of God will pursue you and yours for that and your other villanies. Go back and hould your hand, I say, and don't dare to bring the vengeance of God upon you for the plot of hell you are about to work out this day. Go back, I say. Be warned. Look about you here, and think of what you're going to do. Have you no feeling for ould and helpless age—for the weakness of women—the innocence of childre? Are you not afraid on such a day to come near the bed of sickness, or the bed of death, with such an intention? Here's widows and orphans, the sick and the dyin', ould age half dead, and infancy half starved; and is it upon these that you and blaspheming Deaker's bloody Dashers are goin' to work your will? Hould your hand, I say, or if you don't, although I needn't curse you myself, for I am too wicked for that—yet, in the name of all these harmless and helpless creatures before you, I call *their* curses on your head! In the name of all the care, and pain, and sorrow, and starvation, and affliction that's now before your eyes, be you cursed in soul and body—in all you touch—in all you love—cursed here and hereafter, for ever, if you proceed in your wicked intention this woful day!"

"Who is that madwoman?" said M'Clutchy. "Let her be removed. All I can say is that she has taken a very unsuccessful method of staying the proceedings."

"Who am I?" said she. "I will tell you that. Look at this," she replied, exposing her bosom; "these are the breasts that suckled you—between them did you—often lie, you ungrateful viper! Yes, you may stare. It is many a long year since the name of Kate Clank reached your ears, and now that you have heard it, it is not to bless you. Well you remember when you heard it last—on the day you hunted your dogs at me, and threatened to have me horse-

whipped—ay, to horsewhip me with your own hands should I ever come near your cursed house. Now you know who I am, and now I have kept my word—which was, never to die till I gave you a shamed face. Kate Clank, your mother, is before you !”

M'Clutchy took the matter very coolly certainly—laughed at her, and in a voice of thunder desired the ejectments to proceed.

But how shall we dwell upon this miserable work ? The wailings and screams, the solicitations for mercy, their prayers, their imprecations, and promises, were all sternly disregarded ; and on went the justice of law, accompanied by the tumult of misery. The old were dragged out—the bed-ridden grandmother had her couch of straw taken from under her. From the house of death the corpse of an aged female was carried out amidst the shrieks and imprecations of both men and women ! The sick child, that clung with faintness to the bosom of its distracted mother, was put out under the freezing blast of the North ; and on, on, onward, from house to house, went the steps of law, accompanied still by the increasing tumult of misery. *This was upon Christmas Eve—a day of joy and festivity.*

At length they reached O'Regan's ; and it is not our intention to describe the occurrence at any length. It could not be done. O'Regan clasped his hands ; so did his wife. They knelt, they wept, they supplicated. They stated the nature of his malady—decline—from having ruptured a blood-vessel. They ran to M'Clutchy, to M'Slime, to the squat figure on horseback. They prayed to Darby, and especially entreated a ruffian follower who had been remarkable for, and wanton in, his inhumanity, but with no effect. Darby shook his head.

“ It couldn't be done,” said he.

“ No,” replied the other, whose name was Grimes, “ we can't make any differ between one and another—so out he goes.”

“ Father,” observed the meek boy, “ let them. I will only be the sooner in heaven.”

He was placed sitting up in bed by the bailiffs, trembling in the cold rush of the blast ; but the moment his father

saw their polluted and sacrilegious hands upon him, he rushed forward, accompanied by his mother.

"Stay," said he, in a loud, hoarse voice; "since *you will* have him out, let our hands, not yours, be upon him."

The ruffian told him they could not stand there all day, and, without any further respect for their feelings, they rudely wrapped the bed-clothes about him, and carrying him out, he was placed upon a chair before the door. His parents were immediately beside him, and took him now into their own care; but it was too late—he smiled as he looked into their faces, then looked at his little brother, and giving one long-drawn sigh, he passed, without pain or suffering, saving a slight shudder, into happiness. O'Regan, when he saw that his noble and beloved boy was gone, surrendered him into the keeping of his wife and friends, who prevented his body from falling off the chair. He then bent his eye sternly upon the group of bailiffs, especially upon the rude ruffian Grimes, whose conduct was so atrocious.

"Now listen," said he, kneeling down beside his dead son. "listen, all of of you that has wrought this murder of my dying boy. He is yet warm," he added, grinding his teeth, and looking up to heaven, "and here beside him I pray that the gates of mercy may be closed upon my soul through all eternity if I die without vengeance for your death, my son!"

ANTIQUITY OF THE IRISH NATION.—The Irish are one of the most ancient nations that I know of at this end of the world, and come of as mighty a race as the world ever brought forth.—*Spenser's View of Ireland.*

IRISH HUSBANDMEN.—It is, from the whole, evident that they are uncommon masters of the art of overcoming difficulties by patience and perseverance. Give the farmer of twenty acres in England no more capital than his brother in Ireland, and I will venture to say he will be much poorer; for he would be utterly unable to go on at all.—*Arthur Young's Tour in Ireland.*

## The Time of the Barmecides.

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BY J. C. MANGAN.

Mangan prefixed to the following poem the line, "From the Arabic;" but he himself was the "Arab" who composed it. "It has been too readily assumed," writes his biographer, John Mitchel, "that he was acquainted with the Eastern tongues; but this is at least doubtful, and certainly his verses purporting to be translated from the Persian and the Coptic were altogether his own. Somebody asked him why he gave credit to Hafiz for such exquisite gems of his own poetry. Because (he said) Hafiz paid better than Mangan—and any critic could see they were only *half his* :—

My eyes are filmed, my beard is grey,  
 I am bowed with the weight of years;  
 I would I were stretched in my bed of clay.  
 With my long-lost youth's compeers!  
 For back to the past, though the thought brings woe,  
 My memory ever glides—  
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
 The time of the Barmecides!  
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
 The time of the Barmecides.

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,  
 And an iron arm in war,  
 And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,  
 When the watch-lights glimmered afar,  
 And a barb as fiery as any I know  
 That Khoord or Beddaween rides,  
 Ere my friends lay low, long, long ago,  
 In the time of the Barmecides;  
 Ere my friends lay low, long, long ago,  
 In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,  
 One silver dish was there;  
 At hand my tried Karamanian sword  
 Lay always bright and bare  
 For those were the days when the angry blow  
 Supplanted the word that chides—  
 When hearts could glow long, long ago,  
 In the time of the Barmecides;

When hearts could glow, long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I  
Were free to rove and roam,  
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky,  
Or the roof of the palace dome—  
Oh! ours was that vivid life to and fro  
Which only sloth derides—  
Men spent life so, long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides;  
Men spent life so, long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,  
With its turrets of Moorish mould,  
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men  
Whose binishes flamed with gold;  
I call up many a gorgeous show  
Which the pall of oblivion hides—  
All passed like snow, long, long ago,  
With the time of the Barmecides;  
All passed like snow, long, long ago,  
With the time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is grey,  
And I bend with the weight of years—  
May I soon go down to the House of Clay  
Where slumber my youth's compeers!  
For them and the past, though the thought wakes woe,  
My memory ever abides;  
And I mourn for the times gone long ago,  
For the times of the Barmecides!  
I mourn for the times gone long ago,  
For the times of the Barmecides!

### The Barmaid's Eyes.

On Mangan's "Time of the Barmecides," "Shamrock," during his residence in America, wrote the following clever and amusing parody:—

My eyes are goggled, my whiskers dyed,  
I am stooped, notwithstanding stays;  
I would I were stretched that stream beside  
Where I fished in my zigzag days;

For back to that spot—it costs nothing, you know—

My memory ever flies,  
Where I first saw glow, long, long ago,  
The light of the Barmaid's eyes!  
Where I first saw glow, long, long ago,  
The light of the Barmaid's eyes.

Then "tin" was mine, and a love of fun,  
And a sharp steel pen to war  
On despot, dandy, dunce, and dun,  
And humbugs, wherever they dare ;  
And donkeys as vicious as any I know  
At Dundrum or Tramore that plies ;  
Ere my cash ran low, long, long ago,  
When I basked in the Barmaid's eyes !  
Ere my cash ran low, long, long ago,  
When I dreamed of the Barmaid's eyes.

One polished *cranium* graced my board,  
And divers pipes hung round ;  
And of smuggled "weed" a secret horde  
Was always to be found ;  
For these were the days when we used "to blow  
A cloud," and cheat the Excise—  
When poteen could flow, long, long ago,  
To the praise of the Barmaid's eyes ;  
When poteen could flow, long, long ago,  
In toasting the Barmaid's eyes.

By Liffey and Dodder our spirits high  
Could raise at will "a lark ;"  
Mud Isle was ours, and Ireland's Eye,  
And eke the Phoenix Park.  
Oh! glittered that brilliant wit to and fro  
Which only snobs despise—  
I could joke, I know, long, long ago,  
In the light of the Barmaid's eyes ;  
I could joke, I know, long, long ago,  
In the light of the Barmaid's eyes.

I see "ould Ireland" once again,  
With its "victims" bought and sold ;  
And the twice five hundred spouting men  
Whose breeches were lined with gold.  
I call up many a precious "go,"  
And sublimely monstrous lies,

Hear, hears ! and cheers, with sneers and jeers ;  
 But I cheered for the Barmaid's eyes ;  
 Tom Steele and Co., and the long, long bow,  
 When I cheered for the Barmaid's eyes.

But mine eyes are goggled, my whiskers dyed,  
 And I stoop in spite of stays ;  
 May I soon go back to the Dodder's side,  
 Where I fished in my zigzag days.  
 For to Donnybrook back on elastic toe  
 My memory ever flies,  
 And I rave of the time, long, long ago,  
 When I worshipped the Barmaid's eyes,  
 And I howl for the time long, long ago,  
 And the light of the Barmaid's eyes.

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### The Purpose of Irish Patriotism.

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The following fine passage, picturing the aim and object of Irish patriotic effort, is taken from an "Address to the Repeal Clubs of Ireland," written and signed by Charles Gavan Duffy, Chairman of the Committee of Organisation, and bearing date, Dublin, July 7th, 1848:—

OUR western island, where liberty has maintained so gallant and so stubborn a battle ; whose long history exhibits the unity of an epic poem, each generation taking up the cause which their fathers bequeathed to them, and anointing it anew with their blood ; each generation offering up to death, on the battlefield or the scaffold, or in forlorn exile, the best men of their race and time to the same black and bloody idol of foreign dominion—do you fear that that land alone shall stand like a dark shadow in the new sunshine of liberty ? She, too, long thirsting for the light of freedom, blind with many tears, has learned at last to thunder for her rights in those tones of power which the tyrants of Europe have heard and obeyed. But as the voice is bold to



speaking, the hand must be skilled to act, and all our hands must be prepared to act together. Ireland's quarrel will endure no petty *emeute*, no miserable tumults, no scoundrel outrages. This land belongs to the Irish race, to rule and guard. Coming together in their sublime strength and unity, with a noble purpose and noblest motives, they must proclaim the restoration of their constitution. They must proclaim it by the ruin that has befallen our nation—by the dishonour that has darkened its name—by the decay and despair we look upon till our eyes are hot—by the willing skill without employment—by the generous ambition without outlet—by the hearts without hope—by the squalid homes of the living, and the putrid graves of the dead. They must proclaim it by their clear power to win it, not guessed or assumed, but demonstrated by preparation and organisation. We fight for too solemn a cause to peril it by either precipitation or cowardice. The hopes of two generations of Irishmen are in the scale, and not these alone, but the final chance of the old Celtic race to shape a genial, cultured, and generous nation in its graceful mould; for which, indeed, the elements have been growing scantier year by year, until they are well nigh exhausted. Ireland in '48 is a whining, prevaricating beggar, whom God made to be a generous rival of the European nations. The natural gifts of the people are debased, or overlaid by slavery. Happily they are not quite lost; if they were our battle would not be worth the winning. The prize would have been gone beforehand. To make our people politically free, but bond slaves to some debasing social system like that which crowds the mines and factories of England with squalid victims, I would not strike a blow. But the true result lies wide open to us. The moral sentiments, the generous impulses, the religious feeling still surviving in the Irish race, give assurance that in this misty clime, on the verge of the Western sea, which the debasing current of European civilisation only visits at its spring tides, there is still place for a great experiment for humanity. Within our sheltering seas we may rear a race in whom the great qualities of the Celtic family, fortified by the stern strength of Ulster, disciplined by the Norman genius of Munster, and unsubdued by slavery or famine, will at last

have fair play ; where the arts of peace and war, in which their rich and plastic nature promises sure triumphs, and that well-head of devotion and poetry which no ruin could dam up, may give the old Europe a Western Christian Greece ; or, at least, if ambitious dreams are unbecoming our condition, where a pious and gallant race may at last, after long struggles and nameless sufferings, possess their own souls and their own soil in peace. For these puposes, and with no base or anti-social design, our clubs were undertaken. We have not confederated as Jacobins, or assassins, or Ribbonmen, but as servants and soldiers of a long oppressed nation, to whom we have sworn to give liberty or to die. And the vision that liberty presents to us is humane and venerable, stained with the blood of no social strife, bloated with the plunder of no private property, fired with the fury of no bigot rage, but the *alma mater* of a brave and generous people --that very liberty which inflamed the young imagination of Thomas Davis, and flooded his generous heart with a tide of passionate love.

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### The Old Story.

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This charming poem appeared in the *Nation* of October 3rd, 1846, over the signature "Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia." The writer, however, was not a lady, but a gentleman who contributed many ringing, bold, and stately poems to the same journal -- poems which have become very popular, and taken a permanent place in Irish literature :—

He came across the meadow-pass,  
 That Summer eve of eves—  
 The sunlight streamed along the grass  
 And glanced amid the leaves ;  
 And from the shrubbery below,  
 And from the garden trees,  
 He heard the thrushes' music flow,  
 And humming of the bees ;

The garden-gate was swung apart—  
The space was brief between ;  
But there, for throbbing of his heart,  
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate,  
He looked, and scarce he breathed ;  
Within the little porch she sate,  
With woodbine overwreathed ;  
Her eyes upon her work were bent,  
Unconscious who was nigh ;  
But oft the needle slowly went,  
And oft did idlle lie ;  
And ever to her lips arose  
Sweet fragments faintly sung,  
But ever, ere the notes could close,  
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies, as they come and go,  
Her pure face speaks the while,  
For now it is a flitting glow,  
And now a breaking smile ;  
And now it is a graver shade  
When holier thoughts are there—  
An angel's pinion might be stayed  
To see a sight so fair ;  
But still they hid her looks of light,  
Those downcast eyelids pale—  
Two lovely clouds so silken white,  
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge  
Had rested on the hill,  
And, save one thrush from out the hedge,  
Both bower and grove were still ;  
The sun had almost bade farewell ;  
But one reluctant ray  
Still loved within that porch to dwell,  
As charmed there to stay—  
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,  
And through the woodbine fringe,  
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,  
And bathed her in its tinge.

Oh ! beauty of my heart, he said,  
Oh ! darling, darling mine,

Was ever light of evening shed  
On loveliness like thine ?  
Why should I ever leave this spot,  
But gaze until I die ?  
A moment from that bursting thought  
She felt his footstep nigh.  
One sudden lifted glance—but one—  
A tremor and a start—  
So gently was their greeting done  
That who would guess their heart.

Long, long the sun had sunken down,  
And all his golden trail  
Had died away to lines of brown,  
In duskier hues that fail.  
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—  
No other living sound  
Accompanied the tiny rill  
That gurgled under ground—  
No other living sound, unless  
Some spirit bent to hear  
Low words of human tenderness  
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,  
Deep in the liquid sky,  
Now forth upon the darkness burst,  
Sole kings and lights on high ;  
For splendour, myriad-fold, supreme,  
No rival moonlight strove ;  
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,  
Nor more majestic Jove.  
But what if hearts there beat that night  
That recked not of the skies,  
Or only felt their imaged light  
In one another's eyes ?

And if two worlds of hidden thought  
And fostered passion met,  
Which, passing human language, sought,  
And found an utterance yet ;  
And if they trembled like to flow'rs  
That droop across a stream,  
The while the silent starry hours  
Glide o'er them like a dream ;  
'And if, when came the parting time,

They faltered still and clung ;  
 What is it all ?—an ancient rhyme  
 Ten thousand times besung—  
 That part of Paradise which man  
 Without the portal knows—  
 Which hath been since the world began,  
 And shall be till its close.

### The Fair Hills of Ireland.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

A plentuous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,  
 Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley  
 ear ;  
 There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,  
 And her forest paths, in Summer, are by falling waters fanned ;  
 There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow  
 sand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,  
 Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea ;  
 And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand.  
 Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,  
 And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high com-  
 mand,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground ;  
 The butter and the cream do wondrously abound ;  
 The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,  
 And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,  
 And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests  
 grand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

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